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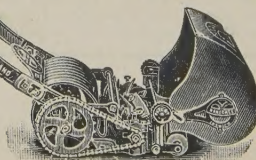
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ORIGINAL AND EXCLUSIVE MODELS  
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As worn by the leading Sportsmen of the World.

Suitable for all purposes and climates.

Exclusive Designs, Patterns and Self-measurement Instructions sent by return post.

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To be detached at dotted line and forwarded to the

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I request you to forward to me, in the accompanying **addressed  
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as below, as the holder of such Insurance, for which purpose I also  
enclose a Postal Order for 6d.

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Address, .....

.....

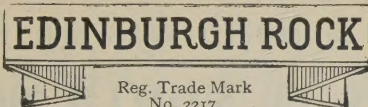
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**T. A. Wilson,**

*The Highland Railway, Inverness. 1909.*

*General Manager.*

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Miniature Gauge, with Bijou Saloon Carriages, starting from Machynlleth, where the Cambrian and Corris Stations adjoin.

Charming River, Lake and Mountain Scenery. Abounding in Glens and Waterfalls. The Finest Coach Tour in Wales. The popular Rail and Coach Tour to

#### **Cader Idris and Talyllyn Lake.**

Conveyances run regularly daily (as per Time Table) between Corris and Talyllyn along the side of the Lake, in connection with trains from the undermentioned Cambrian Stations, landing passengers close to the foot of the Minffordd Ascent, allowing ample time for ascending Cader Idris.

Local coaches between Corris and Talyllyn Lake are run in addition during the summer months.

"The views are very fine, and the trip is as pleasant as it is novel, 'Toy' Railway is a fitting description."—*Accrington Observer and Times.*"

A delightful district for Picnics, School Parties, Fishing, Exploring or Mountaineering.

#### **Cheap Day Return Tickets**

are issued to Corris, Aberllefenni and to Talyllyn Lake and back, *via* Corris from Aberystwyth, Borth, Aberdovey, Towyn, Barmouth, Dolgelley, Criccieth, Pwllheli, etc., also to Talyllyn Lake and back, *via* Corris, from Whitchurch, Oswestry, Welshpool, Newtown, Llanidloes, Moat Lane, etc.

For further Particulars apply to the Station Masters, or the Enquiry Offices, or to  
J. I. O'SULLIVAN, General Manager.  
Machynlleth, North Wales. 1909.

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CLEAN, HEALTHY, WELL-GROWN PLANTS AT REASONABLE PRICES:  
Many large specimens and rare varieties.

Stove and Greenhouse Plants, Palms, and all Plants for  
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**Tourist Tickets available for Six Months.**

THROUGH CARRIAGES between all important Centres.

FAMILY OMNIBUSES at London, Liverpool and Manchester.

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS for collection, registration, and delivery of  
PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE in advance at 1/- per packet.

### Fortnightly Holiday Contract Tickets

Available for railway journeys between Rhyl, Holyhead, Denbigh, Llandudno, Blaenau Festiniog, Llanberis, and all intermediate stations at specially low rates. Apply at the Stations in North Wales for full particulars.

### Cheap First, Second and Third-Class Season Tickets to North and Central Wales

ARE ISSUED FROM

**BIRMINGHAM, LIVERPOOL, BIRKENHEAD, MANCHESTER**

**and other Towns to the Watering Places and other Centres of Interest in Wales.**

### WEEK-END CHEAP TICKETS

are issued on Fridays and Saturdays from the principal Stations to Rhyl, Abergel, Llandudno, Bangor, Conway, Bettws-y-coed, Carnarvon, Llanberis, Llandrindod, Llangammarch, Llanwrtyd Wells, and other Tourist Resorts in North and Central Wales.

EUSTON STATION, LONDON, 1909.

FREDERICK HARRISON, GENERAL MANAGER.

# CAMBRIAN RAILWAYS

TOURS IN WALES.

**THE BRITISH RIVIERA.**

Delightful Spring, Summer & Winter Resorts.

**BATHING  
BOATING  
SHOOTING  
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**FISHING**

(Sea, River and Lake).

**MOUNTAINEERING.**

## HOLIDAY CONTRACT TICKETS.

available for 7 or 14 days between all Coast Stations.

## WEEKLY TICKETS.

1st. Cl.	2nd Cl.	3rd Cl.
21/6	13/6	10/6

## FORTNIGHTLY TICKETS

less than double the above.

Tourist,  
Week-end  
and  
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Tickets.

Are issued  
to

**ABERYSTWYTH,  
BARMOUTH,  
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PWLLELI.**

and

The Wells

of Mid - Wales.

## RAIL AND COACH TOURS,

including some of the finest in Great Britain.

## DAILY EXPRESS TRAIN SERVICE,

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## SPORTING COAST GOLF COURSES

adjacent to the Railway.

Cheap Return Tickets are issued between all Coast Stations during the Summer Season.

Tickets, Tourist Programmes, Time Tables, etc., and all information from the undermentioned Offices of the Company; the London Offices of the L. & N. W. and G. W. Companies.

\*LONDON: 134, Palmerston House, Bishopsgate St. Within, E.C.

BIRMINGHAM: 137, Corporation Street.

SHEFFIELD: Messrs. Dean & Dawson, 42, Fargate.

LIVERPOOL: 16, Lord Street.

BRADFORD: Messrs. Dean & Dawson, 83, Market Street.

OLDHAM: Mr. L. R. Stanton, 112, Union Street.

\*CARDIFF: The Exchange.

MANCHESTER: 45, Piccadilly.

\* Tickets not issued at these Offices.

Or from:—

OSWESTRY, APRIL, 1909.

**G. S. DENNISS,** General Manager.

# GLYN VALLEY TRAMWAY

## CHEAP TRIPS TO THE VALLEY OF THE CEIRIOG.

**T**HE GLYN VALLEY TRAMWAY affords facilities for visiting one of the most picturesque valleys in the principality, and tourists travelling in North Wales should not fail to avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting the lovely district through which it passes, and to which it leads.

Starting from Chirk, adjoining the G. W. R. Station, the line descends through a portion of Chirk Castle Park until it reaches the valley level about a mile distant, along which it runs in close proximity to the river Ceiriog, one of the finest trout streams in North Wales, and frequented by many lovers of the piscatorial art during the summer months. The river scenery, with its variety changes, forms charming views along the whole line.

Castle Mill, the second stopping-place from Chirk, is within 10 minutes' walk of Chirk Castle. Free access is given to the park; and a visit to the old and historical castle, which abounds in objects of attraction, will be found extremely interesting. The castle is open to the public on Mondays and Thursdays, from May 1st to September 30th.

The river scenery at Pontfadog, the next stopping-place, is particularly fine, and from this point capital fishing can be obtained for several miles, tickets for which can be obtained at the Glyn Valley Hotel. An object of attraction here is an Oak Tree, said to be one of the largest in the kingdom.

Glynceiriog, terminus for passengers, is most picturesquely situated, and is the centre of important Slate and Flannel industries. The Glyn Valley Hotel (formerly New Inn), adjoining the terminus at Glynceiriog, has lately been enlarged and refurnished, and is now under entirely new management. Visitors will find good cooking, excellent wines and every comfort, combined with moderate charges. Excursions can be arranged for Lake Vyrnwy, Llanarmon, D.C. (for The Falls of Ceiriog, etc.), Pistyll Rhaiadr Falls, etc., on giving a few days' notice to the Manager of the Hotel.

Two miles beyond Glyn, the well-known Stone Quarries, which afford employment for several hundred men, are situated amongst hills, from which lovely views are obtained.

Llangollen is only three miles from Glyn, and a good mountain road exists between the two places.

**CHEAP TICKETS** are issued from Chirk on Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays during the summer months, and special terms are granted on other days to parties of ten and upwards.

Open carriages are attached to the trains, which are timed to run to and from Chirk in connection with the G.W.R. trains.

*For full particulars as to times, etc., apply to the Manager at Chirk.*

COMPANY'S OFFICES,  
CHIRK.

G. M. JENKINS,  
*Secretary and Manager.*



Decide to spend your Holidays in

# THE ISLE OF WIGHT

(THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND).

Warm in Winter. Cool in Summer. Beautiful Walks and Drives.  
Magnificent Scenery. Fashionable Watering Places, combined  
with Quiet Seaside Resorts.

The Best and Safest Bathing in the British Isles. Beautiful Sands.

**SAFE BOATING. YACHTING. GOLFING.**

*Nine Golf Links within a radius of 9 miles, all in direct railway communication.*

Osborne (the King's gift to the Nation) open every Tuesday and Friday.  
Cheap bookings from all Inland Stations to Whippingham and Cowes, from which  
Osborne is easy of access.

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Daily cheap railway excursions to all parts of the Island. WEEKLY TICKETS,  
covering use of ALL TRAINS and ALL RAILWAYS IN THE ISLAND (except Ryde Pier)  
for SEVEN DAYS are issued at **exceptionally low prices.**

Pleasant and cheap steamboat excursions almost daily, round the Island, and  
to Bournemouth, Weymouth, Swanage, Southampton, Southsea, and Portsmouth  
(the first naval yard in the world).

Good hotels, boarding and lodging houses in all parts of the Island at reason-  
able charges.

The principal towns and places of interest are Ryde, Cowes, Sandown, Shank-  
lin, Ventnor, Freshwater, Totland Bay, Alum Bay, Newport, Carisbrooke, Osborne  
The Landslip, The Undercliff.

Visitors can reach the Island by frequent express trains from Waterloo,  
Victoria, London Bridge, Kensington, Clapham Junction, etc., either *via* Ports-  
mouth and Ryde, Stokes Bay and Ryde, Southampton and Cowes, or Lymington  
and Yarmouth.

Well-appointed trains connect at Ryde, Cowes and Yarmouth with Steamers.  
For further information apply to -

CHAS. L. CONACHER, General Manager, I.W. Central Railway.

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We will save you time and trouble.

We issue Official Tickets of Railway and Steamship Co's.

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Tell us where you wish to go in any part of the World, and  
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Our services will cost you nothing.

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**82, STRAND** (Approach Hotel Cecil), **W.C.,**

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"THE WATERLOO." Facing Sea. Finest position on Promenade. Most up-to-date. Home from Home. Complete Installation of Electric Baths. High Frequency, Vibratory, Massage. The celebrated new treatments for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Gout, Nervous Complaints and Debility. Medicated Baths. Hot and Cold Sea-Water Baths. Best winter resort in the Kingdom.

## HOTEL BEAUSITE

ADELBODEN, SWITZ.

Formerly  
"ALPENBLICK."

Beautifully Situated, with splendid view of the valley and surrounding Alps. 50 Beds. Fine Balconies. Central Heating. Electric Light. Restaurant. All Modern Comforts. Open all the year round. Terms for board and lodging 6—9 fr. (in Winter, an additional charge daily of 1 fr.) **Jb. MARMET, Proprietor.**

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(Engstligenalp.)

Is under the same management, and visitors coming here from "Hotel Beausite" enjoy considerable reductions in price. **Jb. MARMET, Proprietor.**

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—Most beautiful position. Situated in the middle of a large park. Near Baths and Casino. Superb view. All modern improvements. Enlarged. Completely Renovated. Private Bath Rooms. Tennis. Garage Automobile. **H. MERMOZ, Pro.**

## AIX-LA-CHAPELLE (Aachen).

"Nuellens Hotel," opposite the Elisenbrunnen. Of the highest renown. In best position. Entirely comfortable. Fixed prices. Completely renovated. Under same management and in conjunction with 3 Bath Hotels and *Dépendances*:—The "Palais Thermal," "Kaiserbad Hotel." The Emperor's Spring, the principal Hot Sulphur Spring, rises in the Hotel itself. The "Neubad Hotel," and "Quirinusbad Hotel." Pension rates for Kur guests. Lift. Electric Light. Central heating. Large garden. *Extract from 13th edition of Murray's Handbook:* "This hotel in the best situation is recommended as capital."



Garden of "Nuellens Hotel" with  
Antique Pavilion.

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**New Khedivial Hotel.**

140 rooms. The only First-Class Hotel, furnished throughout by Maple & Co. and Lebus. Perfect Sanitary Arrangements carried out by skilled English workmen. Electric Lift, Ball Room, Silver Grill, Bar, Smoking Lounge. Large cellars, very best "cuisine internationale." Afternoon Teas on the Terrace. Rendez-vous of high-life. Tsigan-Band. Motor Bus meets all steamers and trains.

Manager - **F. Reinsperger,**  
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**AMERICAN HOTEL.**

First-class. Finest position. Lift. Electric light.  
Omnibus. Steam heating. Moderate terms.

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130 BEDS.

**ANDERMATT.**  
(1445 Metres above Sea)

On the Routes of Furca, St.  
Gothard and Oberalp Pass.

**Summer Resort. Central Winter Sports Resort.**

The most fashionable Hotel and largely patronised by English Visitors, with splendid and quietest situation.

**DANIOTH'S GRAND HOTEL**

Every comfort. Lift. Electric Light.

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Tennis. Recreation Hall. Every Sport. Pension arrangements for prolonged stay. Small Tables. Tel. 'Grand Hotel.'

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First-Class. Jennings' Sanitary Arrangements.

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LOIRSTON HOTEL.**

First-Class Residence.

Charges Moderate.

Posting, Golfing, Tennis, Bowling, Garage, Mountaineering.



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Best position, opposite the Central Railway Station, and near the Public Gardens. First-class Family House of old reputation. The whole house has been renewed and fitted up with the latest comfort. Splendid large Hall, Reading and Ladies' Drawing Rooms. Private Apartments and Single Rooms with Bath and Toilet. 2 Lifts. Electric Light and Steam Heating throughout. Large Dining Room and Restaurant. Open Terrace. Excellent Cuisine.

The Hotel is managed by the **Proprietor, P. OTTO.**

## **BARMOUTH (North Wales)—The Cors-y-Gedol Hotel And Marine Hotel —(Sea Front).**

**The Riviera of the United Kingdom. Winter & Summer Residence**

Unrivalled situation, facing the sea, with a south-west aspect. The Sanitary Arrangements are of the most recent and approved character.

Family Apartments to let at St. Ann's Mansions, with or without board. The Princess Beatrice was graciously pleased to express her satisfaction at the accommodation placed at her disposal at the hotel on her visit to Barmouth.

Special reduced terms for the winter months October to March.

Wines and Cuisine of superior quality at moderate charges. Posting in all its branches. Golf Links, &c. Tariff on application.

## **The Imperial Hotel, BARNSTAPLE.**

**First-Class Residential and Family.**

**BEST CENTRE FOR WHOLE OF NORTH DEVON.**

**Patronised by Princess Christian and Princess Victoria.**

Beautifully situated in its own grounds, overlooking River Taw, comprising several Drawing Rooms, Private Suites, and 50 Bedrooms; new Coffee, Reading, Smoking, and Billiard Rooms. Electric Light. Motor Garage and Inspection Pit.

**Head-quarters of the Road Club and the A. C. G. B. & I.**

**C. A. YOUNGS, Proprietor.**

### **BEDDGELERT.**

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Renowned old Coaching and Posting Hotel. Officially appointed by R.A.C., M.U. and A.A. Garage. Petrol. Good Fishing.

For tariff and *en pension* terms apply

**J. P. PULLAN, Proprietor.**

### **BEDDGELERT.**

## **Prince Llewelyn Hotel.**

M. JONES, Proprietress, begs to inform Tourists and other Ladies and Gentlemen visiting this beautiful and romantic spot, that she has every accommodation conducive to their comfort, and that Cars, etc., can be obtained on the shortest notice.

**BOATS ON LAKES GWYNANT AND DINAS.**

**A Coach to Portmadoc and Back twice a day from this Hotel all the Year round. Luncheon on the Table to meet every Coach.**

Also a Modern Farm House, Cae Canol, beautifully situated, to be let furnished.

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Splendid situation, full south. Well-sheltered large garden. The nearest to the Golf Links. Perfect sanitary arrangements. Lift. Electric Light. Calorifère. Lawn Tennis. Luxurious Carriages. Excellent Cuisine. Moderate Charges.

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NEW GOLF COURSE ADJOINS HOTEL GROUNDS.

(Station, Birnam and Dunkeld, Perthshire.)

## THE BIRNAM HOTEL, BIRNAM, N.B.

(One Minute's Walk from Station).

High-class Family Hotel, standing in its own grounds, beautifully situated on the banks of the Tay. Every Home Comfort. Tariff very Moderate Salmon and Trout Fishing Free. Croquet and Tennis. Dark-Room for Photography.

## HOTEL ANGST. The most important and largest really First-Class Hotel in BORDIGHERA.

Patronised by Her late Majesty the Empress Frederic. Splendidly situated on the best, most sheltered part of the Strada Romana, on elevated ground, in its own renowned beautiful Park of 30,000 square metres, commanding a magnificent view over the Sea and the whole French Coast.

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Telephone No. 36. Telegraphic Address: "Angst, Bordighera."

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Admirably situated, near the Boulevards, Theatres, General Post Office and Northern Railway Station. Every comfort and convenience for English and American Visitors. Electric Light. Bed and Breakfast, 4 fr. 50. Luncheon, 3 fr. Dinner 4 fr. Pension, 8, 10 and 12 frs. Proprietor: OTTO EHRHARDT.

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First-class house, in an incomparably beautiful position on the banks of the Danube, with a delightful view over the river, the Royal Castle, and the Buda Mountains.

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Patronised by Royal Families, and by the best class of English and American travellers.

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**BUXTON (Derbyshire).**

High-Class Health and Pleasure Resort. 260 rooms. Hydropathic Baths of every description. Overlooking Gardens. Amusements every evening. Garage adjoining. Tel. Add.:—"Comfortable." Tel.: No. 5.

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HONoured BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF ENGLAND; SHAH OF PERSIA;  
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Constructed and fitted up on the most approved principles of Modern High-class Hotels.  
"FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT."

**A. AULICH, Proprietor.**

## Hotel Victoria & Moderne, CHAMONIX.

Central situation; beautiful view of Mont Blanc.  
Moderate Charges.

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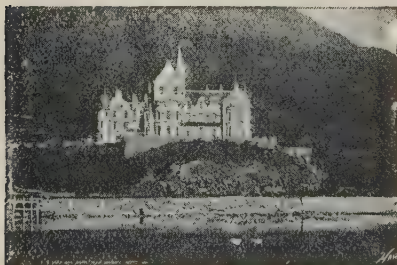


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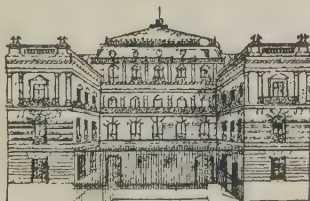
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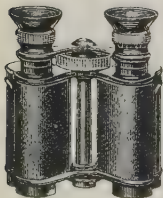
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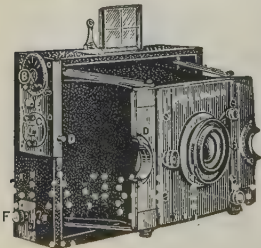
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## Preface.

THE subject of London—the richest, largest, most populous city in the world—is so vast that no ordinary library would suffice to contain all the interesting books that have been written on and about it. Yet here, within the small limits of a handbook, it must be our endeavour to collect all that is of chief interest. In this endeavour we have borrowed freely from many sources. So far as possible we have noted our obligations; if in the mass of material before us, we have anywhere omitted to do so, we tender our apologies in advance. To Thornbury's "Old and New London," to Mr. Hare's "Walks in London," to Sir Walter Besant express acknowledgments are due. Nor must we omit to mention especially the works of Charles Dickens. Other authors tell the story of London in past ages; Dickens supplies it for the nineteenth century. How many dingy buildings, courts and alleys has he not endowed with life, interest, romance, history even? Poor Nancy Sikes standing trembling on the steps of Surrey Pier by London Bridge; Tattered Jo, in "Tom-All-Alone's"; Mrs. Plornish and her friends in Bleeding-Heart Yard; the spinster aunt and Mr. Jingle at the "White Hart" Inn; little David Copperfield (alias Dickens himself) painfully tying up blacking pots at "Murdstone and Grinby's"—these are not uncommon types in this big city of ours, and must have been true not once, but many times. For Dickens, who ever loved humanity, and endowed even places with a vague personality, was as faithful an historian of the human race as of its surroundings. And as at Verona the visitor first seeks for Juliet's house, so in London the stranger naturally looks for Dickens' haunts, but is often, alas, doomed to disappointment, as finding some cherished spot overgrown by wharf, shop or warehouse. For in London, ever crowded, ever altering, the old is ever being built over by the new, in pursuance of "a law of change" that is here inexorable.

We must beg the reader at the outset to get rid of any preconceived notion he may have about the appearance of London. Many writers have, it is true, called London ugly; Madame de Staël spoke of it as "a province of brick." Mr. Grant Allen, even recently, called it "a squalid village." Most people are, in their youth, taught that London is ugly, only to discover later for themselves

that she is beautiful. The irregularity of her streets is infinitely more striking than the dull uniformity of the "blocks" of Chicago and Brooklyn; the curious old wooden houses, which appear here and there among other buildings of later and of quite recent date, are a history in themselves. London grows on the Londoner; for she is so big that you are dazed at first, and it is a case of "not seeing the forest for the trees."

Another general word of caution may be suggested. Nowhere are first impressions, superficial views, outside aspects more apt to be misleading than in London. In this respect typical perhaps of the race whose capital she is, London does not wear her heart on her sleeve or reveal her inner characteristics to every passer-by. Let us take two or three examples. London is the centre of the judicial system of the British Empire. The Supreme Court for Appeals from its distant provinces is the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, a court which exercises a wider and a more far-reaching jurisdiction than that of any tribunal in the history of the world. Yet this court has none of the pomp and circumstance of power, none of the trappings and gildings of authority. The members do not even wear robes, and the Court sits in an upstairs room at Whitehall, and not one Londoner in ten thousand could tell you, we fancy, where to find it. Again, London mansions have as a rule very unimposing façades, and one can imagine the intelligent foreigner wondering where the wealthy inhabitants of the richest city in the world live. A good story is told in this connexion of an American visitor. He was standing on the Terrace of the House of Commons, and looking across the river to an uncommon sight in London—namely, a row of detached buildings of externally imposing appearance. "Are those the mansions of your aristocracy?" he asked. They were the wards of St. Thomas's Hospital. The West-end houses, with their very ordinary-looking outsides, only reveal their magnificence when you are inside the doors. And this is typical of London all over, of poor London, no less than of rich London, of disreputable London as well as of respectable London. Only long and intimate familiarity with the life of the Metropolis enables a man to form any kind of correct idea of what lies behind a London exterior. A similar remark applies to the men and women whom you meet. Take a walk in Pall Mall, and you will pass, say, half-a-dozen elderly gentlemen of very ordinary appearance, and another half-a-dozen of gilded youths, with

nothing remarkable about them except the high polish of their hats and their boots. Yet as likely as not, these are men who, only the other day, were fighting their country's battles beneath the burning skies of Africa or of India; while of the elderly gentlemen, issuing quietly from their clubs, one may be a minister of the King, and another may have exercised dominion over some vast province of the Empire. One more illustration, which we borrow from a speech by Lord Rosebery. What could be less imposing or interesting in themselves than the railings of St. James's Square? Yet, "you cannot touch those railings—hideous as they are and dull as are the houses that surround them—without thinking that Johnson and Savage, hungry boys, starved by their kind mother, London, who attracted men of letters to her, walked round that square one summer night and swore they would stand by their country."

Apart from the beauty of the London streets and bridges, apart from the grandeur of Wren's beautiful churches, from the enchantment of the grey dome of St. Paul's, rising in gloomy mystery behind the black barges and warehouses of London Bridge, from the stateliness of the Westminster towers, from the inspiration of that "Street of the Tombs" in the Abbey—our Appian Way—London has a charm all her own; it is that of a history as romantic and as interesting to Englishmen, as that of Ancient Rome was to the Romans. "The great city has an unbroken history," says Sir Walter Besant, "of 1000 years, and has never been sacked by an enemy. It has been the nursery of our domestic liberties, and has laid the foundations of our empire beyond the seas." "The key of India," said Lord Beaconsfield in his last great speech, "is London"; and as Lord Rosebery added the other day, the remark may well be extended, for London is the key of the British Empire. Nay, more, it is in many respects the capital of the world. As Ancient Rome once was, so is London now the centre of civilization. It has always been the home, too, of philosophy, literature and science from the days of Chaucer and Caxton (a London merchant), through all the centuries down to the illustrious men of the Victorian era. No wonder, therefore, that the great city, alike for its historic associations and for the stimulus afforded by its abounding life, has always exercised a great fascination over the imagination of Englishmen.

There is a pleasant story of the old sage who loved to

live in solitude, yet could not be happy away from the hum of the streets, from what Tennyson called

“ Streaming London’s central roar.”

“ Where’er we tread is haunted, holy ground.” Even the slums have an historic interest. Here Chatterton starved, here Fielding hid from his creditors, there Turner wandered silently in search of his barges and sunsets, there Johnson lived, with his curious medley of pensioners. Here on Tower Hill, once stood pikes supporting ghastly heads of “ traitors ” ; there, at Smithfield, were burned numberless martyrs. Even the London mud has its poetical associations. We may all tread the same road as that once trodden by Rossetti and Keats — “ strange road

“ Miring his outward steps—who inly trode  
“ The bright Castalian brink and Latmos’ steep.”

In London we are, more than anywhere else, the inheritors of all the ages. If this little book can at all help us to realize our inheritance, it will have done its duty.

*Note to the Fifth Edition.*—The author of this book died soon after the issue of the last edition. In the present edition, the information has been brought up-to-date with as little alteration as possible in the method of treatment and those other features of the book which won so much favour from the press and the public.

## CHAPTER I.

## Practical Information.

"When found, make a note of."—*Captain Cuttle.*

**ARRIVAL IN LONDON.**—London is not fortunate in most of its avenues of approach, and the visitor who is new to it will, at first, have to take the beauties and attractions of the great city on trust. The only effective impressions which a traveller by most of the railway lines will derive as he approaches London is of its *vastness*. The population of London (within the area of the County Council, which excludes some suburbs practically contiguous) is over 4,500,000. The larger area of the Metropolitan Police District comprises 6,554,449 souls. The area inhabited by this vast population is 443,419 acres. But even the impression of size is likely to be overcome by one of squalor. Cobbett's phrase, "the great wen," is what will occur to most visitors approaching London for the first time. An exception must be made, however, in favour of the approach by the South-Eastern Railway, whose termini—Cannon Street, in the City, and Charing Cross, in the West End, are more in the heart of the town. The railway bridges over the Thames leading to these stations command magnificent views. More fortunate still are such few travellers as chance to approach London by the Thames itself—the great river which has made the city what it is, and on whose banks many of its noblest buildings have in all ages been grouped.

**Cabs.**—Alighting from the train, the visitor's first anxiety will be to secure a cab. (Large parties with much luggage will find the railway omnibuses more convenient; these should be ordered in advance from the station-master.) London cabs are now of three kinds—the four-wheeler, holding four persons and heavy luggage, the more frequently used "hansom," a two-wheeler, holding two persons and less luggage; and now the motor "taxicab." The four-wheeler is the prose of London locomotion, and is locally known as "the growler"; the hansom is the poetry: "a hansom cab" exclaims one of the characters in Disraeli's novels, "'tis the gondola of London!" The



*motor taximeters* (popularly known as the "taxies") may be called the science of London locomotion. They are comfortable, smartly turned out, well driven and they go very fast. They are built for two passengers, but will hold three or four without serious discomfort. They are open or closed, according to the weather. Those which were first placed on the streets would carry little or no luggage; but a new model has since been constructed with ample accommodation for luggage above the *chauffeur's* seat. The stranger should remember that there is a recognised code of whistling for cabs. One whistle calls a motor "taxi," two call a hansom, and three a four-wheeler.

The *taximeter* is a little machine which automatically records the distance traversed. The *fares* for motor-taxies are 8d. for any distance not exceeding one mile, or any period not exceeding 10 minutes; with 2d. for each additional quarter of a mile or each period of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  minutes (or for any less distance or period). The drivers will not refuse a small supplement. There are also *horse-drawn taxies*; for these the fare is 6d. for one mile or period of 12 minutes, with 3d. for each additional half-mile or period of 6 minutes (or for any less distance or period).

In the case of other cabs, fares are reckoned by *distance*, unless the cab is expressly hired by time. The charge is 1s. for two miles or under; for each additional mile or fraction thereof, 6d. For each person above two, 6d. extra on the total fare. For each article of luggage carried outside, 2d. If the distance is beyond six miles, a special bargain is necessary. Beyond the four miles radius from Charing Cross, the fare is 1s. per mile. Distances are hard to gauge. Tables of them are hung up in most hotels, clubs, etc., and the cabman is bound to produce one on demand. In the case of a cab going at a fair average pace, you will not be far wrong if you give 1d. for every minute. The charge for *waiting* is per quarter of an hour 6d. (four-wheeler), 8d. (hansom). The fare *by time* is per hour 2s. (four-wheelers), or 2s. 6d. (hansoms); for each additional half-hour, 6d. and 8d. Beyond the radius, 2s. 6d. (and 8d.) for all cabs alike. *Property left in cabs* should be enquired for at *New Scotland Yard* (see p. 82).

**Hotels and Lodgings.**—In nothing has London altered more of late years than in its hotel accommodation, which is now on a par with that of any other great capital. Monster hotels have sprung up with great rapidity, but the demand seems immediately overtake the supply, and in the height of the season it is often difficult to get a bed unless previously ordered. The London hotels may be divided into three classes: (1) The hotels frequented by crowned heads and the aristocracy. (2) The large and sumptuous hotels mostly owned by joint-stock companies; many of the best known of these are in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross. (In more or less the same category belong the large railway hotels.) The large suites of rooms in them are expensive, but all have a fixed tariff, and it is possible to live there at a moderate as well as an

extravagant price. (3) The smaller "Family and Commercial Hotels." These are to be found in all parts of the town and their prices are somewhat less than the above. Those who can afford to go to Class 1 will not need to trouble about the price. In Class 2 the average scale is : breakfast, 3/6 ; luncheon, 3/6 or 5/- ; dinner, 5/- or 7/6 ; room and attendance, from 5/- upwards. *Boarding Houses* are also very numerous, and vary considerably in price, as may be seen from advertisements in the daily papers. In Bloomsbury, a favourite district (as readers of Dickens will know) for this kind of accommodation, good "board and lodging" may be had for 30/- to 40/- a week. Notices of *Furnished Apartments* are generally placed in the windows. In Bloomsbury, the average charge for a single room is one guinea a week ; in the West End (the streets off Piccadilly are especially sought after for this purpose), there is nothing under two guineas ; and in the season, much more.

**Restaurants.**—For the visitor who is staying in lodgings, or who desires occasionally to lunch or dine out, some knowledge of the restaurants and cafés of London is desirable. These are now very numerous, and of all sorts. Many of the best *hotels* have restaurants attached, and at these some of the best luncheons, dinners and suppers in London may be obtained ; dinner from 5/- upwards. Next come the *restaurants proper*—many of them palatial establishments, with a profusion of bands, palms and marbles, and sometimes with very fair food. At most of these the cooking may be described as Anglo-French, with an emphasis on the "Anglo." The price of a dinner is about 3/6. In many of the more old-fashioned *dining-rooms*, a substantial English dinner, with "cuts from the joint" and on the "cut and come again" principle, may be had for 2/6. *Habitué*s are often on good terms with the cook or carver : such will choose their own steak for the grill, or have the joints wheeled up to see "which is in good cut to-day." *Chop-houses* and *grill-rooms* abound, especially in the city, and in the middle of the day are unpleasantly crowded. *Luncheon-bars*, at which customers take their "snacks" standing, are also numerous. The eatables in *public-houses* are not, as a rule, to be recommended. *Tea-shops* have been greatly developed of late years in London ; in most of the principal thoroughfares these are now to be found. An excellent cup of tea with roll and butter can be had for 5d. At luncheon-time many of these shops are much frequented for slices of tongue, etc.

Those who insist on stronger liquors will find no lack of *wine-shops* and *bars*. *Oyster shops* abound in the neighbourhood of the theatres. *Foreign restaurants*, at many of which an excellent *table d'hôte* may be had for 2/- to 3/6, will also be found there and in Soho. Most of these places make a speciality, also, of late suppers. *Cafés* in large numbers have been opened in London by enterprising Swiss and Italians. The chocolate at many of these is good. The company at the larger establishments is, if mixed, full of character and diversity. To Americans, London is indebted for some pretty *confectioners' shops*. *Billiard-rooms* are attached to many of the larger public-houses, and *chess* is provided at several of the old-fashioned dining and coffee rooms.

**A General View of London.**—The first desire of most visitors to a strange town is to obtain some general view and by some means or other to learn their bearings. London is too vast and too murky to make this very easy. Such suggestions as are possible are given in the following extract :—

One may, if the weather is good, get a good view from the gallery of St. Paul's, or from the top of the Monument ; but the chances are that everything will be hidden by the smoke-pall. Nor does London appear as a whole, nor is the view particularly inspiring, from any roof in the midst of this province of brick and mortar. But from Primrose Hill (*See* p. 407) it is different. The best time to go is on a Sunday, because then there are fewer fires smoking in London, in good weather, about three-quarters of an hour before sunset. What a view it is ! Who would have imagined that this grimy, smoky, monotonous, dismal wilderness, with its factories and its slums, and its " genteel villa residences," could ever look like the fair and beautiful city of some ethereal vision, embosomed in trees and full of glorious stately monuments ? It is even so. Regent's Park lies below, a frame of restful greenery. To the left rises Camden Town—prosaic neighbourhood !—up a gentle slope. In the evening sunlight it is transfigured into a mass of brightness and colour, rising in clear-cut terraces, like some fair city on an Italian hill-top. St. Pancras Station is a thing of beauty, with a Gothic spire and lines like those of a Venetian palazzo on the Grand Canal. Hard by rises the dome of the reading-room of the British Museum, embowered in trees, a stately witness to the learning of a continent. St. Paul's soars up grandly far beyond the roofs, guardian of the City. Away towards the mouth of the river rises the high line of Blackheath, and the hills of the Thames valley curve round in a noble sweep above the light haze which marks the unseen river, past the crest of Sydenham Hill with the Crystal Palace shining out white and clear, past Big Ben, and the Abbey, and the Mother of Parliaments, to where the ridges above Guildford and Dorking fade away into " the fringes of the southward-facing brow " of Sussex and Hampshire, towards the English Channel. Innumerable slender church-spires point upwards to the wide over-arching sky. Northward again are the wooded heights of Highgate and Hampstead, and the long battlemented line of the fortress of Holloway. What a view ! On Primrose Hill on a summer's evening the Londoner feels, indeed, that he is a citizen of no mean city. Wordsworth, indeed, thought that " Earth had not anything to show more fair " than the view from Westminster Bridge in the early morning.

But it needs a modern poet—a poet of the whole English-speaking race—to do justice to this view of the great city on the Thames, lying bathed in the magic glow of a summer sunset beneath Primrose Hill.—*Westminster Gazette*.

**Some Fine Points of View.**—If the visitor's object be to go at once to spots which will show him the glory of London at a glance, the following suggestions may be offered. Wordsworth, as we have just seen, recommended Westminster Bridge. But in the present day, Waterloo Bridge affords an even finer prospect, commanding at once St. Paul's, the noble Embankment, and Westminster (p. 237). The walk along the Embankment itself, from Charing Cross to the city, is exceedingly beautiful; the views of the Dome of St. Paul's are superb. Another noble prospect is obtained from St. James's Park, at the Buckingham Palace end (p. 387). These are all views in which noble architecture is grouped with water. For street views, none are more characteristic and striking than those down Fleet Street and up Ludgate Hill, with St. Paul's in the distance (p. 283), and the view of Westminster from Parliament Street (p. 78).

**The Geography of London.**—As for learning one's bearings, the great thing is to keep in mind the course of the river, and of the great two parallel thoroughfares from E. to W., Fleet Street and the Strand, nearest to the river, continued on a slightly more northerly line by Piccadilly; and further north, Holborn and Oxford Street. These great thoroughfares are connected, from north to south, by Chancery Lane, then by the Kingsway, and again, more to the west, by Regent Street.

**Omnibuses.**—But there is nothing like a ride on the top of a 'bus for giving the visitor some insight into the London labyrinth. We may cite high authority for this opinion. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Gladstone once to some American tourists, "the way to see London is from the top of a 'bus—from the top of a 'bus, gentlemen." If you take a 'bus at Hyde Park Corner and go to the Bank, you will obtain—at the advantage of a high altitude—a glimpse of many of the most famous thoroughfares, best shops, and most celebrated public buildings of London. A study of our maps, and of the "Excursions" in Part 2, will suggest other alternative routes. A full guide to the omnibuses of London, would require a volume to itself, and even then it would be inexact, as routes are continually changing. The omnibus traffic in London is moreover, in a state of transition, owing to the advent of the *motor 'buses*. These

are gradually superseding the horse-drawn vehicles ; they are great time-savers, but they are not fond of stopping, and some passengers prefer the slower-going 'buses in the old style. The motors are compelled by law to exhibit their line of route plainly both by night and by day. For the most part they follow the same routes as those of the horse 'buses. These are indicated (1) by the colours ; " some," as Calverley says :—

" Like monarchs, glow  
With richest purple ; some are blue  
As skies that tempt the swallows back.  
Or red as, seen o'er wintry seas,  
The star of storm ; or barred with black  
And yellow, like the April bees."

—a yellow bus plying, say, up Tottenham Court Road ; green, to St. John's Wood ; red, to Hammersmith. (2) The destination of each vehicle, and the names of the principal streets traversed, are painted on the outside ; but even so, you will require an extensive and peculiar knowledge of the public-houses of London, as the final destination is nearly always some place like " The Elephant," " The Angel," or " The Bull and Gate." 'Bus fares are generally low, but this depends on the competition. The highest fare is 6d. ; must usual, 2d., and on the most frequented routes you can go a long way for 1d. Ladies now ride freely on the " garden seats " on the outside.

**The Underground.**—We have dealt with the cab and the 'bus, but more unique features of London are "*the underground*" and "*the tubes*." To the foreigner or the stranger this railway system is certainly one of the sights of London :—

The underground calls up a vision of the lower regions, with its subterranean stations, the incessant passing of its quick trains, the hot smoke choking the tunnels, the sudden holes hidden by the fog in the corners of streets, the blackened smoke street lamps like smoking lamps. One is carried through the incomprehensible and confused darkness, past long black walls, past slopes of peeling verdure, above which boards display an incoherent mosaic of advertisements. Above and below other trains rush with deafening shrieks—seven or eight of them appearing, meeting, dispersing—the electric lights in the air look like apocalyptic meteors through the depth of the smoke. Strange infatuating sensations of grandeur, of exasperated activity, which teach well the inner life of the Metropolis, its feverish haste, its practical needs, its love of progress, its delirious vitality, its requirements hardly served by the 400 daily trains on the Underground alone.—*Gabriel Mourey.*

The description by this lively French writer requires to be corrected, by the fact that the underground railways have now been electrified—to the great clearance of the atmosphere and increase in speed of locomotion.



The most frequented underground line is the *Inner Circle*. This is very convenient for travelling east to west, or *vice-versa*, but is useless for north to south. (This missing gap in London communication has been supplied by various "*tubes*" see below). The easternmost limit of the Inner Circle is Aldgate (*see* p. 267). Hence by the south curve of the circle you go to the Monument, Cannon Street, Mansion House, Blackfriars, Temple, Charing Cross, Westminster, St. James' Park, Victoria, and on to Kensington; then coming round by the north curve, to Bayswater, Paddington, Baker Street, Portland Road, King's Cross and Moorgate Street, you regain Aldgate. Trains go, of course, in each direction round the circle at frequent intervals, which makes it unnecessary to catch any particular train. Average time between each station, two minutes. On the north curve of the circle trains run on, diverging at Edgware Road, to the Great Western Railway system. At Baker Street, a branch line (change carriages) leads to St. John's Wood and on to Harrow, etc. On the south curve of the circle trains run on, diverging at Gloucester Road, to (1) Hammersmith in one direction and (2) Putney in another. (For railway maps, *see* pp. 1 and 16).

**The Tubes.**—Locomotion in London has now been revolutionized by the construction of a network of deep-level Underground Electric Railways, popularly known as the "*Tubes*." The first of these to be opened was the *Central London Railway*. This was at once christened colloquially, and is still often called "*The Twopenny Tube*," for the speciality of this "*Underground*" was its one uniform fare—2d. all the way and any of the way. This system has now, however, been abandoned, and the fares vary (as on "*The Underground*") according to distance. There is, as on the American system, only one class; and the Tube runs between the Bank and Shepherd's Bush. Thus the new railway, it will be seen, follows the line of a much-frequented thoroughfare. The stations on the route (of which the names are called out, in stentorian tones, by the conductors just before the train comes to a standstill at the platform) are as follows:—*Bank* (where there is direct communication, without the necessity of emerging to the upper air again, both with the City and South London Electric Railway and the City and Waterloo Electric Railway), *Post Office* (for General Post Office and St. Paul's), *Chancery Lane*, *British Museum* (a minute's walk to the Holborn Station on the King's

Cross tube), *Tottenham Court Road*, *Oxford Circus*, *Bond Street*, *Marble Arch*, *Lancaster Gate* (five minutes' walk to Paddington), *Queen's Road* (five minutes' walk to Whiteley's), *Notting Hill Gate* (opposite the "Metropolitan" Station), *Holland Park*, *Shepherd's Bush*. The descent from the street to the "tube," which is made partly by steps and partly by lift, has to the novice the charm of a fairy-tale. One might almost be "Alice" in her famous fall to unimagined depths and recesses of the earth after the White Rabbit, more especially as the girders that surround the lift suggest the shelves that enlivened the fall of the heroine of that well-known story. The whole distance from the Bank to Shepherd's Bush—about six miles—takes about half-an-hour to traverse, and there are trains at very short intervals. There is a strange fascination in watching the entrances and exits—through "up" and "down" line tubes—of these subterranean monsters, whose reverberations caused at first no little trouble to some of the houses above them. The march of progress is shown by the remarkable economy in human speech. Everywhere sign-posts mark the way, so that wayfaring men, though fools, can scarcely contrive to err. Railway servants are reduced to a minimum, and even the hardened traveller, in the face of all the mute injunctions to silence, will but seldom dare to address the dignified officials, who, although uniformly polite, suggest by their demeanour that their "time is worth a thousand pounds a minute." Time, indeed, one feels is altogether at a premium here. The lifts wait for no man, and the trains stay but a few seconds at each station. The carriages are handsomely fitted and very strongly built, and each long, smoothly-gliding cushioned car is said to cost the large sum of £1,000. The popularity of this new means of locomotion was well shown in the recent revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, "*Patience*," in which the verse

" A Waterloo-House young man,  
A threepenny-'bus young man."

was altered to—

" A Tottenham-House young man,  
A Twopenny-Tube young man," etc.

The general arrangements on the other Tubes are similar to those on the parent line. The *Piccadilly Tube* (officially the Great Northern, Piccadilly and Brompton Railway) runs from Finsbury Park and King's Cross, by Russell Square, Holborn (change for a branch tube to the Strand), Covent Garden, Leicester Square (change for Hampstead Tube), Piccadilly (change for Bakerloo tube) and South Kensington (change

for the "Underground") to Hammersmith. This line is of great convenience to visitors staying in Bloomsbury. The *Bakerloo Tube* (Baker Street and Waterloo Railway) runs from Edgware Road and Baker Street, by Oxford Circus, Piccadilly, Trafalgar Square, and the Embankment to Waterloo (for L. & S.W. Railway and City Tube) and the Elephant and Castle (a great tramway centre for South London). The *Hampstead Tube* (Charing Cross, Euston and Hampstead Railway) runs from Charing Cross (S.E. Railway) by Leicester Square, Oxford Street and Euston (L. & N.W.R.) to Camden Town, where the line forks, one branch going to Golder's Green (Hampstead), the other to Highgate. This tube makes the "Northern heights of London" easily accessible from the centre. The *City and South London Tube* runs from Euston and King's Cross (G.N.R.) by Old Street, Moorgate (Underground), and the Bank, to London Bridge (L.B.&S.C.R.) and the Elephant and Castle. The *Great Northern and City Tube* runs from Finsbury Park (G.N.R.) to Moorgate. The *Waterloo Tube* connects the L. & S.W. station with the Bank. The intricacies of this net-work of underground communications can best be understood by reference to the railway map. The visitor should remember that there are extensive facilities for interchange between the different tubes, in most cases with through bookings, and that by changing at the proper station almost any point can be reached from any other. In case of doubt, ask the attendant in the carriage.

**Tramways, etc.**—Tramways have not yet been allowed (with one or two exceptions) to penetrate into the centre of London, but are very useful for reaching many of the more distant parts, especially now that most of the lines have been electrified. They are now for the most part worked by the London County Council; the cars are comfortable, and the fares low. A line that is much used by visitors is the one which runs from Shepherd's Bush (starting-point close to the "Twopenny Tube" station) to Hampton Court and other riverside resorts. The other chief starting-points are:—For South London, from the south side of the principal bridges; for North London, the top of Tottenham Court Road and King's Cross; for East London, Aldgate; for West London, Hammersmith. At two points the tramway-system touches upon what may be called "sight-seers' London." The South London lines have, after a prolonged parliamentary battle, been allowed to cross Westminster Bridge and to run along the Embankment to Blackfriars; this latter bridge, when widened, is also to be crossed. A greater novelty is a low-level *underground tramway*. The North London line which runs along Theobald's Road plunges underground at the junction of that road with Kingsway, and runs beneath that new road to the Aldwych Circus. *Steamboats* on the Thames are now an uncertain factor in London locomotion, for they have become involved in municipal party politics. At the time of writing, we are promised a private-enterprise service under municipal sanction. Enquiries should be made; the river-trip is very enjoyable in summer (*see*

pp. 234—455). *Private Carriages* may be hired at livery stables. These are seldom used except for drives into the country (*see* p. 452), and for evening parties (general price, 10/6). *Motors* may also be hired for the day. For *Coaches*, *see* p. 447.

**Sight-Seeing in London.**—Having told the visitor where he may lodge and eat and how to get about, we may be asked next what there is to see—a question more easy to ask than to answer. There is everything to be seen in London. It is not so much a town, as a world of itself. To gain even the most superficial glimpse of its sights would require a month's hard work at the very least; and a life-time is all too short to obtain a real and comprehensive knowledge of this vast and multifarious capital. "He who is tired of London," said Dr. Johnson, "is tired of existence." To visitors who have only a few days to devote to their first visit to London, the following suggestion for ten days in London may be useful :—

*Sunday*—The Parks.

*Monday*—The Streets and the Shops.

*Tuesday*—Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's.

*Wednesday*—National Galleries.

*Thursday*—The Tower, the "City," the Docks.

*Friday*—The British Museum.

*Saturday*—The South Kensington Museum.

*Sunday*—Kew and Richmond (or Hampton Court).

*Monday*—The Crystal Palace.

*Tuesday*—Madame Tussaud's and the "Zoo."

**Sunday in London.**—The streets of London have a very dreary and deserted appearance on Sunday. What, then, must they be to the foreigner? M. Taine has told us :

" Sunday in London : the shops are shut, the streets almost deserted, the aspect is that of an immense and a well-ordered cemetery. The few passers-by, in the desert of squares and streets, have the look of uneasy spirits risen from their graves ; it is appalling. . . . After an hour's walk in the Strand especially, and in the rest of the City, one has the spleen, one meditates suicide."

The Parks, however, are always pleasant, and on Sundays are much frequented. Hampton Court, Kew and Richmond are also very favourite Sunday resorts (*see* Chap. XXX.). "Church parade" in Hyde Park is an institution of fashionable London in the season (*see* p. 337). In the afternoon the parks are haunted by preachers and teachers of all denominations. During the summer, a band plays in the evenings in many of the smaller parks. Many of the Museums and Galleries are now open for a few hours on Sunday afternoons. But to many visitors, the great attraction of a Sunday in London will be the opportunity

of hearing famous preachers, attending divine worship in historic churches or chapels, and enjoying fine church music. The denominations in London are endless. We mention here a few of the churches and chapels in which the service is from one point of view or another of special interest :—

**Church of England.**—*St. Paul's*, 8 a.m., 10-30 a.m., 3-15 p.m., 7 p.m. (Week-days, 8 a.m., 10 a.m., 1-15 p.m., 4 p.m.). The afternoon service is always very largely attended, and if a popular preacher, such as Canon Scott Holland, is announced, you must go early to be within hearing distance. The music is very fine.—*Westminster Abbey*, 8 a.m., 10 a.m., 3 p.m. and 7 p.m. (Week-days, 8 a.m., 10 a.m., 3 p.m.).—*St. Margaret's, Westminster*, 11 a.m., 7 p.m. During the session this church is much frequented by members of Parliament.—*Chapel Royal, St. James's*, 9-30 a.m., 10 a.m., 12 noon and 5-30 p.m. (See p. 384). Also attended by politicians. Eminent divines often preach here.—*Temple Church*, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Choral services much frequented; a Bencher's order is required for admission.—*Foundling Hospital Chapel*, 11 a.m. and 3-30 p.m. Very interesting services.—*All Saints', Margaret Street*, services nearly every hour, from 7 a.m.; *St. Alban's, Holborn* (Brook Street), similar services; *St. Andrew's, Wells Street*, similar services; *St. Barnabas, Pimlico*, similar services; these are all "High Church" services, with fine music.—*St. Anne's, Soho*, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; good music.—*St. Peter's, Eaton Square*, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; fully choral services.—*South-west Cathedral*, 11 a.m. and 6-30 p.m.

**Roman Catholic.**—The *Westminster Cathedral*, 10 a.m., noon, 7 p.m. Very good music. *The Oratory, Brompton*, 6-30, 11 a.m. 3-30, and 7 p.m. (See p. 363). *St. George's Cathedral*, Westminster Bridge Road, similar services. High mass is usually at 11 a.m., Vespers at 7 p.m. *Church of the Immaculate Conception*, Farm Street, W. Father Vaughan often preaches

**Baptist.**—*Metropolitan Tabernacle* (See p. 434), 11 a.m. and 6-30 p.m.; the church of the late Mr. Spurgeon.—*Westbourne Park Chapel*, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Dr. Clifford the pastor, is an eloquent preacher.

**Catholic Apostolic**, Gordon Square, 6 a.m., 10 a.m., and 5-30 p.m.

**Congregationalist.**—*Christ Church*, Westminster Bridge, 11 a.m. and 6-30 p.m.—*City Temple*, Holborn Viaduct, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. (The Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A.). *Whitefield's Tabernacle*, Tottenham Court Road (Rev. C. S. Horne), 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

**Church of Scotland.**—*St. Columba's*, Pont Street, Belgravia, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

**Friends.**—At 12, Bishopsgate Street Without, and at 51, St. Martin's Lane, 11 a.m. and 6-30 p.m.

**Jews** (Saturdays).—The *Central Synagogue* is at 129, Great Portland Street, 10-15 a.m.

**Positivist.**—Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, 7-30 p.m.

**Presbyterian.**—*Regent Square Church*, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

**Unitarian.**—*Little Portland Street Chapel* (Rev. P. H. Wicksteed), 11-15 a.m. and 7 p.m.—*Rosslyn Hill*, Hampstead (Dr. Brooke Herford), 11-15 a.m. and 9 p.m.

**Wesleyan.**—*Wesley's Chapel*, City Road, E.C., 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. (Wesley's house is beside the chapel). *West London Mission*.

**Foreign Churches :** *French (Protestant)*, Monmouth Road, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater, and 73, Oxford Street; 11 a.m. and 3-30 p.m. *French (Roman Catholic)*, Little George Street, Portman Square, and Leicester Place, Leicester Square. *German (Lutheran)*, Cleveland Street



Fitzroy Square, 11 a.m. and 6-45 p.m. *German (Evangelical)*, Fowler Road, Cross Street, Islington, 2, Windsor Road, Camberwell. *Greek (St. Sophia)*, Moxon Road, Bayswater, 11-15 a.m. *Greek (Russian)*, 32, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, 11 a.m. *Italian (Roman Catholic)*, Clerkenwell Road, E.C. (near Holborn Circus). *Spanish (Roman Catholic)*, Spanish Place, Manchester Square; numerous services. *Swiss (Protestant)*, Endell Street, Long Acre, 11 a.m.

There are also several services in *Welsh* in London; the Welsh Church of England service being held in the old church of St. Benet's, Paul's Wharf (See p. 102); and the *Wesleyan* in the City Road, E.C.

Lists of the preachers at all the principal churches and chapels are published in the daily papers of Saturday. Concerts of high-class music on Sunday afternoons are now frequent; see advertisements in the papers.

**The Shops.**—London, as everybody knows, is the emporium of the world, and this remark applies to retail, as well as wholesale trade. From penny toys to cargoes of Australian wheat and bars of African gold, the world's produce is poured into London, and dispersed again throughout the world from London. To gain some idea of all this the visitor must see the docks, the bonded warehouses, the city warehouses. But what most interests us here is the shops. In the art of dressing a shop window, Paris no doubt eclipses London, but it is safe to say that to him who knows where to get it, everything can be got in London better than anywhere else in the world. Everything is advertised in London, sometimes in the queerest juxtaposition, as for example: "Embalming done here," next door to "Puddings baked here." From the point of view of the shopper there are any number of different Londons, as each little district has its complete equipment of the necessary shops. Tell me the shops, one may say, and I will tell you the people. In no respect is this remark more interestingly illustrated than in the matter of luxuries. There is no rich district without its expensive flower-shop exhibiting "button-holes" (even of "green carnation") for the gilded youth; and no poor district without its sweet-stuff shop, and its cat's-meat shop (for the tables of the poor provide no scraps for pussy). For the visitor, however, the most attractive shops will be found more or less concentrated in five districts. These are: (1) Regent Street, Oxford Street, Bond Street, and Piccadilly. (2) The Strand, Fleet Street, St. Paul's Churchyard, Cheapside, and the rest of the City. (3) Sloane Street and Brompton. (4) High Street, Kensington. (5) Westbourne Grove. If you know where to go, many of the best shops of all are in the city. But for attractiveness in the windows, the Regent Street district

must be awarded the palm, though many of its shops are very dear. The last three districts are somewhat cheaper in price. The Westbourne Grove shops will be found specially attractive to ladies. We may now proceed to mention a few specialities of different districts, though it must not be supposed that the articles mentioned can only be bought in these particular districts. *Artists' Colourmen*, Soho; *Birds and Live Stock generally*, Seven Dials; *Booksellers*, Charing Cross Road (second-hand and cheap); *Carpets and Furniture*, Tottenham Court Road; *Engravings and Pictures*, Haymarket and Bond Street; *Flowers*, Covent Garden; *Furriers*, Regent Street; *Goldsmiths*, Regent Street and Bond Street; *Haberdashers*, St. Paul's Churchyard and Oxford Street; *Leather Goods*, Bond Street and Piccadilly; *Motors*, Long Acre; *Music*, Regent Street; *Old Curiosity Shops*, Wardour Street; *Perfumers*, Bond Street; *Photographers*, Baker Street; *Stationers*, the City; *Toys*, Burlington Arcade; *Saddlery*, St. Martin's Lane; *Theatrical Costumiers*, Bow Street. The shops are certainly among the chief "sights of London," and that they are appreciated as such, no one can doubt who sees the serried ranks of shop-gazers—not all ladies either—in Oxford Street or Regent Street on a fine spring morning; while on "sale" occasions the streets become almost impassable. In England, as everyone knows, shopping is simplified by the "fixed price" system, which is everywhere in force, most of the articles being ticketed in the windows. Those who like to do all their shopping under a single roof will find vast *emporiums* at Westbourne Grove (where everything is provided at a moment's notice from a "coffin" to a "hired guest"), in Tottenham Court Road and in the Brompton Road. Wholesale shopping may also be done at the various *Co-operative Stores*, of which there are now about thirty in London (the object of the co-operative system being to provide its members—who pay usually 2/6 annually—with genuine and moderately priced goods for ready-money payments). The best-known of these "stores" are: the Army and Navy Co-operative Stores, 105, Victoria Street, Westminster; the Civil Service Supply Association, Bedford Street, W.C.; and the Civil Service Co-operative Society, 28, Haymarket. Strangers and visitors to London are only able to shop at the Stores through a member. The so-called "bazaars" in London—otherwise rows of shops stocked with fancy and useful articles, toys, etc., housed in one building or in a covered arcade—are comparatively

few in number; they comprise the *Burlington Arcade* (mentioned above); the *Royal Arcade*, 28, Old Bond Street; the *Opera Colonnade*, Haymarket; the *Baker Street Bazaar*, 58, Baker Street; and last, but not least, the *Soho Bazaar*, 58, Oxford Street (this has been fifty years in existence). The chief *Markets* of London (nearly all of them mentioned in other parts of this book) are the following:—*Covent Garden* (see p. 307) for fruit, vegetables and flowers; *Billingsgate* (see p. 241) for fish; *Smithfield* (see p. 268) for meat; the *Metropolitan Cattle Market*, Copenhagen Fields, also the *Deptford Foreign Cattle Market*, for live stock; *Leadenhall Market* (see p. 266) for poultry and game; and the large *Borough Market* (see p. 329) for wholesale fruit and vegetables. The largest *Horse Market* is at *Tattersall's*, Knightsbridge Green (see p. 362).

### **Theatres, Music Halls, and other Entertainments.**—

There are in London about 60 theatres and 500 music-halls, which accommodate about 100,000,000 people yearly. In the early days of the drama, the strictness of the City Fathers relegated the play-houses to Bankside (see p. 429), across the water, but though the theatres still shun the city, it is for other reasons, for the Corporation is no longer so Puritanic. Most of the best theatres are in or near the Strand, and this makes it, by night, the busiest street in London. The following are some of the leading theatres:—

*Adelphi*, 410, Strand (melodrama and farce).

*Aldwych*, Aldwych, Strand.

*Apollo*, Shaftesbury Avenue (musical comedy).

*Comedy*, Panton Street, Haymarket.

*The Court*, Sloane Square (often G. B. Shaw's plays).

*Covent Garden Theatre* (See p. 307), sometimes called the *Royal Italian Opera House*, Bow Street (opera, fancy dress balls, promenade concerts).

*Criterion*, Piccadilly (comedies, society plays, etc.). Often Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore.

*Daly's Theatre*, Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square.

*Drury Lane*, Catherine Street, (See p. 306), formerly under the management of the late Sir Augustus Harris. The home of pantomime in winter, and of melodrama, etc., in summer.

*Duke of York's*, St. Martin's Lane (formerly Trafalgar Theatre; comedies, etc.).

*Gaiety*, 345, Strand (comedies, operettas, farces, etc.).

*Garrick*, Charing Cross Road (comedies).

*Haymarket*, S. end of the Haymarket (English comedy).

*Hicks*, Shaftesbury Theatre.

*His Majesty's*, new building nearly opposite the Haymarket. Opened in 1897 by Mr. Tree.

*Imperial*, Tothill Street, Victoria Street, Westminster.

*Kingsway*, Great Queen Street (a few doors from the Kingsway).

*Lyceum*, Wellington Street, Strand (formerly Sir Henry Irving ; now popular melodrama, etc.).

*Lyric*, Shaftesbury Avenue (comedy-operas).

*New*, St. Martin's Lane.

*Playhouse*, Northumberland Avenue (Mr. Cyril Maude).

*Prince of Wales's*, Coventry Street, Haymarket (comedies, operettas, etc.).

*Queen's*, Shaftesbury Avenue.

*Royalty*, 73, Dean Street, Soho.

*St. James's*, King Street, St. James's Square (Mr. George Alexander ; comedies and society plays).

*Savoy*, Savoy Place, Strand (English comic operas ; recently Gilbert and Sullivan).

*Shaftesbury*, Shaftesbury Avenue (comedies, etc.).

*Terry's*, 105, Strand.

*Vaudeville*, 404, Strand (comedies, farces, burlesques).

*Waldorf*, Aldwych.

*Wyndham's*, Cranbourn Street.

Many of the above are closed in August and September. Their usual prices (which, however, vary slightly with the formation of the theatre) are :—Stalls, 10/- to 10/6 ; dress circle, 6/- to 7/6 ; " upper boxes " or " upper circle," 4/- ; pit, 2/- to 2/6 ; gallery, 1/-. (For Italian opera at Covent Garden, prices are about double the foregoing). *Fees* for programmes, wraps, etc., are abolished at most of the better theatres. *Opera-glasses* may be hired for 1/- or 1/6 from the attendants ; in some theatres they are fixed in automatic boxes to the backs of chairs, and obtained by dropping 1/- or 6d. " in the slot." *French* (late Lacy), at 89, Strand, is the chief theatrical publisher and bookseller. *Stalls* (unless a play is just beginning or enjoying a great run) may often be had at the last minute, but for the dress circle or " upper boxes " (the last are very good seats when you can procure the first row), it is better to book a week or two in advance. Hats are not allowed in the evening in stalls or dress circle, but they are worn at matinées. Seats for any part of the house at most theatres can be procured at various agencies and through large shops in different parts of London, or through the District Messengers' Offices—if through these latter, at slightly higher prices. For the pit or the gallery, which are unreserved, the time to start for the theatre must be regulated by the popularity of the piece ; for some " first nights " people have been known to wait patiently on camp stools in the rain from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m., but, as a rule, half-an-hour before the beginning of the performance will suffice. (For the unreserved seats it is necessary to have the exact price of the ticket in readiness.)

The prices of theatres vary, as in the case of the shops,

with the paying power and the taste of the surrounding population.

**The Suburban Theatres** have been greatly improved of late years. At many of them, the accommodation and the performance are hardly inferior to those of the more central theatres, and the charges are very much lower. The crack "London Companies" often perform in them during the "off" season. The following are a few of these cheaper theatres :—

*Alexandra*, Stoke Newington Road, N.

*Britannia*, Hoxton Street, N.E.

*Borough Theatre*, High Street, Stratford, E.

*Coronet*, Notting Hill.

*Elephant and Castle*, New Kent Road (*see* p. 431). Popular performances and very low prices.

*Grand*, High Street, Islington (comedies, melodramas, operettas; pantomime in winter).

*Lyric Opera House*, Hammersmith.

*Metropole*, Camberwell (*see* p. 437).

*National Standard*, 204, Shoreditch High Street (popular prices).

*Pavilion*, Whitechapel Road.

The chief *Music-Halls* are in and around Leicester Square ; here are the *Alhambra* and the *Empire*, both with elaborate ballets ; close by, in Piccadilly, is the *Pavilion* (*see* p. 350). Others are : the *Palace*, a fine red brick building (*see* p. 312), originally built by Mr. D'Oyly Carte for English operas, in Cambridge Circus ; the *Oxford*, 14, Oxford Street ; the *Tivoli*, Strand ; the *Holborn Empire*, 242, High Holborn ; and the *Coliseum*, St. Mark's Lane. The prices of music-halls are lower than theatres, varying from 6d. or 1/- to 4/-, 5/- or 6/-. Their performances usually begin at 7.30 p.m. Smoking and refreshments are allowed in most of them. Though often supposed by the "country cousin" to be wicked, improper places, their programme and their *clientèle* are more often than not entirely unobjectionable, and proper. *Other Entertainments* in and near London are :—*Madame Tussaud's* (open all day, admission 1/-, for which *see* p. 398) ; the *Egyptian Hall*, Piccadilly (Maskelyne & Cooke), admission 1/- to 5/-, at 3 and 8 p.m. (*see* p. 357) ; the *Hippodrome*, Leicester Square (performing lions, etc.) ; the *Crystal Palace*, Sydenham (*see* p. 443) ; *Olympia* (*see* p. 349), opposite Addison Road Station, West Kensington, where the Military Tournament (May) and Motor Exhibitions take place ; the *Agricultural Hall*, Liverpool Road, Islington (*see* p. 281), where various Exhibitions are held ; *Earl's Court* (*see* p. 365), the main entrance to which is in Warwick Road, near Earl's Court Station, where



exhibitions of various kinds are held; and the *White City* at Shepherd's Bush, built by Mr. Imre Kiralfy for the Franco-British Exhibition of 1908.

**Concerts, Picture Shows and Museums.**—London, being naturally the great musical centre of the kingdom, attracts to itself all the great vocalists and instrumentalists of the day. Among the principal concert halls are :—

The new *St. James's Hall*, in Great Portland Street, intended to take the place of the old Hall between Piccadilly and Regent Street; *Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W.*, a large hall with a painted ceiling, opened in 1893; among the concerts given here are the *Philharmonic Society's*, in May and June, Promenade Concerts daily in the summer, and Sunday Afternoon Concerts in the winter. *Royal Albert Hall*, South Kensington (see p. 340), for musical fêtes and concerts on a large scale.—*Crystal Palace*, Sydenham (see p. 443).—*Steinway Hall*, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square; small, but much used for musical recitations.

The principal *picture exhibitions* in London are (besides the big national collections, which are noticed elsewhere) :

The *Royal Academy of Fine Arts*, Burlington House, Piccadilly (see p. 353), where, besides the annual summer show of the year's paintings, are exhibited in January and February, the works of "Old Masters" or of English painters recently deceased. The *New Gallery*, 121, Regent Street (see p. 392), summer and winter exhibitions; admission, 1s.—The *Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours*, 5, Pall Mall East; exhibitions in April and December, each lasting three months; admission, 1s.—*Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours*, 191, Piccadilly (see p. 353); open from Easter till the end of July, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; and from 1st December to end of February, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.; admission, 1s.—*Society of British Artists*, 6, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, April to July, and October to February; admission, 1s. Here is also held the annual show of the *Society of Lady Artists*, which opens in January.—*Royal Society of Painter-Etchers*, 5a, Pall Mall East; admission 1s.—*Grafton Gallery*, Grafton Street, Bond Street; special exhibitions.—*Dudley Gallery*, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; water-colour exhibitions of the Dudley Gallery Art Society in February and June, and of the *New English Art Clubs*, in spring and winter; also of pictorial photographs.—*Gallery of Sacred Art*, 35, New Bond Street, contains chiefly paintings by the late Edwin Long, R.A.; daily, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; admission, 1s.—At a number of picture dealers' and other private galleries there are also from time to time special exhibitions which are duly announced in the newspapers.

The *Museums* in and around London are :—The *British Museum*, Great Russell Street (see Chap. XII.) ; the *South Kensington Museum* (see Chap. XIII.) ; the *Natural History Museum*, South Kensington (see p. 214) ; the *Bethnal Green Museum* (see Chap. XVIII.) ; the *United Service Museum*, Whitehall (see p. 84) ; the *Guildhall Museum* (see p. 256) ; the *Museum of Practical Geology* (formerly the School of Mines), Jermyn Street (see p. 352) ; the *Soane Museum*, Lincoln's Inn Fields (see p. 320) ; the *Brassey Museum*, Park Lane (see p. 377) ; the *Royal Architectural Museum*, 18, Tufton Street, Dean's Yard; the *Military*

*Museum*, Woolwich (*see* p. 443); the *Naval Museum*, Greenwich (*see* p. 440); etc., etc.

**Baths.**—A hot or cold bath may be had at the under-mentioned establishments at charges varying from 6d. upwards. For *Turkish Baths*, which some of them include, 2/6 or 3/6 is charged during the day, and less in the evening. Many of the larger establishments include swimming baths. For the London working classes there are the *Public Baths*, plainly but comfortably furnished, where a cold bath may be had for 1d., and where the charges do not rise beyond 6d. or 8d. The private baths have often very handsome appointments. Those which include Turkish Baths we indicate with one asterisk (\*), and those which include swimming with two (\*\*). The list does not profess to be by any means exhaustive; the municipal authorities now maintain baths in every district of London:—

\*\* *Bloomsbury and St. Giles' Baths* (Public), Endell Street, W.C.

\* *Charing Cross*, Northumberland Avenue. (These are for ladies also.)

\*\* *Chelsea Swimming Baths*, 171, King's Road, Chelsea.

\* *Edgware Road Turkish Baths*, 16, Harrow Road.

\* *Faulkner's Baths*, 50, Newgate Street, E.C. Branch establishments also near Charing Cross, Fenchurch Street, and Ludgate Hill stations.

\* "The Hammam," 76, Jermyn Street, Piccadilly.

\*\* *St. George's Baths* (Public), 8, Davies Street, Berkeley Square, and 88, Buckingham Palace Road.

*St. Martin's Baths* (Public), Orange Street, Leicester Square.

\*\* *St. Marylebone Baths* (Public), 181, Marylebone Road.

\* *Savoy Turkish Baths*, Savoy Street, Strand.

\* *Westminster Baths* (Public), 22, Great Smith Street, Westminster.

**Libraries.**—There are now many public free libraries in various parts of London, most of which have also a newspaper and reading room open to visitors. The most central of these is St. Martin's Free Library, at the bottom of St. Martin's Lane. The borrowing department in many of these libraries is restricted to ratepayers of the borough. Among other general libraries in London, by far the best is that in the British Museum (*see* p. 167). The Guildhall Library (free) is also very convenient; it is especially rich in books about London (*see* p. 257). *Special* libraries, to which access may readily be obtained by students, are at Sion College (theological); Dr. Williams' Library, University Hall, Gordon Square (theological); Lambeth Palace (theological); Patent Office, 25, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane (scientific); South Kensington (art); (*see* pp. 198, 211). Among *circulating libraries*, Mudie's is the most popular. For readers of more standard literature,

the London Library (*see* p. 370) is the best. The *newspapers* of London are endless. The railway bookstalls are the chief market for them. The so-called "evening" papers begin to appear at 11 a.m., and are sold in the streets. Newspaper kiosks, as in Paris, are a thing of the future.

**Clubs.**—Clubs are now, as they have been for so long a great feature of London life. The large club-houses (duly noticed in the course of our "Excursions") are among the principal architectural features of the town, and he who has not tasted the hospitality of these "temples of luxury and ease," as Mr. Gladstone once called them, has not experienced the height of refinement in this city of contrasts. A little dinner at one of the best clubs appeals to the *gourmet*. To the *gourmand*, dinner with one of the City Companies in their beautiful Halls, adorned with the most splendid gold and silver plate, is one of the more interesting experiences of London life. Membership of these companies is by patrimony or purchase; invitations are, of course, of a purely private character. The clubs, in their rules of admission, etc., are of all kinds, from the exclusive establishments in which membership is a matter of twenty or thirty years' waiting, to the great political caravanserais, where membership is cheap and easy. Visitors to London may sometimes obtain "temporary membership." A feature of the new age is the establishment of *Ladies' Clubs*. The rules and conditions of membership in these are similar to those prevailing in the men's clubs.

*Learned Societies* are very numerous in London, as is natural in the literary, scientific and artistic capital of the British Empire. Some are really learned; others are little more than clubs, with some learned or specialized flavour—such, for instance, are the Imperial Institute (*see* p. 212), the Colonial Institute, the Royal Institution (p. 357), the Botanic Society (p. 402), and the Zoological Society (p. 403). Membership of these (which is mainly a matter of subscription) or the supply of tickets by a member often adds considerably to the enjoyment of a stay in London. The Botanic Society's *fêtes*, for instance, are a pleasant feature of the summer season, and its gardens are at all times an agreeable retreat. Admission to the "Zoo" on Sundays is confined to members and their friends, and is a privilege much appreciated.

**Postal Arrangements.**—Posts in London are incessant, and a letter posted in any part of it should be delivered at

any other part in two or three hours. The principal foreign and provincial delivery is at 8 a.m. The latest time for posting the foreign and provincial mail is 6 p.m., newspapers, etc., 5.30. With an extra  $\frac{1}{2}$ d., inland letters may be posted at the more important offices up to 7.0 or 7.30 ; at Mount Pleasant up to 7.45. For delivery at 8 a.m. *in London*, letters may be posted up to 3 a.m. (some pillar-boxes close earlier ; particulars are given on the boxes themselves). Letters for the *American mails* should be posted on Tuesday, Thursday, Friday or Saturday afternoon ; for *India* and most of the *Colonies*, on Friday. Visitors should remember that in London there is no general post, in or out, on Sunday, and a letter dropped into a pillar-box, or an ordinary Post Office box, on Sunday will not be despatched till Monday morning. But the usual night mails are nevertheless despatched from London on Sundays. Letters for these mails (inland and foreign), with an extra stamp, can be posted *in special boxes* up to 6 p.m. at the District offices, and up to 5 p.m. at several Branch offices. A few of the principal Post Offices are open all day on Sunday for the sale of stamps and telegraph business, but to most towns *telegrams* will only be delivered if sent between 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. The *express post* is often a convenience in London for urgent business, and the *District Messenger Offices* are useful for the conveyance of parcels, letters, for purchase of theatre tickets, etc. *Commissionaires* (419a, Strand) are often useful for sending messages, and are thoroughly reliable, being old soldiers of good character ; they wear a uniform.

**Sports and Recreation.**—How to get exercise in London is a problem which sometimes puzzles the visitor, and which many residents unfortunately never solve. You may indeed *walk* for miles and miles in London, but the hard pavements are as fatiguing to the body as the excitement is to the nerves. *Rustic rambles* are much easier to achieve, thanks to the train service, than is supposed, and many useful little books of hints to that end may be purchased. *Riding* in "the park" (Hyde Park) is a fashionable form of exercise. *Cycling* is now very popular in London, and the concession has recently been made of allowing cyclists in Hyde Park (in the early morning only). Battersea Park is the cyclist's paradise. *Skating* on real ice is now provided at Hengler's Circus (Argyle Street, Regent Street), as well as at some private skating clubs. For fencing, boxing and gymnastics, there is ample provision. For swimming, see above under "Baths." A

game of *Cricket* is not easily to be had by other than regular players. The matches at "Lords'" (p. 399) and the "Oval" (p. 437) attract enormous crowds. Racket and tennis courts are attached to both these grounds. The Oval is also the scene of "Association" Football matches. "Rugby" is played at Blackheath and elsewhere. *Fishing* and *Boating* on the Thames are greatly enjoyed by Londoners. The *nearest* boating centre is Hammersmith (p. 456). The fishing between Richmond and Wallingford is for the most part free. There are numerous *Golf* links in the immediate neighbourhood of London—consult a member of some golf club.

**Police.**—Visitors in search of their way, or, indeed, in any sort of perplexity, cannot do better than follow the advice of a once favourite topical song and "ask a policeman." The police are themselves one of the sights of London; and no foreigner ever visits London—whether he be a cultivated Frenchman or a native chief from the wilds of Africa—without being struck, before everything else, with the civility, the intelligence and quiet authority of the famous force first established by Sir Robert Peel (hence "Peelers" or "Bobbies"). In case of any serious trouble, get the policeman to direct you to the nearest police-station and see the inspector on duty. Any visitor who wishes to obtain a curious glimpse of the seamy side of London life should spend a morning in one of the police-courts.

**Health.**—Some country folk have an idea that London is hardly better than a death-trap. This is quite a delusion. Even allowing for the heavier mortality in the least sanitary areas, often sadly overcrowded, we do not find that the death-rate in London is so high as in most other large towns. London *water*, though sometimes abused, is both wholesome and palatable. Visitors familiar with some other of the large capitals of the world will find the water of London surprisingly good. In case of *illness*, some people will prefer to go to the hospitals, in many of which provision is now made for paying patients, and where, of course, the very best medical and nursing skill of the age is available. There are also many private hospitals in London; and trained nurses may be obtained from various associations, at prices from £1 1s. to £3 3s. a week. Visitors who come to London to consult Specialists may like to know that the usual fee for a first visit is two guineas (in a few cases, three) and for subsequent visits, one guinea. The charges of general practitioners vary, here as elsewhere, with the circumstances of the



patient and the neighbourhood in which the doctor resides.

**The London Season.**—With many people the season selected for a visit to London is a matter of necessity or business, rather than of choice, and at any time such a visit can be made full of charm and interest. Even a “November fog” is an experience of intense—and we may say of choking—interest; but truth compels us to add that yellow fogs, though by no means so frequent as some people suppose, are not strictly confined to any one season of the year. What is really beautiful, and to the artistic eye, one of the great charms of London, is its mist; and this, again, occurs throughout the year. This is the quality of London which in relation especially to the river, Mr. Whistler taught people to appreciate by his “Nocturnes.” But similarly beautiful effects are observable in all parts of the town; and to these may be added the artistic qualities of dirt. Mr. Hare well says:—

“If the fogs are not too thick, an artist will find an additional charm in them, and will remember with pleasure the beautiful effects upon the river, when only the grand features remain, and the ignominious details are blotted out, or when ‘the eternal mist around St. Paul’s is turned to a glittering haze.’ In fact, if the capitals of Europe are considered, London is one of the most picturesque—far more so than Paris or Vienna—incomparably more so than St. Petersburg, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Brussels, or Madrid.”

These, as we have said, are aspects of London common to all the year. But undoubtedly London is seen at its best in the spring and early summer, when another aspect of it, namely, its ample greenery, can be fully enjoyed. Even the gauntest of its squares are then attractive; while the natural park-like beauties of Kensington Gardens, and the magnificent landscape-gardening of the other parks, will delight even the most rurally-minded of visitors. The prevailing practice of window-gardening adds greatly to the brightness of the town. Curiously enough, window-boxes are most to be seen at the two extremes; and one knows not whether to admire more the elaborately ornate arrangements in yellow and white or pink and white which adorn the façades of some west-end palace, or the simple greenery, with here a “creeping jenny” and there a common geranium, which represents the aspirations of the poor after *rus in urbe*. In the spring, too, the flower-markets and street-barrows of London, as well as the fruiterers’ and greengrocers’ shops, will be at once a revelation and a delight to the countryman. For all the earliest markets and most favoured climes send their

choicest produce to the great city ; and it is the Londoner who has the pick of the hyacinths from Holland, anemones from the Riviera, the daffodils and narcissi from the Scilly Islands, the kingcups from our English water meadows, the early potatoes from the Channel Islands, and the first strawberries from the forcing-houses of the great growers. Later on in the season, when there is a glut in the market, the price of good fruit in London, and especially of strawberries, is surprisingly low.

The months of May, June and July are, then, the London season *par excellence* ; for it is at this period that all the different attractions are at their height. Parliament is sitting, and the visitor, by the kind offer of his local member, may hear the debates. The greatest singers of the world are performing at the opera. The picture exhibitions have their principal shows. The parks are full of gay equipages and beautiful toilettes. The great racing carnival—the Derby—attended by many thousands of Londoners of all degrees, falls within this period. Balls, parties and gaieties of all kinds are in full swing. The drawing-rooms and levees fill the west-end streets with elaborate uniforms and crowds of sight-seers. The four-in-hands start daily from the town to the suburban pleasancess. And, in general, the stir and bustle and all-pervading sense of many-sided life, brings even the passing visitor near to “ the mighty pulse of the machine.”

## CHAPTER II.

## • The Town, and its History.

"Citizens of no mean City."

NOW-A-DAYS we go about London very cheaply and easily—by cab, carriage, omnibus, "underground" or "tube"; but yet we are not so far removed from the times when London streets were infested by robbers and badly lighted, and when the river was its best and safest highway. The river, indeed, with its flowing and ebbing tides, and its broad shining waters, has always been the source of the town's wealth.

"The river is, in a deeper and truer sense than was intended by Gray 'when he used the phrase, our '*Father Thames*' the river Thames, the 'largest river in England, here widening to an almost majestic size, yet 'not too wide for thoroughfare—the direct communication between 'London and the sea on the one hand, between London and the interior 'on the other. When roads were bad, when robbers were many, when 'the forests were still thick, then, far more than now, the Thames was 'the chief highway of English life, the chief inlet and outlet of English 'commerce. Here, from the earliest times, the coracles of the British 'tribes, the galleys of the Roman armies, were moored, and gave to the 'place the most probable origin of its name—the '*City of Ships*.' Thus 'the Thames is the parent of London.'"—*Dean Stanley*.

The early Roman city on this site, called "*Augusta*," which was founded in the reign of Nero (62 A.D.), owed already her power and prosperity to her trade and convenient port. Even when the city of *Augusta* was razed by the "barbarians" and deserted, still some few slaves and stragglers lived on among the ruins, and in fifty years or so the re-colonization began. Wandering merchants came back to the grass-grown quays, to traffic with the few savage inhabitants; for in the interval of time the Roman traditions had entirely died out and been forgotten, and the few remaining inhabitants had relapsed into barbarism. Thus, in all London there are but few Roman relics; nothing, in fact, to show that "*Augusta*" was ever a great city. Trade, however, once again re-established, increased quickly; more and more merchants came back to traffic, and by the year 604, a city had once more arisen on the ashes of the old one—a city and a flourishing port, with a crowd of ships and a new race of people. The fragment called "*London Stone*" (*see* p. 119)—the course of an ancient street, *Watling Street* (*see* p. 103)—some portions of the old wall—these are all that remain *in situ* of 400 years of Roman London. Not a tradition, not a name lingers, except, perhaps the name of London

itself, derived from the Latin *Londinium*, the name given it in Tacitus. Relics are, indeed, occasionally discovered and collected in museums (*see* p. 257) of the foundations of Roman buildings; and there are fragments of the encircling Roman wall, of which the gates were in after times called Lud-gate, Dour-gate, Belins-gate, Postern-gate, Ald-gate, Bishops-gate, Moor-gate, Cripple-gate, Alders-gate, and New-gate. It is also suggested that some of the old city churches—those dedicated to the apostles—may be rebuilt on ancient Roman basilicas, and thus preserve their dedication; but this is uncertain.

At any rate, the Saxons who predominated in the mixed race of the new city—the Londoners we will call them—when they became converted to Christianity in A.D. 604, built many churches dedicated to purely national and local saints, such as St. Dunstan, St. Botolph, St. Osyth, St. Swithin; or, when the Danes got their turn, St. Olaf and St. Magnus. From the 7th century—the time of her conversion—London steadily grew; her trade and her wealth increased; her learning and cultivation came over sea to her. Her wooden dwellings, at first poor and mean, improved through successive fires and rebuildings; but this second London—Saxon London—has disappeared no less than the more ancient city of Augusta. The great fire of 1135 swept Saxon London entirely away; not a stone of her is left standing; the Saxon age is thus even darker than the Roman.

In the next period—the Norman period—the churches were rebuilt, after the fire, in stone; but the houses, it is supposed, presented still much the same appearance. In the time of Thomas à Becket, London was a large and flourishing town, with her great Cathedral of St. Paul (already the third church on that site), her thirteen large conventual churches, and her hundred and thirty-six parish churches. Of these thirteen conventual churches, only one still stands—the present church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield (*see* p. 270), part of which actually dates from Rahere, its first founder, in the beginning of the 12th century. Not less interesting relics of Norman times are the names of some of the city streets, still called, on the North, Wood, Milk, Iron, Poultry; and on the South, Bread, Soap, Fish, Candles; according to the particular trade or market that used to be carried on in each. Just as if, now, Long Acre were to be called Carriage Street, or Tottenham Court Road, Carpet Street. In those early Norman times, the town of London was

flourishing, if small; the "White Tower" (*see* p. 106) guarded its east side; strong walls encircled it; and those who lived in the "suburbs" (*i.e.*, about Chancery Lane and Holborn), revelled in spacious and beautiful gardens. Here were also pastures, streams and watermills, and beyond the pastures, "a great forest filled with wild creatures." The people of the city were proud, free, and independent (independent, indeed, the Londoner always has been, and is to this day). Already trade—the trade that is the secret of the wealth of London—came to her quays from all parts of the world. In many ways, according to our ideas of comfort, there was still everything to be desired. The citizens' water supply, up to the thirteenth century, came from the Walbrook, and the Wells or Fleet rivers, long since fouled, choked and filled up. But then our forefathers did not drink water—they drank beer and strong ale—while their washing was a limited quantity. The working people of the city, turbulent and confident, lived roughly, and held their free and open meetings—the "Folk's-mote"—outside St. Paul's Churchyard, just as our own people try to do now in Trafalgar Square. The city was already then,—as it is now, despite its damp and fog—one of the healthiest in the world. Yet the Norman streets were narrow and muddy like country lanes; refuse was flung carelessly into the streets; and the poorest huts were of wattle-clay, with a thatched roof and a fire burning in the middle of the floor. The better houses were of timber—something like the existing Staple Inn (*see* p. 315), with here and there the stone mansion of a noble or a merchant. These mansions stood often in gardens, which gardens have in our day mostly become "courts," filled either by crowded "doss-houses," or by workmen's dwellings.

The people were then, as now, easily amused; they had their May-day festivals, their "mystery" plays, their religious processions, with chanting priests and monks—just as in our days we have our Lord Mayor's Shows, or occasionally a State procession. For the Church did much for Saxon and for Norman London—as well as for later generations of Londoners—in making her citizens happy and joyful. The Church was everywhere. A celebrated Frenchman has lately said of London that there is no street without a church and a tree. Well, in the thirteenth century, says Sir Walter Besant, "there was "no church without its monastery, its convent garden, its "College of Priests, its Canons regular, its Friars, its



" Pardoners, its sextons and its serving brothers, and this  
 " without counting its hundred and twenty parish churches  
 " each with its priests, its chantries, its fraternities, and  
 " its churchyard." Its bells were continually ringing to  
 remind its children of their duties. London in those days,  
 like every mediæval town, was in Norman and Tudor  
 times a veritable city of bells. Bells clanged all day long  
 from the towers and steeples, in fifty different keys.  
 Many of the ancient rhymes of London, from that of  
 Whittington downwards, refer to these bells. There was,  
 principally, " the great bell of Bow " (St. Mary-le-Bow,  
 Cheapside, *see* p. 354), which rang to tell the city 'prentices  
 when to leave off their day's work, and when these young  
 men fancied it rang late they made a rhyme as follows :—

" Clerke of the Bow Bell, with thy yellow lockes,  
 " For thy late ringing thy head shall have knockes."

whereupon the " Clerke " was made to answer :—

" Children of Cheape, hold you all still,  
 " For you shall have the Bow Bell rung at your will."

Of these many city churches, all but a small remnant  
 were destroyed by the disastrous fire of 1666, but thirty-  
 five of them, rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, still adorn  
 modern London with their steeples of varying grace of  
 design ; one, a pale white ghost, like St. Mary-le-Bow,  
 rising out of the black, crowded ant-heap of a London  
 street below ; another, like St. Paul's, a great blackened  
 solemn pile, more imposing in its grey gloom than ever it  
 could have been in its pristine whiteness.

But next in power to the Church, as well as next in  
 merit as a beautifier of London, came presently the power  
 of the City Companies. These arose in the fourteenth  
 century, when the old feudal system gave way to the civic  
 community. The City Companies incorporated each  
 trade, and had the fullest powers over wages, hours of  
 labour, output—they were, in fact, trades-unions. When  
 they began they were partly associated with the religious  
 element, and each guild or company had its saintly patron  
 and its special place of worship ; thus the Merchant Taylors  
 were spoken of as the Guild of St. John, and the Grocers  
 as the Guild of St. Anthony. These guilds in time  
 receiving Royal charters, became very powerful and rich,  
 and by the year 1363 there were already thirty-two com-  
 panies whose laws and regulations had received kingly  
 approbation. If any transgressed these laws, they were  
 brought before the Mayor and Aldermen. We have still  
 the Mayor and Aldermen, but the City Companies (whose

principal work was the apprenticing of youths to trades), have merely the shadow of their former authority, and their business is now mainly ceremonial. But many of their buildings and halls are beautiful and well worth a visit, notably the "Fishmongers' Hall," near London Bridge (p. 239), and the "Goldsmiths' Hall," Foster Lane (p. 253). These great palaces give a good idea of the immense wealth of the city. The City Corporation and the City Guilds played for centuries a leading part in the battle for popular liberties. "Freedom," says Sir Walter Besant, "was essential to successful commerce. This was recognised from the first and fully realized by the City of London, to which the whole country in this respect was under obligations. Kings often attempted to break the City's charter, but it was the main element of London's greatness that it always resisted those attempts."

The small area of London in the sixteenth century—even so late as the eighteenth—is difficult to realize now. In the year 1610 (of which date we have a map now before us) the little cities of London and Westminster were each grouped round their central churches of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the river banks. "Tottencourt," or "Tothnam Court," was a country hamlet; "St. Gylles" a rural retreat, and Islington a holiday expedition for the citizens, who resorted there to drink cream and curds, and to hunt ducks in the ponds. The citizens might live well, but their streets, even in the seventeenth century, were narrow and filthy; though the river highway was provided with convenient quays and landing-stages. The "fine city ladies" often took their pleasure by preference on the water, where indeed they were safest from accident, and where the "jolly young watermen" touted for their patronage. After the Great Fire, the improvement of the streets set in. The Plague and the Great Fire, the two most important events in the history of London, occurred within a year of each other—in 1665 and 1666. The Fire, as it proved, purged the city of its forerunner, the Plague, by necessitating an almost entire rebuilding and attention to sanitary laws. The city (mainly built of wood) was five-sixths destroyed, and the cathedral of St. Paul with the rest. Sir Christopher Wren, who rebuilt the cathedral and the fifty city churches with such good effect, also laid before Parliament plans for rebuilding the town on straight and uniform lines; but fortunately, this was never carried out, for the reason that the citizens began building up their houses again very quickly, on the old irregular lines.

But the houses were better built, and for the most part of stone and brick, and the streets were wider.

It was not, however, till Queen Anne's reign that London began to look at all as it does now. With the eighteenth century she began the process of more than doubling herself in size, which may be matter of regret ; but though her builders have occasionally erred in taste, their general improvement of the city has been steady. Some of the handsomest streets date from the latter part of the eighteenth century, and many of our greatest public buildings date from the last eighty years. In 1807, the streets were first lighted by gas ; it is only comparatively of recent years that such an improvement as the splendid " Victoria Embankment " has arisen, while good work is continually being done with regard to " open spaces " for the people. During the last few years—even during the decade since the first issue of this guide-book—vast progress has been made in the beautification of London. New thoroughfares, splendid Government offices, and palatial buildings for business or pleasure, have been constructed. " London may be reformed," says Sir Walter Besant, " but reform will only be a modification of her garments, and will not affect the noble and brave heart which stirs beneath them, and which is as capable of heroic deeds now as ever it was in the middle ages or in the days of Elizabeth." The aim of all who are responsible for the government of London must be—in the words of Lord Rosebery, the first chairman of its County Council—to " make it more and more worthy of its central position, of its great history, and of its immeasurable destinies." Let anyone live for a few years in the metropolis, and he will find her spell cast over him ; he will be homesick away from her, and will yearn perpetually to return to her crowded streets. " Londinium petimus," he will say, adapting the cry of Æneas. Even her very fogs will have a charm for him. It may be the glamour of history—the magic of the ghosts of the past that haunt every square and alley—but in any case it exists. He who has once visited London will long to come again ; he who has lived under her shadow for some time will never find it in his heart entirely to part from her.

## CHAPTER III.

## The People.

"The courts of two countries do not so differ from one another, as the court and the city in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside."—*Addison*.

"A forest of houses, between which ebbs and flows a stream of human faces, with all their varied passions—an awful rush of love, hunger and hate—for such is London."—*Heine*.

LONDON has, roughly speaking, nearly five millions of inhabitants ; it is the vastest conglomeration of people in the world, no other city even coming near to it in that respect. The large number is thus made up :—about one-half are working folk, who get along more or less comfortably ; a quarter (which comprises the relatively small criminal class) are more or less in want ; a considerably lesser number go to make up the middle and wealthy classes ; and the remainder are inmates of institutions. Or, to adopt another mode of reckoning, London is divided into the following :—

(1) **Fashionable London.**—A small minority in the West End, who have nearly all the money, and also manners and customs peculiar to themselves, such as only spending yearly three or four months, "the season," in London, leaving their fine houses shut up and deserted for the remainder of the time ; turning, like Mycerinus, night into day for those three or four months ; and being, in conversation, somewhat slangy, and given to the dropping of the final "g's" of their words. It is this small proportion, however, that we mean when we speak of "all London," and to which the daily papers allude, when, in August and September, they assure us that "there is absolutely no one left in town."

(2) **Toiling London.**—Mainly in the East End ; a large majority who have hardly any money, but who have manners and customs also peculiar to themselves, such as a certain free-and-easy demeanour ; a "loudness" of speech and apparel ; the constant use of a very unpleasant but expressive adjective ; the ability to turn themselves into human machines for twelve hours out of the twenty-four ; and, in conversation, the dropping of the initial "h" of their words.

(3) **Slum London.**—Restricted to no special quarter, but mainly to be found in Shoreditch, Whitechapel, St. George's-in-the-East, and the neighbourhood of the docks ; a shiftless and drifting population, living from hand to mouth ; often in want, with only casual earnings. Of these are the poor human wastrels, as well as the " loafers " and the semi-criminals. " Hell is a city much like London," said the poet Shelley.

The thieves' kitchens and pickpockets' haunts of the slums of London are interesting to visit—for those who do not mind a pretty strong atmosphere—under care, for safety, of a detective. Though naturally, with the entrance of a stranger, any lesson in pocket-picking (like Fagin's to his pupils) that might be going on would cease, still the place would without that be a sufficiently curious sight. All sorts of poor battered human figures hang about the big fire, that is never allowed to go out ; men washing and drying their only shirt, street doctors making their pills, blind beggars wide awake and cooking their chops—the riff-raff of the great city, resting from their (generally) ill-spent day.

(4) **Money-making London.**—To be seen every day in the city, hurrying over lunches, bending over desks, hastening to and fro. Some of the busiest working ants in the great hive, but not drudges like the East End toilers ; these claim some position in the social scale, and their manners and customs are—like those of Dickens's famous Mr. Podsnap—limited to " getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter-past, breakfasting at nine, going to the city at ten, coming home at half-past five, and dining at seven."

(5) **Bohemian London.**—Not now so ubiquitous as formerly, though it still flourishes in a few out-of-the-way spots. The fact is, that the innate *respectability*, or *gigmanity* as Carlyle put it, of the British mind—that terrible respectability that comes so " home to the great heart of the nation," and, though so unpleasant in itself, is in some ways such a saving grace—has interfered with and ousted the charming Bohemianism of old days—as readers of novels such as " Pickwick," for instance, can easily see for themselves. Literature, the stage, the arts are now quite as " respectable " professions as any other. Which last remark brings us to

(6) **Respectable, or Middle-Class London.**—This represents a relatively enormous section of the community ; to be found everywhere, and comprising all the long, dreary semi-suburban streets of such districts as Walworth, Camberwell, Islington, Hackney, etc. Rows and rows of dull little houses and shops, all equally depressing and exactly like one another ; inhabited by small shop-keepers, the superior class of artizans, clerks, etc. This, the most



dreary part of London to the outsider, is really the most typically British of any. It may be seen to great advantage by anyone leaving London by any of the great terminuses, as the train, in whatever direction it happens to leave the metropolis, must of necessity pass through several miles of it.

But the Londoner, or, as he is called, the Cockney, even be he of the lowest class, is not without his special merits. That he is infinitely resourceful and quick-witted is proverbial, and his endurance through want and privation also entitles him to our respect. See the "street-arabs," usually drawn from the lowest class. Despite their "check" and their general wickedness, one cannot help liking them and admiring their splendid courage, their unfailing spirit. No wonder that they should frequently—from Dickens onwards—have been chosen for the heroes of fiction, and that artists like Miss Dorothy Tennant should have portrayed them lovingly. And when the street arab grows to be a man he is not altered in essentials. Of course, however, London is perpetually being reinforced, not only by foreign immigration, but from the country; for it acts as a huge magnet to country folk, who, dreaming of town pleasures and higher wages, come to seek the "deceitful lights of London." As for the immigrants, they, like the Jews, live a good deal in districts of their own; in Whitechapel, for instance, there are whole colonies of Polish Jews who speak no language but their native Yiddish, and whose evidence has to be interpreted at police-courts, just as it is in the case of the Italian organ-grinder community of Hatton Garden.

Not only nationalities, but trades, and professions for that matter, too, have a great tendency to collect each in a separate quarter of the town. Thus, in the professions, doctors foregather in Harley Street, lawyers in and about the Inns of Court, artists on Campden Hill and St. John's Wood, and actors about Covent Garden. The list might be continued *ad infinitum*, but these will suffice for examples.

Of such heterogeneous elements, indeed, is London composed, that it would seem to require more than a fairy's wand to sift them into anything like order. Yet this is what has been done, with infinite pains and care, by *Mr. Charles Booth* and his coadjutors, in a work entitled *Life and Labour in London*. Mr. Booth's army of helpers, in view of assisting the solution of the industrial problem, have gone through London street by street, gleaning statistics painfully with note-books, and by dint of this Herculean task, have got something like a fair idea of the average earnings, the life, and the poverty of the workers

of London. The value of this book is enhanced by excellent and very original maps—one in varying shades of blackness, showing the respective poverty of London; and others, in many colours, showing the whereabouts of the different classes that inhabit it. The tailoring, boot-finishing, shirt-making, etc., industries of the East End, and the evils connected with the "sweating system" (on which, it will be remembered, a "commission" was lately held), are all dwelt upon.

"The East-end of London always has been, and always will be, the great centre for sweating; and there are houses and thoroughfares in the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green where you may visit family after family in the same abode making slop-shirts, button-holes for various garments, boys' coats, women's underclothing, sewing on the tops of boots, and making matchboxes at sensational prices;—2½ d. a gross, and find your own paste and string, is the average price paid, and a beginner at this business frequently cannot earn more than 2s. 3d. or 2s. 6d. a week, working twelve or fourteen hours a day."

We have before referred to the often charming street-arabs of London—the ragged girls who dance so delightfully before the barrel-organs; the small boys who so lovingly carry the white-haired babies, and who show such preter-natural sharpness for their years. In any part of London—even the lowest—the children are always a great protection, and even the lady visitor may wander safely wherever she wishes, as long as a "bodyguard" of these are procured. The excellent "Board Schools" (now more correctly called "Council" or "Provided" Schools) have, of course, done much to improve the rising generation. When the child grows older, for the warm, comfortable school-room is substituted too often the public-house, the "poor man's club," as it is called, but child-life is difficult to entirely spoil, and even amid odious surroundings and brutal treatment, it blooms like the captive's "prison flower."

Whatever may be its politics, London is socially Conservative. This Conservatism is nearly as marked in the East End as the West End—in habits and dress. The East End factory girl is as rigid in her views on costume and etiquette as her better-educated sister in the West End; not for worlds would she go without that high-befeathered plush hat, that straight "fringe" dropping into her eyes—these things are her glory on Bank Holidays and Sundays. To her they are the very "tip-top" of fashion, and as *chic* as is the newest Parisian mode to the damsel in Eaton Square. The "point of view," again, is altered, that is all.

London always strikes the foreigner—especially the

Frenchman—strangely. He cannot comprehend our dingy streets, our dreary, vacant Sundays, our conservatism, our food, any more than he can the tumbled crape bonnets and bedraggled skirts with three muddy flounces of the East End woman. In Paris, the woman of the same social scale would have a clean white cap and apron, a plain skirt well above the ground, and strong, stout shoes. Max O'Rell denounces London as follows :—

"London is, indeed, an ignoble mixture of beer and Bible, of gin and gospel, of drunkenness and hypocrisy, of unheard-of squalor and unbridled luxury, of misery and prosperity, of poor, abject, shivering, starving creatures, and people insolent with happiness and wealth, whose revenues would appear to us a colossal fortune."

This is, perhaps, rather too scathing. It is the two extremes that show themselves most palpably in London. It houses a few enormously rich men ; and there are also half a million of people belonging to families who have not even a weekly income of 20s., and a quarter of a million of toiling single women whose earnings only average 1s. a day. And if, indeed, the poverty of the Londoner is the saddest, most squalid form of poverty that exists, it is because London—by common consent the finest city in the world to be rich in, is the worst to be poor in. "London," says another French author, "resembles ancient Rome. This modern Rome, how heavily must it weigh, like the other, upon the labouring class !" Max O'Rell says further :—

"Except at the East-end, the poor are not confined to any special quarter of the capital ; you may see them everywhere, clothed in rags and degradation. In this free country, the most abject human beings seem to go about clothed with a covering that resembles in form the vestures of the upper classes, just to parade their misery in the open street, as a constant reproach to the indifference and contempt of the rich."

Truly, one half of the world knows not how the other half lives ! To quote Ruskin :—

"If, suddenly, in the midst of the enjoyments of the palate and lightnesses of heart of a London dinner-party, the walls of the chamber were parted, and through their gap the nearest human beings who were famishing and in misery were borne into the midst of the company—feasting and fancy-free—if, pale with sickness, horrible in destitution, broken by despair, body by body, they were laid upon the soft carpet, one beside the chair of every guest, would only the crumbs of the dainties be cast to them—would only a passing glance, a passing thought be vouchsafed to them ? Yet the actual facts, the real relations of each Dives and Lazarus, are not altered by the intervention of the house wall between the table and the sick-bed—by the few feet of ground (how few !) which are indeed all that separate the merriment from the misery."

But, though large sums yearly are given in charity, the "East" is in spirit very far from the "West" in this big city of London.

## CHAPTER IV.

## Westminster Abbey and its Precincts.

"Methought I sate in seat of majesty  
 "In the Cathedral Church of Westminster,  
 "And in that chair where kings and queens are crowned"—  
*King Henry VI., Part 2, Act I., Scene 2.*

"That antique pile behold,  
 "Where royal heads receive the sacred gold;  
 "It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;  
 "There made like Gods, like mortals there they sleep,  
 "Making the circle of their reign complete,  
 "Those suns of empire, where they rise they set."

*Waller.*

"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy  
 "dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate  
 "desire goes out; . . . . . When I see kings lying by those who  
 "deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the  
 "holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I  
 "reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions  
 "and debates of mankind."

*Addison.*

**WESTMINSTER ABBEY** is the most famous building in London, not only for what it is, but for what it contains. All great nations write their history in their tombs; and for many years it has been the national Walhalla—the Temple of Fame—the crowning glory of a life of valour, or of merit. But Westminster Abbey possesses other interest beside that of being

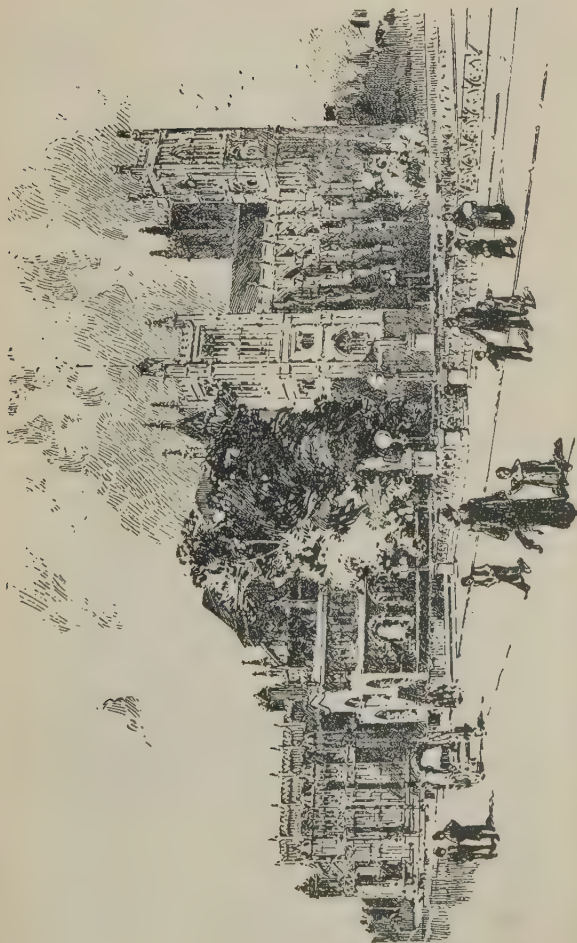
"a place of tombs.  
 "Where lie the mighty bones of ancient men."

It has also the charm both of high antiquity and of architectural beauty. Its history, and that of the additions that have been made to it at various times, would fill many hundred pages. In the early Roman times a temple of Apollo stood here, and in 616 this was superseded by the first Christian church, erected in honour of St. Peter by the Anglo-Saxon king, Sebert. With this church was associated a Benedictine convent (*monasterium* or *minster*), which—with reference to its position to the west of the Cistercian Abbey of St. Mary of the Graces, called *East Minster*—was named West Minster. But the foundation of our Abbey is due really to Edward the Confessor, who rebuilt West Minster between the years 1049 and 1065, and was buried there in the odour of sanctity. The Abbey,

however, still retained its early dedication to St. Peter, and to this day it is known as "the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster." Though Edward the Confessor's Church seems to have been quite as large as the present one, yet hardly any traces of it now remain, except the Chapel of the Pyx in the dark cloister near the south transept, and part of the foundations and cloisters. Henry III. who had "a rare taste for building," pulled down most of the Confessor's work and rebuilt it. Edwards I. and III. continued the work of improvement and restoration. Henry VII. pulled down in his turn most of Henry III.'s work, and immortalized himself by the beautiful perpendicular chapel called by his name. Except the two western towers, which were completed by Wren, we may conclude that the outer aspect of Westminster Abbey at the present day is very much as Henry VII. left it, remembering only that in the middle ages it was "a magnificent apex to a royal palace," surrounded by a train of subordinate offices and buildings, and with lands extending to the present Oxford Street, Fleet Street, and Vauxhall. The Abbey should be visited before anything else in London, for no locality is so interesting and so historically important. Like the National Gallery, it requires more than one visit, for "too many tombs produce the same weariness as too many pictures." Although on a first visit it will hardly be possible to get more than a general idea of the Abbey and its treasures, yet we will endeavour here to compress into a few pages all that is of really prime interest.

Approaching Westminster Abbey from *Parliament Street*, we first see the richly-decorated buttresses of Henry VII.'s chapel (*see p. 43*), "the most beautiful chapel in the world"; then, as we reach the open square still called *Broad Sanctuary*, the whole Abbey rises before us. Exactly in front of it is the little church of *St. Margaret* (*see p. 62*), which is, however, not really little, but in this particular situation serves as an excellent foil to bring out the vast proportions of the structure immediately behind it. Facing us is the beautiful front of the north transept, with its celebrated rose-window, and great triple entrance, called "Solomon's Porch," the richest part of the whole building. Here is the ordinary entrance (the great doors of the west end being never opened except for the coronation of a sovereign and other State occasions); but we will pass behind Henry VII.'s chapel, and, following a narrow passage under one of the magnificent flying buttresses of





Westminster Abbey with St. Margaret's Church in front.

the Chapter House, enter the south transept by the door of the *Poet's Corner*.

(The nave and transepts are open free; a fee of sixpence is paid—except on Monday and Tuesday—for entering the chapels surrounding the choir.)

The interior of the Abbey is in the form of a Latin cross. Having been built by many kings and in many centuries, the structure is in several styles. Thus, Henry VII.'s much-admired chapel is *Perpendicular*; the Choir, due to Henry III., is *Early English*; the *Decorated* style appears in the western side of the nave; the very oldest part, as seen in a few remains, is *Norman*; and lastly, the "*Grecianized Gothic*" of Wren is shown in the somewhat incongruous western towers, left to him to complete.

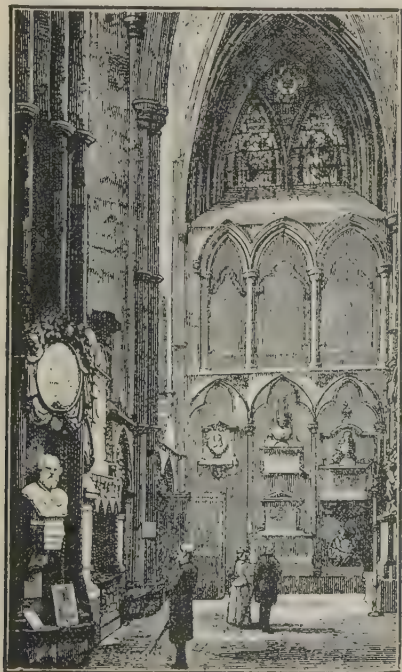
"Incongruity, however, among things beautiful in themselves, is the "very first element of the picturesque. As it is, though, Westminster Abbey has suffered much, and is suffering more, at the hands of the "modern 'restorer,' its delightful want of uniformity is not, and can "scarcely ever be, overcome."—*W. J. Loftie*.

The Cathedral in the main, however, is Early English, and exhibits in their greatest known perfection, the *Lancet* and *Pointed* styles. The impression produced by the interior, with its "long-drawn aisle and fretted vault," its columns of Purbeck marble, radiant stained-glass, and rich colouring, is very striking. The many monuments add to the impressiveness of the scene, notwithstanding the bad taste (chiefly of the eighteenth century) displayed in some of them.

"On entering, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the "mind. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic "dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing "height. It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon "the soul and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel "that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of "past times, who have filled history with their deeds and earth with their "renown."—*Washington Irving*.

It was at the door of the Poets' Corner, that Queen Caroline vainly knocked for admission to share in the coronation of her husband George IV. (the poor woman died, partly of grief, a fortnight after this cruel refusal). The name **Poets' Corner**, as applied to the southern end of the south transept, is first alluded to by Goldsmith, in whose day it was chiefly celebrated as containing the grave of *Chaucer*, "the father of English poetry." His altar tomb, though erected 100 years after his death, is the only ancient monument in the "Poets' Corner," where, as Addison quaintly said, "there are many poets who have no monuments, and many monuments which have no poets." Above Chaucer's marble tomb is a handsome modern stained-glass window, with scenes from the Canter-

bury Pilgrims. Close to the grave of Chaucer, Robert Browning was buried in 1889, and Lord Tennyson (Poet Laureate) in 1892. Not far from Chaucer's tomb is that of *Edmund Spenser*, whose funeral, in 1599, all the poets and wits of the land, and probably, Shakespeare himself, attended. The spot was chosen because of its proximity to Chaucer's tomb, and here into the tomb the mourners



Poets' Corner.

threw their elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them. The more important of the remaining monuments in Poets' Corner (they do not invariably mean interment in the Abbey) are those of *Michael Drayton*, author of the "*Polyolbion*"; of *Ben Jonson* (rare Ben Jonson); of

*Samuel Butler*, author of "*Hudibras*"; a statue of *Shakespeare*, whose body rests at Stratford-on-Avon; and memorial tablets and busts of *Milton*, *Davenant*, *Cowley*, *Prior*, *Gay*, *Addison*, *Thomson*, *Goldsmith*, *Dr. Johnson*, *Sheridan*, *Burns*, *Southey*, *Coleridge*, *Campbell*, *Macaulay*, *Longfellow*, *Dryden*, *Thackeray*, *Dickens*, *Sir Walter Scott* and *John Ruskin*. At the foot of the *Shakespeare* monument is the grave of *Sir Henry Irving*. On *Gay*'s tablet is the flippant inscription, his own lines—

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;  
"I thought so once, and now I know it."

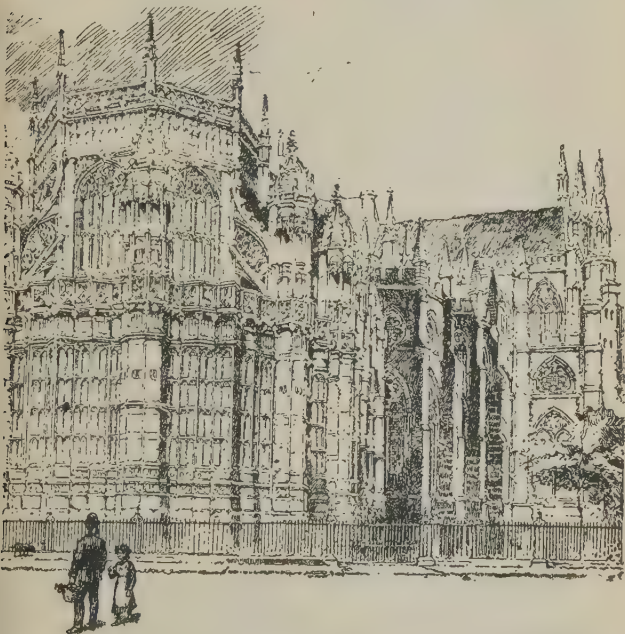
In front of *Dryden*'s tomb is a blue slab in the floor, believed to commemorate *Robert Hawke*, murdered in the choir in 1378 by *John o'Gaunt*'s followers. The church was then closed for four months, till the outraged privileges of "sanctuary" were again confirmed to it. A white slab in the centre of the south transept covers the remains of *Old Parr*, who died in 1635, and was said to have been 152 years old. In the south transept, and just beyond the Poets' Corner, are monuments to *Isaac Casaubon*; to *Handel*, the musician; to *Mrs. Pritchard*, the actress; and to *David Garrick*; and gravestones over *Steele*'s "dearest Prue," and *Jenny Lind*. From the south transept we enter the aisles surrounding the choir, outside which cluster a series of hexagonal chapels, probably built by *Henry III.* in imitation of those in the northern cathedrals of France. At the gates of the choir aisles vergers are stationed, who show groups of visitors round the twelve chapels. (Permission to examine the chapels more closely, to study or draw in them, may be obtained by written or personal application to the Dean; and no church in the world contains more picturesque "subjects" for the artist). Immediately within the gates of the south ambulatory, is an arched recess containing the supposed tomb of *King Sebert* (616), King of the East-Saxons, the traditional founder of the Abbey, and his Queen, *Ethelgoda*. Over this tomb is a curious altar-decoration of the 14th century. Near it is the tomb of *Anne of Cleves*, fourth wife of *Henry VIII.*; probably the earliest example of "skull and cross-bone" decoration. From the choir diverge the splendid series of chapels.

"I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now "occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I "met with rare illustrious names, or the cognizance of some powerful "house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers "of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies; some kneeling in niches, "as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously

“pressed together; warriors in armour, as if reposing after battles; prelates with crosiers and mitres; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city where every being has been suddenly transmuted into stone.”—*Washington Irving*.

The chapels are usually visited in the following order :

(1) **St. Benedict's**, or *St. Bennet's*.—This little chapel (sometimes called the Dean's Chapel) is not entered by the



From a Sketch by

Henry VII.'s Chapel.

Herbert Railton.

public, but is easily seen from either side of Dryden's tomb, which separates it from the south transept. The fine tomb in the centre of the chapel is that of *Lionel Cranfield*, Earl of Middlesex (1645)—Lord High Treasurer in the reign of James I.—and his wife; it is one of the latest instances of a monument in which the figures have animals

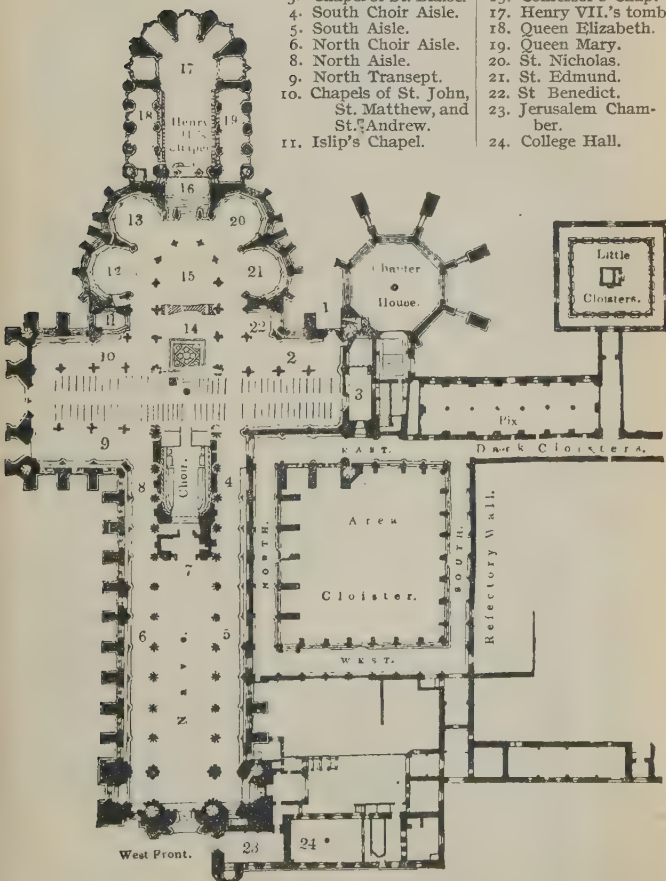


at their feet. Here also is the fourteenth century altar-tomb of *Archbishop Simon Langham*, with a noble alabaster statue. *Archbishop Tait* (died 1883), is buried close to this chapel; his monument has a bust by Armstead. Between the chapels of St. Benedict and St. Edmund is the tomb of *four Children of Henry III.*; one of them a little dumb girl of five years, the *Princess Katherine*, for whom mass was said daily in "the hermitage of Charing."

(2) **St. Edmund's**, the first of the hexagonal chapels, is separated from the aisle by an antique wooden screen, and is crowded with interesting monuments; chief of which, in the centre, is a tomb bearing a portrait brass in memory of *Eleanor de Bohun* (1399), Duchess of Gloucester. She was the widow of Edward III.'s youngest son, and, after her husband's assassination, became a nun of Barking Abbey. Her figure, in the habit of her order, lies under a triple canopy; the inscription is in old French. In this chapel are also a tiny altar-tomb, bearing the quaintly dressed effigies of *William of Windsor* and *Blanche of the Tower*, the infant children of Edward III.; *Frances, Duchess of Suffolk*, mother of Lady Jane Grey; *Lady Elizabeth Russell*, seated asleep in her chair, a beautiful alabaster figure with the Latin inscription, "she sleeps, she is not dead" (this figure used absurdly to be shown by the vergers as a martyr to housewifery; the lady, from the fact of her finger pointing to a skull at her feet, being supposed to have died from the prick of a needle); *William de Valence*, Earl of Pembroke, half-brother to Henry III.; a stone altar-tomb, with an effigy of wood covered with copper; and *John of Eltham*, second son of Edward II. (1334), who died at nineteen, a life-size alabaster figure; this effigy is of great antiquarian interest from the details of its plate-armour. *Lord Lytton*, the novelist and statesman, was buried beneath the pavement of this chapel in 1873.

(3) **Chapel of St. Nicholas**.—Dedicated to the bishop-saint of Myra. This chapel is separated from the aisle by a stone (Perpendicular) screen, decorated with a frieze of shields of roses, and is filled with Elizabethan tombs. In the centre is the noble altar-tomb of *Sir Georges Villiers* (1619) and his wife, adorned with recumbent figures. Here also are the tombs of *Anne, Duchess of Somerset*, widow of the Lord Protector, beheaded on Tower Hill, an alabaster effigy under a richly decorated arch; of *Philippa, Duchess of York* (1433), the earliest tomb in the chapel, with an interesting though injured effigy; and of

1. Entrance from Old Palace Yard.
2. Poets' Corner.
3. Chapel of St. Blaise.
4. South Choir Aisle.
5. South Aisle.
6. North Choir Aisle.
8. North Aisle.
9. North Transept.
10. Chapels of St. John, St. Matthew, and St. Andrew.
11. Islip's Chapel.
12. St. John Baptist.
13. St. Paul.
14. Sacrarium.
15. Confessor's Chap.
17. Henry VII.'s tomb.
18. Queen Elizabeth.
19. Queen Mary.
20. St. Nicholas.
21. St. Edmund.
22. St. Benedict.
23. Jerusalem Chamber.
24. College Hall.



Plan of Westminster Abbey.

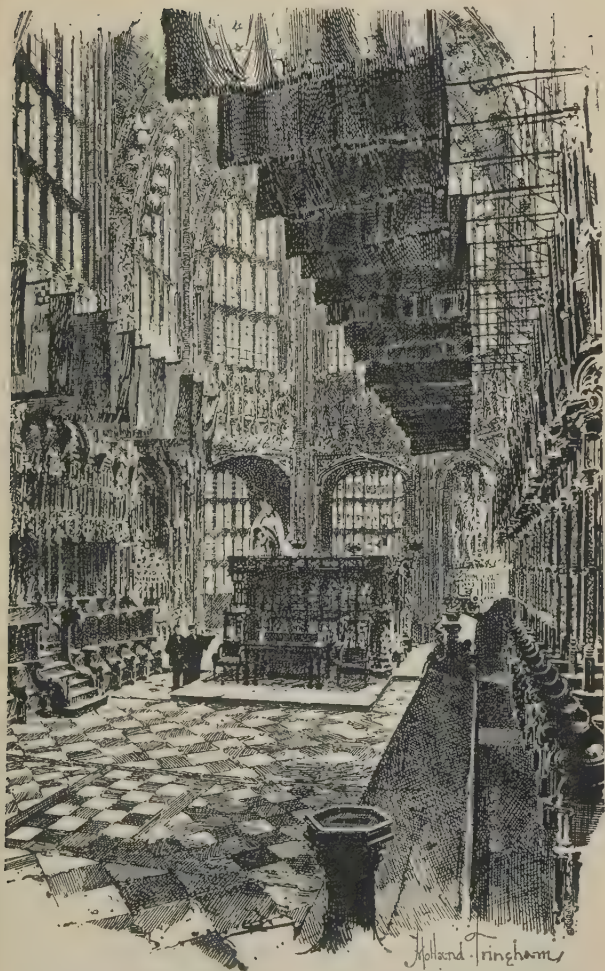
*Elizabeth, Duchess of Northumberland*, Baroness Percy (1778). The Percy family still maintain the right of burial in this chapel.

(4) **Henry VII.'s Chapel.**—The finest Perpendicular building in England, approached by a portico overarching the aisle, and a noble flight of steps. This chapel consists of a nave and two aisles, with five little chapels round the apse. It was erected on the site of the Lady Chapel of Henry III., and Prior Bolton (the architect prior of St. Bartholomew's) superintended its building. Almost all the sovereigns of England—from Henry VII. to George II.—have been buried here. The superb brass gates are adorned with the badges of the founder—the fleur-de-lis, the three lions of England, and the united roses of York and Lancaster entwined with a crown; an allusion to Henry VII.'s marriage with Elizabeth of York, a marriage which, ending the Wars of the Roses, united the Houses of York and Lancaster and founded the Tudor family. In the stained-glass windows are still traces of the red roses of Lancaster which once filled them; and from the end window the figure of Henry VII. looks down upon the whole. The pulpit is the same from which Cranmer preached. Seventy-three statues surround the walls. On each side are dark oak choir stalls, admirably designed and carved, with quaint "misereres" below. The stalls are for the Knights of the Order of the Bath, the lower seats for the esquires, each seat bearing the arms of its occupant. The end stall on the right is decorated with a figure of Henry VII. The ceiling of the chapel, with its wonderful tracery, and fantastic pendentives, in luxuriant perpendicular style, is its crowning glory.

"On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture, and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, incrusting with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labour of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb"  
—*Washington Irving*.

In the centre of the chapel is the glorious *Tomb of Henry VII.* (1509) and his wife *Elizabeth of York* (1503), one of "the stateliest and daintiest monuments of Europe," executed by *Torrigiano*.

The first stone of the splendid edifice founded by Henry VII., and which was to contain all the glory of his race, had only been laid a month when his wife, Elizabeth of York, died. She lies in its first grave. More wrote an elegy on the Queen, who died in giving birth to a child, in the Tower:—



Drawn by  
D

Henry VII's Chapel (Interior) Holland Tringham.

"Adieu, sweetheart ! my little daughter late,  
 "Thou shalt, sweet babe, such is thy destiny  
 "Thy mother never know ; for here I lie  
 "At Westminster, that costly work of yours,  
 "Mine own dear lord, I now shall never see"

The tomb is chiefly of black marble, and the figures, etc., of gilt copper. (They once wore crowns, which have been stolen). In the same vault with Henry and Elizabeth, rests the huge coffin of *James I.* (1625). Dean Williams in preaching his funeral sermon, compared him to Solomon in eight particulars. In front of his grandparents' tomb is the burial-place of *Edward VI.* (1553), the boy-king of 16, "flower of the Tudor name ;" his monument, by *Torrignano*, was destroyed by the Republicans, but a picture of the admirable ancient frieze is let into the modern renaissance altar-tomb that replaces it. *George II.*, and several members of his family, are buried, without monuments, in front of Henry VII.'s tomb. In the *south aisle* of the chapel, beneath the exquisite fan roof, is the tomb of *Mary, Queen of Scots* (1587), a noble work of the period, with a quaintly-dressed effigy, the feet resting on the Scottish crowned lion ; also the tombs of *Margaret, Countess of Richmond*, mother of Henry VII., and of *Margaret Stuart, Countess of Lennox*, mother of Lord Darnley, husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, and grandmother of James I. The effigies of her seven children kneel around her alabaster tomb ; the eighth figure is that of her grandson, King James I. The Stuart vault, below, is crowded with the coffins of that unfortunate race ; over the coffin of the Queen of Scots, are buried—as an inscription in the pavement records—*Lady Arabella Stuart* (see *The Tower*), *Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia*, *Anne Hyde*, first wife of James II., and many infants of the Royal line.

"Above and around, in every direction, crushing by the accumulated weight of their small coffins the receptacles of the illustrious dust beneath, lie the numerous children of James II., who died in infancy—six sons and five daughters—and the eighteen children of Queen Anne, dying in infancy or stillborn, ending with William, Duke of Gloucester, the last hope of the race—thus withered, as it must have seemed, by the doom of Providence."—*Dean Stanley*

In front of the step of the ancient altar are buried (without monuments) *King Charles II.*, *Queen Mary II.* and her husband, *King William III.*, and *Queen Anne* with her husband, *Prince George of Denmark*. In the *north aisle* of the chapel are tombs no less famous. Here, beneath a lofty canopy, lies the characteristic effigy of *Queen Elizabeth*. In the great "temple of silence and reconciliation," in that contracted sepulchre below :



"admitting of none other but these two, the stately coffin of Elizabeth rests on the coffin of Mary. The sisters are at one: the daughter of Catherine of Arragon and the daughter of Anne Boleyn repose in peace "at last"

The eastern end of this aisle has been called, from its infantine monuments, the *Innocents' Corner*:

"Where Loves no more, but marble Angels moan

"And little cherubs seem to sob in stone."

Here is the tomb erected by Charles II. over the bones of the murdered Princes in the Tower (*see The Tower*) and here are buried the two-year-old *Princess Mary*, daughter of James I., and her little sister *Sophia*, who died "a royal rosebud" at three days old.

"Soft silken primrose fading timelessly."

The cradle itself forms the baby's tomb:

"This royal babe is represented sleeping in her cradle, wherewith vulgar eyes, especially of the weaker sex, are more affected . . . than with all the magnificent monuments in Westminster"—*Fuller's Worthies*.

Hung from the wall close by, are some pretty verses, on this quaint tomb, by Lady Augusta Stanley. At the western extremity of this aisle are buried *Addison* and *Craggs*. Of the five small apsidal chapels, the first on the south side contains the gigantic and unsightly monument to *Ludovic Stuart*, Duke of Richmond and Lennox (1639). Here all his family are buried, including the widow of the sixth and last duke, "La Belle Stuart" of Charles II.'s court. Enormous bronze figures of Faith, Hope, Prudence, and Charity support the canopy of the tomb. In the next chapel is the tomb (with a beautiful recumbent figure by *Boehm*) of *Arthur Penrhyn Stanley*, late Dean of Westminster (1881), and his wife, *Lady Augusta Stanley* (1876). In the central chapel, a stone in the pavement records the burial of *Oliver Cromwell* and other Commonwealth leaders. After the Restoration, their bodies were dug up, dragged to Tyburn, and beheaded (*see p. 68*). In the fourth chapel is the incongruous monument of the *Duke of Buckinghamshire* (1721), and in the fifth is the huge tomb of *George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham* (1628), the powerful favourite of James I. and Charles I. Descending the steps from Henry VII.'s Chapel, we see in front of us the richly-sculptured arch of *Henry V.'s Chantry*—the arch so greatly admired by Flaxman—representing the Coronation of Henry V., in 1413. We now enter the *North Ambulatory*. On our left is the tomb of *Queen Eleanor* (*see p. 53*), on our right the entrance to the

(5) **Chapel of St. Paul.**—Here, the beautiful wall arcading has been destroyed and hidden by monuments.

The place of the altar is occupied by the tomb of *Frances Sidney, Countess of Sussex* (1589), the foundress of Sidney-Sussex College at Cambridge. Her recumbent effigy is richly dressed, and at her feet is a porcupine—her crest. Here are also the tombs of *Sir Giles Daubeney* (1507), and his wife; he was Chamberlain to Henry VII.; his effigy, in plate armour, is very minutely executed; observe the kneeling monks in relief on his shoe-soles; and of *Ludovick Robsart* and his wife (1431), distinguished in the French wars under Henry V. His tomb forms part of the chapel screen, and is, architecturally, one of the most interesting in the Abbey; it was once richly gilt and coloured. This tomb was injured by the introduction into the chapel of the colossal sitting figure of *Watt* (1819), the improver of the steam engine. The statue is by *Chantrey*; from its immense size it could hardly be dragged in, and when at last established in its place it burst by sheer weight through the pavement into the vaults below, nearly causing serious loss of life. A bust to *Sir Rowland Hill* (1879), founder of the penny post, is in this chapel.

(6) The little chapel, or shrine, of **St. Erasmus**, a most picturesque low archway supported by clustered pillars, of the time of Richard II. Through it we enter the

(7) **Chapel of St. John the Baptist.**—The screen of this chapel is formed by the tombs of bishops and abbots. In the centre is the tomb of *Thomas Cecil* (1622), *Earl of Exeter*, and his first wife *Dorothy Nevill*. The vacant space on the left side of the Earl was intended for his second wife, *Frances Brydges*; but she indignantly refused to allow her effigy to lie on the left side. She survived her husband fifty years, and was buried in Winchester Cathedral, though the inscription states that she lies here. On the site of the altar is buried *Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon* (1596), first cousin and chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth; he is said to have died of disappointment at the long delay in his promotion to an earldom. When the Queen at length granted it he lay on his deathbed, and, saying, "Too late," declined it. His Corinthian tomb of marble and alabaster is one of the loftiest in England. In his vault is buried also his kinsman and descendant, *Thomas Carey* (1649), Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I., who died of grief at his master's fate. (The only mention of Charles' execution to be found in the Abbey, is on Carey's memorial tablet). A staircase opposite St. John's Chapel ascends to the centre of interest in the Abbey, the

(8) **Chapel of Edward the Confessor.**—This is the sacred

shrine of the Founder—the “Holy of Holies”—guarded by the Tombs of the Kings :

- “ Mortality, behold and feare,
- “ What a change of flesh is here !
- “ Think how many royall bones
- “ Sleep within this heap of stones ;
- “ Here they lye, had realmes and lands,
- “ Who now want strength to stir their hands ; . . .
- “ Here the bones of birth have cry’d,
- “ Though gods they were, as men they dy’d
- “ Here are sands, ignoble things
- “ Dropt from the ruin’d sides of kings.”

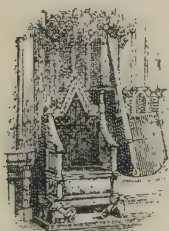
—*Francis Beaumont.*

This chapel, more than any other part of the Abbey, remains as Henry III., its second founder, left it. He made in it a shrine to contain the relics of his sainted predecessor, which he spent vast wealth in enriching. This peculiarly sacred part of the church is now marked out, not only by its height above the rest of the Abbey, but by the ring of royal tombs round the Saint, which, supplemented here and there by iron railings, guarded anciently the treasure of gold and jewels, now disappeared. The mediæval shrine of Edward the Confessor (died 1066) is in the centre, at the rear of the high altar of the Abbey. It was erected by Henry III. in 1269, and its faded splendour is still discernible, in spite of the raids of relic-hunters. The seven recesses at its sides were intended for pilgrims to kneel under, and the twisted pillars that support it are like those of the cloisters of St. John Lateran at Rome. The legendary life of the Confessor is told in the fourteen rude sculptures on the screen that separates the chapel from the choir. The whole chapel is “paved with kings, queens and princes,” who all wished to rest as near as possible to the miracle-working shrine. On the north side of the Saint lies his queen *Editha*, daughter of Earl Godwin ; and on the south is “*Good Queen Maud*” (1118), wife of Henry I. On the left of the steps by which we ascend is the tomb of *Henry III.* (1272), the founder. The effigy of the king, by *Torel*, is a conventional figure, of gilt brass ; the tomb is of porphyry and mosaic, and in the garments of the figure are holes which once contained jewels. Next to this tomb is that of the beautiful *Queen Eleanor of Castile* (1290), first wife of Edward I. This “queen of good memory” lies at her father-in-law’s feet ; her tomb is of Petworth marble, and her exquisite effigy is by *Torel*. This effigy is the earliest portrait-statue we possess of an English sovereign. “The beautiful features of the dead queen are expressed in the most serene quietude ; her long hair waves from beneath the circlet on her brow.” Her

husband, Edward I., showed his grief for her loss by the nine crosses that he erected—a cross on each spot where her body rested on its way to burial at Westminster (see Chap. XVI.). *Edward I.* himself lies on the same side of the chapel. He, “the greatest of the Plantagenets,” lies without an effigy, in an altar-tomb of five blocks of grey marble, “a plain monument for so great and glorious a being.” On the north side are the words “*Scotorum Malleus*” (the Hammer of the Scots). In 1774 the tomb was opened, and the corpse of “Longshanks” was found to measure 6 ft. 2 ins. Beyond Queen Eleanor’s tomb at the Eastern end of the chapel, is the *Chantry of Henry V.* On each side a life-size figure keeps guard by the steps. Here the grand tomb of Henry V. of Monmouth (1422)—“the hero of Agincourt”—rises in a position that somewhat encroaches on the tombs of Eleanor and Philippa. The marble tomb has lost its ancient splendours; the effigy is now a shapeless wooden block, the head, sceptre, etc., of silver, having been stolen in Henry VIII.’s time. On a bar above the tomb are Henry’s shield, saddle and helmet, said by tradition to be “the casque of Agincourt” (forming by their arrangement the letter H). Under the altar of the chantry now rests the body of *Queen Katherine of Valois*, wife of Henry V., the “dear Kate” of Shakespeare—the ancestress of the Tudor line—widowed at twenty-one; she whose mummified corpse Pepys records that he kissed in 1668, “reflecting upon it that I did kiss a queene.” On the southern side of Henry V.’s tomb is that of *Queen Philippa* (1369), wife of Edward III., and mother of fourteen children. She was the foundress of Queen’s College at Oxford. Her effigy, by a Flemish artist, is evidently an attempt at a portrait, and is remarkable for its cushioned head-dress. This monument contained when perfect over seventy statuettes, many of them figures of royal kinsmen of the queen. Close to her is buried her youngest son, *Thomas of Woodstock*. Next to Philippa’s tomb is, according to her dying request, that of her husband, *King Edward III.* (1377). The features of his effigy are believed to have been cast from his face as he lay dead; and “the head is almost ideal in its beauty.” Round his tomb were brazen figures of all his many children, of which now only six remain. He died lonely and deserted; a “perfect example of this world’s vanity”:—

“Mighty victor! mighty lord,  
 “Low on his funeral couch he lies;  
 “No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
 “A tear to grace his obsequies.”

The next tomb is that of *Richard II.* (1399)—son of the Black Prince, and successor to Edward III.—and his wife, *Anne of Bohemia*. On this sumptuous monument the couple repose together ; their heads are certainly portraits, and their right hands were tenderly clasped to bear witness to their mutual affection ; but both arms have been stolen. The effigies are of brass and copper ; that of the king is attired like an ecclesiastic, with curls and a pointed beard ; and with “ not much trace of the surpassing beauty for which he was celebrated.” The cape of his mantle is bordered with “ pease-cod shells open, with the peas out,” which device has been explained as the “ broomscods ” of



The Coronation Chair.

the Plantagenets. The wooden canopy has a curious half-obliterated painting of the Trinity and the coronation of the Virgin. Facing the foot of St. Edward's shrine, in front of the screen, stand the two *Coronation Chairs*. The chair on the left, scratched and battered by many generations of visitors, is the old coronation chair of Edward I. It encloses the famous “ *Prophetic Stone* ” or “ *Stone of Destiny*,” of Scone—a piece of reddish-grey sandstone—traditionally supposed to be Jacob's Pillow, and of which

the Scots believed, that wherever it was carried, the Supreme Power would go with it. Edward I. brought it to London in 1297, in token of Scotland's complete subjugation. Every English monarch since that date has been crowned in this chair, and it was used by Queen Victoria on the occasion of the Jubilee service. It has only once left the Abbey—namely, when Cromwell was installed in it as Protector in Westminster Hall. The new Coronation Chair was made in 1689 for Queen Mary, wife of King William III., on the model of the old one, and is only used when kings and queens are crowned together ; it was last used in 1902. On the Coronation Day, the chairs are covered with gold brocade, and taken into the Choir of the Abbey. Between the chairs are the state sword and shield of Edward III. From the ambulatory, near the Confessor's Chapel, we may admire from beneath—where we see them at their full height—three beautiful tombs of the family of Henry III. ; those of his son, *Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster* (1296),



the Crusader; of *Aveline, Countess of Lancaster*, his daughter-in-law; and of *Aymer de Valence* (1323), his nephew. These monuments are specimens of the magnificence of our sculpture in the reigns of the first two Edwards. Facing the tomb of Edmund Crouchback is the fine Perpendicular

(9) **Chapel of Abbot Islip**—an abbot who laid the foundation-stone of Henry VII.'s chapel. His name, and also his "rebus" ("Eye-slip") appear in the frieze. The tomb of the abbot in this chapel was destroyed by the Roundheads, though the remains of it are on a table by the window.

From the Islip chapel a winding stair ascends to the chantry chapel containing the few remains of the very curious *wax effigies* which were carried at the public funerals of great personages buried in the Abbey—a remnant of more ancient days, when the embalmed bodies, with uncovered faces, were themselves carried in procession. (Admission to the wax figures: Monday and Tuesday, 3d; on other days, 6d.). Only eleven of the waxen effigies now exist; they stand in wainscot cases round the chantry. They are "of the deepest interest, having been robed by the hands of those who knew them and their characteristics." The most famous among them are: Charles II., Mary II., William III.; Anne—fat, pale-faced and kindly—"La Belle Stuart," otherwise the Duchess of Richmond, with her favourite parrot by her side; and Elizabeth, whose ghoul-like face, staring at the visitor over the intervening cases, will (says Hare) probably leave a more distinct impression than anything else in the Abbey.

Beyond the Islip Chapel is the monument of *General Wolfe* (1759), the hero of Quebec. We now enter a chapel formed by the three

(10, 11, 12) **Chapels of St. John, St. Michael and St. Andrew**, once divided by screens, and entered from the north transept, but now thrown together for the convenience of their monuments. Two great tombs break the lines of the centre, those of *Henry, Lord Norris* (1601) and his wife, and of *Sir Frances Vere* (1609). In the latter monument, the effigy of Vere lies low on a marble slab, while four kneeling knights bear as canopy another slab supporting his armour. Vere was an officer in Queen Elizabeth's service, and the allusion is to his having fallen a victim in sickness to the death he had vainly courted in battle. Another celebrated monument in this place is that of *Lady Elizabeth Nightingale* (1731), executed by the brilliant sculptor Roubiliac. This tomb, "more theatrical than sepulchral," is his last and greatest work. In it the skeleton figure of Death is represented as starting from beneath the monument, and aiming his dart at the lady, who shrinks back into her husband's arms. "This 'epigrammatic conceit' has always attracted the public, and

is more popular than any other monument in the Abbey ; at the time of its erection there was a perfect *furor* about it." There is a story of how a robber coming into the Abbey by moonlight, was so startled by the figure of Death that he fled in dismay, leaving his crowbar on the pavement ! In these chapels are also monuments to the following : *Mrs. Siddons* (a fine statue by Chantrey) ; *Sir John Franklin*, the Arctic explorer (epitaph by Tennyson) ; *Sir James Simpson*, the discoverer of chloroform ; *Admiral Kempenfelt*, drowned 1782 in the *Royal George* ; and *Sir Humphry Davy*. We must not omit to mention also a curious tablet to a certain *Mrs. Anne Kirton*, over which a large eye weeps capacious tears.

We now leave the chapels, and enter the **North Transept** of the Abbey, of which the great feature is the beautiful rose-window already mentioned (restored in 1722). This transept was quite uninvaded by monuments till the Duke of Newcastle was buried here in 1676. Later it became the favourite burial-place of admirals ; and since Lord Chatham was laid here in 1778, the central aisle has been "appropriated to statesmen, as the other transept to poets."

"The whole character of the Abbey monuments is now changed ; while the earlier tombs are intended to recall *Death* to the mind, the memorials of the last two centuries are entirely devoted to the exaltation of the *Life* of the person commemorated. In the transept, especially, the entire space between the grey arches is filled by huge monuments groaning under Pagan sculpture of offensive enormity, emulating the tombs of the Popes in St. Peter's in their size, and curious as proving how taste is changed . . . Justice and Temperance, Prudence and Mercy, are for ever busy propping up the tremendous masses of masonry upon which Britannia, Fame and Victory are perpetually seen crowning a bust, an urn, or a rostral column with their wreaths ; while beneath these piles sit figures indicative of the military or naval professions of the deceased, plunged in idiotic despair."—*Hare, "Walks in London."*

On the right of the entrance to the north transept (*Solomon's Porch* ; see p. 40), is *William Pitt, Lord Chatham's* colossal monument by *Bacon*. The great statesman is represented in an oratorical attitude, with parliamentary robes. Gladstone's, Beaconsfield's, Mansfield's and Canning's monuments are near, and under the pavement lie Fox, Grattan, Castlereagh, Wilberforce, and Gladstone and his wife. "In no other cemetery," says Macaulay.

"do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space. High over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham, and from above, his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes."

Macaulay, in another inimitable passage, describes the later burial of the son near the father :

"The grave of Pitt had been made near to the spot where his great father lay, near also to the spot where his great rival was soon to lie. Wilberforce, who carried the banner before the hearse, described the awful ceremony with deep feeling. As the coffin descended into the earth, he said, the eagle face of Chatham from above seemed to look down with consternation into the dark house which was receiving all that remained of so much power and glory."

Henry Grattan (1820), "the eloquent advocate of the rights of Ireland," is buried in front of Chatham's monument, near the graves of Pitt, Fox, Castlereagh, the two Cannings, and Palmerston. Pitt and Fox died in the same year, and are buried close together :

"Here—taming thought to human pride,  
 "The mighty chiefs sleep side by side,  
 "Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,  
 "'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;  
 "O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,  
 "And Fox's shall the notes rebound,  
 "The solemn echo seems to cry  
 "Here let their discord with them die."

Scott.

Close also to Chatham's monument is that of *Warren Hastings* (1818), Governor of Bengal. He was buried away from here, though

"with all his faults, and they were neither few nor small—only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the great Hall, the dust of the illustrious accused should have mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers." *Macaulay's Essays*.

The colossal tomb, by *Nollekens*, of the "*Three Captains*" (mortally wounded in Rodney's naval victory, 1782), just beyond Hastings' monument, is one of the most hideous in the Abbey. Neptune, from a seahorse, directs Britannia's attention to the medallions of the dead :—

"Is that Christianity?" asked a visitor, pointing to Neptune and the trident. "Yes," wittily answered Dean Milman, "It is *Tridentine Christianity*."

The noble statue of *Lord Mansfield*, farther on, is by *Flaxman*. Near it, in the west aisle, is the charming monument of *Mrs. Elizabeth Warren*, whose charities are typified by the lovely figure of a beggar-girl holding a baby, by *Westmacott*. Many more monuments might be mentioned, and many other well-known names; but want of space forbids their enumeration, and we must hurry on to the vast **Nave**, which, even more than the north transept, is a veritable city of the dead, containing every kind of memorial—bust, statue, tablet, tomb. Against the choir screen is the large monument of *Sir Isaac Newton* (1727), and on the floor below, memorial slabs mark the graves of Darwin, Sir John Herschel and Lord Kelvin. In the

*North Aisle* by the choir, "The Aisle of the Musicians," are buried, *Purcell* (1695), and *Sterndale Bennett* (1875). In the north-west corner of the nave, by the belfry tower (called "the Whigs' Corner"), is the monument of *Charles James Fox*, by *Westmacott*. The great statesman is represented as a half-naked figure sprawling into the arms of Liberty. The figure of the negro in the group, referring to the abolition of the slave trade, was held by Canova to surpass any work he had ever seen. Above the west door is a monument to the younger Pitt (*see* p. 58). The stained-glass of the west window (Moses, Aaron, and the Prophets), dates from George II.'s time. From this end of the Abbey its long aisles are seen in the full glory of their perspective:

"Three solemn parts together twine  
 "In harmony's mysterious line;  
 "Three solemn aisles approach the shrine."

The south-west end of the nave, or *Baptistery*, called by Dean Stanley "Little Poets' Corner," contains monuments, with busts or statues of Wordsworth, Keble, Charles Kingsley and Matthew Arnold. The *north door* of the Baptistery is "supposed to have been intended for the escape of evil spirits there exorcised; and the gargoyles outside to represent the misery of the expelled demons." On entering the *south aisle* of the nave, we see, above the Deanery entrance to the Abbey, the small oak gallery, called the "*Abbot's Pew*," built in the 16th century for Abbot Islip (*see* p. 56), and still used by the Royal family to watch processions passing up the nave. In the centre of the nave, *Livingstone*, the African traveller, is buried. In the south aisle by the choir, are tablets to the two *Wesleys*, and to *Dr. Isaac Watts*.

The **Choir** of the Abbey, the scene of coronations, is the loftiest in the world, and projects into the nave, from which it is separated by an iron screen, after the manner of Spanish cathedrals. Its poor reredos was erected in 1867. Bounding the choir are the tombs of the *Lancasters* and *Aymer de Valence*, noticed already from the northern ambulatory (*see* p. 56), and that of *Sebert* and *Ethelgoda*, from the southern (*see* p. 44).

A door in the south aisle, near the angle of Poets' Corner, leads to the beautiful **Cloisters**, dating from the 13th to the 15th century, small portions of it going so far back as the time of Edward the Confessor. Their central enclosure was the monks' burial-ground, the abbots being buried in the arcades, where also in later days were made the graves of actors, authors, and other notabilities.

"The approach to the Abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The grey walls are discoloured by damp, and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the several monuments, and obscured the death's-heads and other funereal emblems. The roses which adorned the keystones have lost their leafy beauty; everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidation of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay."—*Washington Irving*.

One simple inscription in the cloisters, "Jane Lister, dear childe, 1688," attracts greater sympathy than more pretentious epitaphs." Dean Stanley delighted in this tablet as recalling in its simplicity the monuments of the catacombs.

In the *East Cloister*, the great feature is the fine double door of the **Chapter House**. This beautiful structure, supported by massive flying buttresses, was built by Henry III., and restored at great expense by *Scott* in 1865. Here the monks held their weekly "chapters" and discussed the affairs of the monastery, and here for three hundred years (1282 to 1547) the House of Commons also met; till Edward VI. in the latter year, commanded it to meet in St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster Palace. It is an octagonal room, with stone seats all around it in two ranges, and a central pillar, at which, in old monkish times, criminals were flogged. The Chapter House is now almost in its original beauty, its roof rebuilt, its windows restored and filled with stained-glass. Over the entrance is a throned figure of the Saviour, replacing one which formerly existed here; with stiff though admirable ancient figures at the sides, representing the Annunciation. In the arcing of the interior, are remains of fine fresco paintings; those at the east end, depicting our Lord showing his wounds, with seraphs and Giotto-like angels round him, are of the fourteenth century. The tiles of the floor, with curious heraldic emblems, are also ancient. In the Chapter house are kept glass cases containing fragments of sculpture, coins and ancient documents. In the wall, just south of the entrance of the Chapter-house, is the iron-bound door of the *Chapel of the Pyx*, the ancient treasury of the Kings of England. It is shown by special order only; its double door is opened by seven keys; and this mysteriously guarded chamber, now no longer containing treasure (the "pyx," the box in which the standards of gold and silver are kept, is removed to the Mint, is the most remarkable remnant we have of the original Abbey of Edward the Confessor. From the Cloisters,



which give, at every turn, subjects for the artist, we reach, on the south, the *Abbot's House*, now the *Deanery*, the dining room of which contains several portraits of historic deans. Behind its library bookcases was lately discovered a romantic secret chamber, connected no doubt with plots and intrigues of the Middle Ages. On the other side of the picturesque court fronting the Deanery, is the *Abbot's Refectory*, now the *College Hall*, where the Westminster scholars (*see below*) dine. Through the little court of the Deanery, we approach the *Jerusalem Chamber*, built in the fourteenth century as a guest-chamber for the abbot's house; it was probably so-called from tapestries hung in it, representing the history of Jerusalem. Here, in the old chamber where Convocation is now held, Henry IV. died. His last words are thus given by *Shakespeare* (Henry IV., Act iv., Scene 4)

*King Henry*: "Doth any name particular belong  
 "Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?"  
*Warwick*: "'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord."  
*King Henry*: "Laud be to God!—even there my life must end;  
 "It has been prophesied to me many years  
 "I should not die but in Jerusalem;  
 "Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land;  
 "But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;  
 "In that Jerusalem shall Harry die."

From the Deanery a low archway leads into the picturesque and quiet *Dean's Yard*, once, from its grove of trees, called "The Elms." In olden times, this square was occupied by the convent priors and their subordinates, and still in our time it remains occupied in part by Canons. East of the square, a beautiful vaulted passage and an ancient gate lead to the groined entrance of *Little Dean's Yard*, on the other side of which yard is a classic gateway, attributed to Inigo Jones, and now scrawled over with many scholars' names. This is the gateway of *Westminster School*, or St. Peter's College, founded by Henry VIII. out of the monastic spoils of the dissolution, and richly endowed by Elizabeth.

The Refectory we have already noticed. The Schoolroom—the ancient dormitory of the Monastery—may be best visited between 2 and 3 p.m. Two round arches of the Confessor's time remain at its western extremity. There are about 260 boys at Westminster School, of which sixty are "on the foundation;" among its scholars have been Sir Christopher Wren, Dryden, Locke, Southey and Cowper.

On the north of Little Dean's Yard is *Ashburnham House* (lately become the property of Westminster School, and used for class rooms); though built in several centuries, it is mainly the work of Inigo Jones. The precincts of the Monastery extended far in old days and were entered

where the *Aquarium* once stood, by a Gate-house of Edward III.'s time, used also as a prison. Behind the south side of Dean's Yard is the handsome red-brick *Church House*, the ecclesiastical memorial of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. From *Church House*, the picturesque *Great College Street* leads on the left, past the red brick walled-in houses of the Canons, to *Abingdon Street*, *Old Palace Yard* and the *Houses of Parliament* (see Chap. V.). In *Old Palace Yard* is a fine equestrian bronze statue of *Richard, Cœur de Lion*, by *Marochetti*; "an ideal work," says Ruskin, "of the highest beauty and value. Its erection in front of Westminster Hall tends more to educate the public eye and mind with respect to art, than any thing we have done in London for centuries." And further west are the *Victoria Tower Gardens*, on the Thames, with a fine view of Westminster Bridge. Beyond *Great College Street* and the *Victoria Gardens* is *Smith Square*, a most curious secluded nook of houses, mostly blackened and tumble-down, surrounding an old and still blacker church. This is **St. John's Church**, the second of Queen Anne's fifty churches, built from designs of *Archer*, in 1728. "It has semicircular apses on the east and west, and at each of the four corners, one of the towers, which made Lord Chesterfield compare it to an elephant on its back with its four feet in the air."

"In this region are a certain little street called Church Street, and a certain little blind square called Smith Square, in the centre of which last retreat is a very hideous church, with four towers at the four corners, generally resembling some petrified monster, frightful and gigantic, on its back with its legs in the air."—*Dickens*: "*Our Mutual Friend*."

From *Old Palace Yard*, a fine view may be had of the Chapter House with its flying buttresses, formerly hidden by an ugly block of houses, now removed. Continuing along *Old Palace Yard* westward, we should reach the Tate Gallery, but this must be reserved for another chapter (p. 138); and we now again approach **St. Margaret's Church**, standing like a sentinel before the Abbey. Down to 1858, this church used to be attended by the members of the House of Commons in state, four times in the year, as then prescribed in the Prayer Book. It was built by Edward I. on the site of a still earlier church of Edward the Confessor. Its churchyard used to be closely paved with tombstones, which have now been buried three feet deep in earth. The stained-glass window of the Crucifixion, at the east end, was presented by the town of Dordrecht, in Holland, to Henry VII. Hidden away during

the Commonwealth, it was placed here in 1758. Caxton, the printer, and Sir Walter Raleigh, are buried here. Facing St. Margaret's Church and the Abbey, is *Broad Sanctuary*, formerly a sacred place of refuge for criminals and political offenders. Facing is the *Broad Sanctuary* and the Abbey *Wesleyan Church House*, where once stood the well-known *Royal Aquarium*. *Victoria Street*, a street of flats and offices (with known Army and Navy Stores), is a continuation of *Broad Sanctuary*, and leads hence to *Victoria Station*. It is well worth while to walk down the street, in order to visit



Westminster Cathedral.

the noble **Westminster Cathedral**, built by the Roman Catholics in this country as the church of their metropolitan see. The building lies behind Victoria Street on the southern side, in Ashley Gardens; its lofty campanile (only 31 ft. lower than the clock-tower) soon comes into sight and serves as a landmark. The vast pile (with the Archbishop's House, clergy house and other connected buildings behind it) is in red-brick and in the Byzantine style. It is not only the most original and successful architectural effort of which modern London can boast, but is, in the opinion of many good judges, the finest church that has been built in any land for centuries. The architect, J. F. Bentley, who died before the building was completed, was instructed to build in the Byzantine style (both for reasons of economy and to avoid competition with the Gothic Abbey) and he took infinite pains :—

"He ran his ideal so far to ground that he was instrumental in finding  
 "and reopening quarries in Eubœa which had lain buried for over a  
 "thousand years; and in this way he obtained the particular tinted  
 "marbles that were necessary to his plan. He carried the same  
 "thoroughness into his study of simpler materials. He would have  
 "nothing to do with iron, not even in the raising of his domes."

The building took eight years to erect (1895-1903), and cost about £250,000. The interior is impressive by its vastness and conveys a strong effect of simplicity and tranquil grandeur; but it is at present little more than a shell. Some verses which appeared in one of the newspapers on the occasion of the opening well describe the feeling which the bare brick walls must excite :—

Out of the maze of miry street,  
 Out of the soil beneath our feet,  
 Shot from the dust, an arrow true,  
 Leaps the long shaft to reach the blue;  
 Penitential the vaulted space,  
 Yawns a gulf in the altar-place;  
 Tarries the vision our eyes desire,  
 Snow-flaked marble, mosaic afire;  
 Only the dust of earth is there,  
 Burnt with sorrow and brown with care.

Some idea, however, of the splendour which the building is destined ultimately to receive may be formed from the *Chapel of SS. Gregory and Augustine* (on the right on entering), where the marbles and mosaics (the gift of Lord and Lady Brampton) are complete, and from the beautiful *Baldacchino*, above the high altar, which Mr. Bentley considered the best thing in all his work. The Cathedral is intended to be incrustated throughout, and the visitor must have "charity of imagination" enough to clothe it with some of the splendour of St. Mark's at Venice.



The Houses of Parliament from the River.

## CHAPTER V.

## The Houses of Parliament, and Whitehall.

“ The place in which the Parliament doth sit  
 “ For to determine things most requisite.”

“ The great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded  
 “ with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings ; the hall which  
 “ had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of  
 “ Somers ; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment  
 “ awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment ; the  
 “ hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the  
 “ placid courage which has half redeemed his fame.”—*Macaulay*.

THE part of London through which we are now to travel is—to those who are interested in England’s history, her constitution, her civil and political rights—the most engrossing of any. Here, on this “ hallowed ground ” of Westminster, where the Houses of Parliament now stand, stood the ancient Royal Palace of Edward the Confessor, where, under the shadow of their abbey and sanctuary of St. Peter (*see* p. 39), the Anglo-Saxon kings and their successors lived till Henry VIII. took up his residence in the neighbouring Whitehall, in that almost equally famous palace, the “ Naboth’s Vineyard ” of York Place that he stole from Wolsey. Edward the Confessor’s palace was rebuilt and altered by many kings after him, notably by William Rufus, who founded Westminster Hall ; by Stephen, who built *St. Stephen’s Chapel*, and by Henry VIII., who built the *Star Chamber* (the two latter only now commemorated by name in the present edifice, on or near their sites). Gradually within the walls of the old palace, arose those Houses of Parliament which have now swallowed up the whole area. At the end of the old palace (opening on *Old Palace Yard*, *see* p. 76), was the *Prince’s Chamber*, used until 1834 as the House of Lords, in the cellars of which were concealed the memorable barrels of gunpowder by which Guy Fawkes intended to blow up the king, queen and peers, in 1606. The old palace of Westminster, which had existed in one form or another for so many centuries, was finally, in October, 1834, entirely destroyed by fire, in that terrible conflagration painted by Turner, with the beautiful *St. Stephen’s Chapel* (the old House of Commons) and all pertaining to it, except Westminster Hall, which venerable building was only by great exertion saved from the flames. The old hall of William Rufus is now merged in the new building, that, phoenix-like, speedily rose on the ashes of



the old, and it forms the vestibule to the enormous *New Palace of Westminster* (containing the present Houses of Parliament) erected by Barry at a cost of three millions, in the Tudor style, "with portions resembling the Town



Westminster Tower.  
G. W. Wilson. Aberdeen.

a blackened dignity gained from time. The "straight lines," moreover, do not seem to have struck the French critic, M. Taine, who says :—

"The architecture . . . has the merit of being neither Grecian nor Southern; it is Gothic, accommodated to the climate, to the

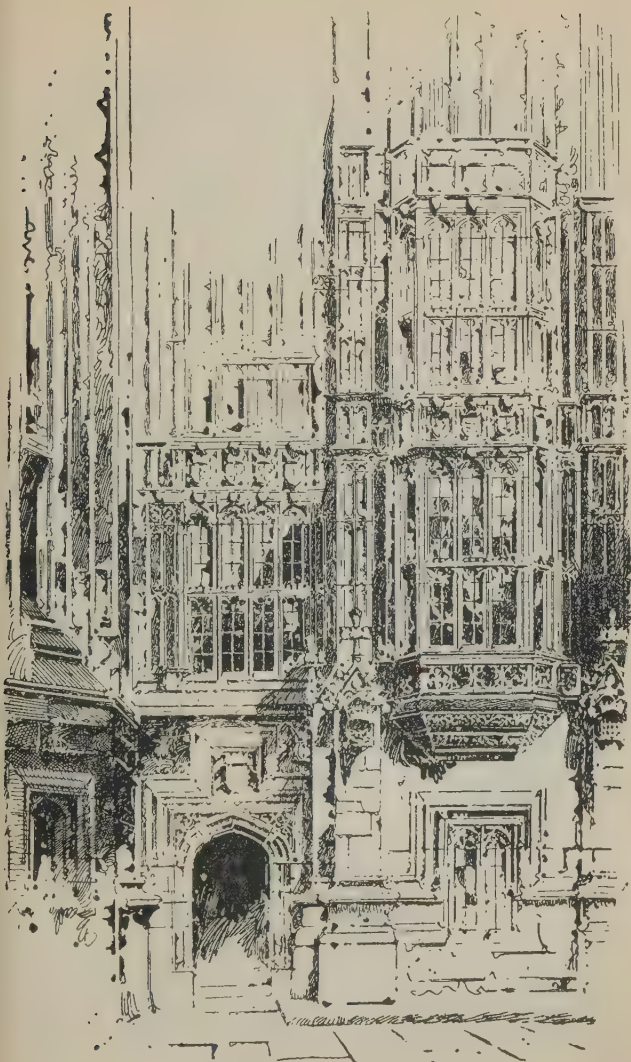
Halls of the Netherlands." The architect wishing to emulate the richness of Henry VII.'s chapel opposite (*see* p. 43), adopted "a florid wall-decoration," unsuitable to so vast a building, and its popularity has considerably waned in the last fifty years. Mr. Ruskin went so far as to quote it as a superb instance of the want of imagination shown by English architects in creating a building entirely decorated by "straight lines." Its river frontage, however (*see* Chap. XIV.), adorned with statues of English sovereigns from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria, is imposing, and its lofty *Clock Tower* stands up grandly from Whitehall and Parliament Street, whence the abused "straight lines," like the carved garlands outside St. Paul's (*see* p. 91), have

"requirements of the eye. The palace magnificently mirrors itself in the "shining river: in the distance, its clock-tower, its legions of turrets and "of carvings are vaguely outlined in the mist. Leaping and twisted "lines, complicated mouldings, trefoils and rose windows diversify the "enormous mass which covers four acres, and produces on the mind the "idea of a tangled forest."

Art critics may cavil, but the fact remains that the Clock Tower and the Houses of Parliament, with the river, form the most pleasing and most popular view of London (as seen from the many photographs sold of it). The enormous edifice covers twice the area of the ancient palace; it contains eleven courts, one hundred staircases, and eleven thousand rooms; it is built of Caen stone internally, and externally, of Yorkshire limestone, which latter is, however, of so crumbling a nature that it costs a large sum yearly to repair; and another defect is that the whole structure stands on so low a level that the basement rooms are said to be lower than the Thames at high tide.

The Houses of Parliament are shown on Saturdays from 10 to 4 (no admission after 3-30), by tickets obtained gratis at the entrance. Police-constables are on duty as cicerones, but they are generally more or less hurried, and it is far better for intending visitors to secure, if possible, the help of a Member of Parliament as guide. They may also be admitted to hear debates in the House of Lords by a Peer's order, or in the House of Commons by the Speaker's or a Member's order. For some time after the dynamite explosion of 1885, the public was not admitted to view the Houses of Parliament at all, and in 1908-9 (owing to "Suffragette" disturbances) the "Strangers' " Gallery was for a time closed.

From **Parliament Square**, in front of St. Margaret's Church (*see* p. 62), the three towers of the Houses of Parliament stand up from behind Westminster Hall. On the left, next to Westminster Bridge, is the **Clock Tower** (St. Stephen's Tower), containing the enormous bell known as "Big Ben"; in the middle, over the octagon, is the *Central Tower*; and on the right, the tallest of all,—the square *Victoria Tower*,—where the royal standard is seen by day, as is the light at night in the Clock Tower to indicate that the house is "sitting." Of the three principal entrances, the **Royal Entrance** is under the Victoria Tower; while visitors enter generally by St. Stephen's Porch, at the south end of Westminster Hall; and the Members' private entrance is through the north end of Westminster Hall from New Palace Yard. In front of Parliament Square, a large crowd assembles to watch new members attend the opening of Parliament, and also to cheer well-known "old parliamentary hands." In Parliament Square are the statues of famous Prime Ministers—Canning, Peel, Palmerston, Derby, and Beaconsfield (Disraeli); the latter, on "primrose day," covered with the tribute of

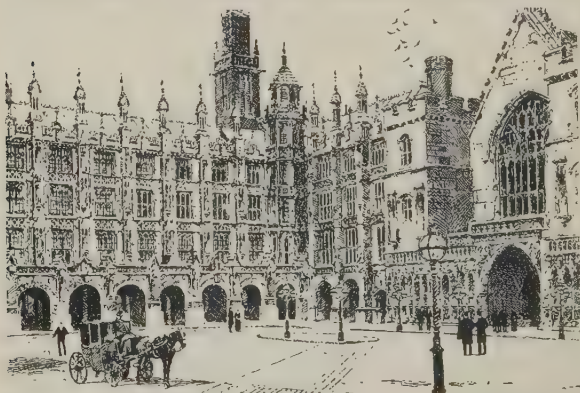


Entrance and Oriel Windows.

From a sketch by

Holland Tringham.

vast heaps of primroses. Entering by St. Stephen's Porch, we come, on the left, to the broad flight of steps leading to **Westminster Hall** (the public entrance used to be *through* the hall opening on the north of it, from Palace Yard, but has been closed since the dynamite outrages of 1885). The ancient hall, as already described, is the only remnant of the palace of the early Anglo-Saxon Kings. In 1398, it was enlarged by Richard II.; it is, indeed, one of the largest halls in the world with a wooden ceiling unsupported by pillars. The oaken roof, repaired in 1820 with the wood from old men-of-war, is held to be a masterpiece of timber architecture; but, apart from its beauty, Westminster Hall has a long and interesting history. Here



From a sketch by

New Palace Yard.

Herbert Railton.

were held some of the earliest English Parliaments; here Richard II., the chief restorer of the hall, was deposed (*see* p. 107); here the Kings of England, down to George IV., gave their Coronation Banquets (and here, in recent years banquets given by Parliament to distinguished visitors have been held), here the Seven Bishops were acquitted; here Charles I. was condemned, "sitting covered, with the Naseby banners hanging over his head"; here Warren Hastings' memorable trial took place (*see* p. 58); here Cromwell was hailed as Lord Protector; and here also, by the strange vicissitude of fortune, his head was exposed with those of his fellow-regicides, on the pinnacles of the same hall where eight years before he had been greeted

with acclamations. The ghastly head remained on the top of Westminster Hall for thirty years, till, a high wind blowing it down, it was picked up, sold, and kept as a relic in a private family. Owing to the trials of note that took place in Westminster Hall, it was for long patrolled by ruffians, who let themselves out on hire as witnesses to the first comer; "men of straw, who scrupled not to show their base calling by wearing a straw in their shoes." Westminster Hall was till the middle of last century



From a sketch by

Westminster Hall.

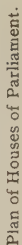
Holland Tringham.

sprinkled with booths and booksellers' stalls. The *Courts of Law* that were formerly held beside the Hall, were removed to the Strand (*see* Chap. XVIII.), in 1883, and their buildings demolished; by this removal the west side of the Hall was exposed, showing a Norman wall and dilapidated flying buttresses, which are now restored and preserved. This Cloister (restored by Mr. Pearson, R.A.) now contains several apartments, used as Committee Rooms. In front of the cloister now stands, as a monument of "time's



revenges," a fine bronze statue of Oliver Cromwell, by Hamo Thornycroft, R.A. ; this was erected in 1899. In Westminster Hall, on the east side, are marble statues of the Hanoverian and Stuart Kings ; and here also is a Members' entrance to the House of Commons, leading through the galleries that represent the "restored" cloisters of 1350, beside the "Star Chamber" Court. The name commemorates the much dreaded Star Chamber, so named from the gilt stars on the ceiling ; a "chamber of horrors" in which were combined the offices of prosecutor and judge, and where every torture except death could be inflicted. Returning to St. Stephen's Porch, we enter **St. Stephen's Hall** (built on the site of the old St. Stephen's Chapel), on either side of which are ranged statues of eminent statesmen. From the first landing of the staircase leading to St. Stephen's Hall, a small door on the left leads to *St. Stephen's Crypt* (really the Church of *St. Mary's Undercroft*, not now shown ; a low vaulted structure supported by columns, dating from 1292, but now restored and richly decorated). Beyond St. Stephen's Hall is the *Octagon* or **Central Hall**, in the very middle of the immense building, adorned with statues of kings and queens ; it is remarkable as one of the most successful attempts ever made to build a Gothic dome. The vaulting of the roof is inlaid with Venetian mosaic, representing the rose, thistle, shamrock, etc., of the English crown ; over the door leading to the Peer's Corridor is a representation of St. George, in glass mosaic, by Poynter ; and round the handsome mosaic pavement runs the inscription, in Latin : "Except the Lord keep the house, their labour is but lost that build it." In a straight line, north and south of the Central Hall, are the House of Commons and the House of Lords, with their respective lobbies and corridors. When Parliament is "sitting" this Central Hall presents a very likely and busy scene. Here may be seen Ministers of the Crown coming from the House of Lords to the House of Commons ; or gentlemen of the long robe returning from cases before Committees or appeals in the House of Lords. Members, lobbyists and journalists may be seen conversing or transacting business at the Post Office ; and here, marshalled in long queues by the police (picked men, always of the A division), a waiting crowd is to be seen ; this is mainly composed of constituents of members desirous of interviewing their representatives, to whom they send their names in by an attendant, they themselves not being allowed to go beyond this sacred boundary





## Plan of Houses of Parliament.

unaccompanied by a member. Lofty portals lead from the Hall in four different directions, to galleries and halls sumptuously adorned with frescoes by English artists, the results of the early Victorian competition for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. The most celebrated among the frescoes are those of *Maclise* and *Herbert*. Statues of royalties and of eminent men adorn every niche, there being about five hundred statues inside and outside the building. The general fitting-up of the innumerable rooms, halls, and corridors, is in keeping with the magnificence of the frescoes and statues. It is said to be now impossible for the Houses of Parliament to burn down, with such skill and precaution are they built. On the left (north) of the Central Hall opens the *Commons' Corridor*, adorned with eight frescoes by *E. M. Ward*, representing scenes in English history. This corridor leads to the **Commons' Lobby**, on the east of which, facing the river, are the luxurious rooms of the **Library**, where members write their letters and arrange their speeches. The Commons' and Peers' Libraries, with their Committee Rooms, extend along nearly the whole river frontage of the edifice ; and their windows look upon the high embankment that here forms the well-known *Terrace of the Houses of Parliament* (see Chap. XIV.), where members

“sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea.”

The Terrace is bounded at the north end by the spacious and beautiful *Speaker's House*, the abode of the first commoner of England ; and at the south by the Librarian's and “Black Rod's” residences.

From the Commons' Lobby we enter the **House of Commons**, which always strikes the uninitiated as curiously small for its importance ; it was, in fact, intentionally kept small for the sake of hearing—architectural beauty in its design having also been sacrificed to sound. It is handsomely fitted up with oak panelling and leather benches (476 members' seats are only provided, though there are 670 members in the House). The twelve stained-glass windows contain the armorial bearings of Parliamentary boroughs. At the north end is the *Speaker's Chair*—so placed with regard to the Throne at the south end of the House (in the House of Lords), that if all the many doors between were open, the respective occupants could see each other :—

“Thus at a prorogation the Sovereign on the throne and the Speaker “in his chair face each other at a distance of some four hundred and fifty feet, and the eagerness of the Commons in their race from their own

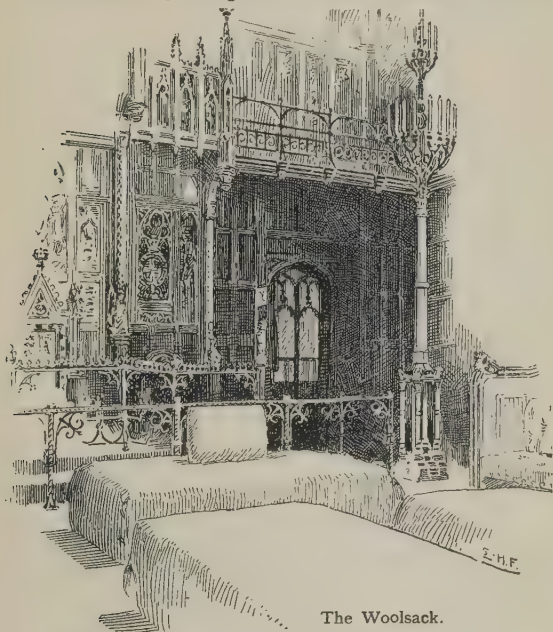
"House to the Bar of the Lords has more than once amused their Sovereign. It used to be an open race, but the start is now so managed that the Speaker and the Parliamentary leaders first 'touch wood,' as 'schoolboys say.'"

The Ministerial benches are on the Speaker's right, and those of the Opposition on the left. The Gallery of Press Reporters is just behind, and above, the Speaker; and above this again is the "Ladies' Gallery," covered with a prison-like iron grating, known as the *grille*, which intercepts alike sight and sound. At the south end of the House, opposite the Speaker, are the *Strangers' Galleries*. On either side of the House are the *Division Lobbies*, the "Ayes" on the west, the "Noes" on the east. Returning to the Central Hall, a staircase on the left (east), adorned by a statue of *Barry*, the architect of the building, leads up to the *Lobby of the Committee Rooms*, also called the *Hall of the Poets*, from its frescoes of scenes from English poetry, painted by various Royal Academicians. This hall is not always shown. The *Peers' Corridor*, opening south from the Central Hall, and corresponding with the Commons' Corridor on the north of it, is lined with frescoes by *Cope*. On the right of the Peers' Corridor is the *Standing Order Committee Room*, used for conferences between the Lords and Commons. It contains the fine fresco of "The Delivery of the Law by Moses," by *Herbert*: it took seven years in the painting, in compliance with the theory of the artist, "if you paint when you are not inclined, you only spoil art." Beyond the Peers' Corridor is again the *Peers' Lobby*, a square hall richly decorated, in which every peer has his own inscribed hat-peg, etc. From this lobby we enter the **House of Peers**, sumptuously decorated in the most ornate Gothic style. It is some 25 feet longer than the House of Commons, and "the floor" is almost entirely occupied by the red leather benches of the 550 members. Here, at the opening of Parliament, may be witnessed a quaint ceremonial derived from Norman times, as shown by the early Norman French of its strange litany. Here also—on the same occasion—may be seen the curious "schoolboy rush" of the King's "faithful Commons," their Speaker at their head, to the Bar of the Lords, to hear their Sovereign's pleasure. The House of Lords itself is overlaid with painting and gilding, and has twelve fine stained-glass windows, filled with portraits of all the kings and queens of England since the Conquest. The peers' seats are arranged longitudinally, the Government side being to the right of the Throne, and the bishops nearest the Throne. The Throne itself, raised

on steps under a richly-gilded canopy, is at the south end of the House, immediately in a line (*see* p. 74) with the Speaker's Chair in the House of Commons. On the right of it is the lower throne of the Prince of Wales; and on the left, that intended for the Sovereign's consort. The famous "*woolsack*" of the Lord Chancellor, a cushioned ottoman, stands in front of the Throne, and almost in the centre of the House. At the north end of the hall, below the Strangers' Gallery, is the dwarf screen called the Bar, where witnesses are examined and culprits tried. Above the Throne are six frescoes (by *Dyce*, *Maclise*, *Horsley*, and *Cope*), especially interesting as the first attempts of modern English art on such a large scale in this department. Adjoining the House of Lords on the south is the splendid *Princes' Chamber*, so called from the old hall on the same site, panelled and decorated with dark wood. It contains a fine statue of Queen Victoria, supported by the allegorical figures of Justice and Mercy, by *Gibson*. In the panels of the wainscot are portraits of English monarchs of the Tudor period, and of their relatives. The more ancient Prince's Chamber—with its historical associations—dated from Henry III.'s time, and was built on the Confessor's foundation. It was the old House of Lords (*see* p. 66), and its interior is represented in Copley's well-known picture, "*The Death of Lord Chatham*." Hither, since the discovery of the "*Gunpowder Plot*" in the cellars underneath it, still comes annually, by ancient custom, the Earl of Ancaster, as Joint Hereditary Lord High Chamberlain, to hunt with torches for the successors of Guy Fawkes! Beyond the Princes' Chamber is the long *Royal* or *Victoria Gallery* (containing Maclise's frescoes of "*The Death of Wellington*," and of the "*Meeting of Blucher and Wellington*,") through which the Sovereign issuing from the *Robing-Room* on the south, proceeds in solemn procession to the House of Peers, when he opens or pro-rogues Parliament. In this gallery on such occasions, numbers of privileged persons, admitted by orders obtained from the Lord Chamberlain, await the Royal procession. The *Robing-Room* aforesaid, a handsome chamber, "*the best in the palace in decoration and proportion*," is lined with frescoes from the Arthurian legend by Dyce; frescoes sadly left unfinished by the death of the artist. In a small room adjoining is the painted copy of a lost tapestry from the ancient "*Painted Chamber*," which was another historically interesting part of the older building. Adjoining the *Robing-Room* is the *Victoria Tower*, under which is the

Royal Entrance, opening upon *Old Palace Yard*, where the chief conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot (Winter, Rooke-wood, Keyes, and Fawkes), were hanged and quartered. Here also, in 1618, was beheaded a nobler victim, Sir Walter Raleigh.

Issuing from the Houses of Parliament by the Public Entrance near the Victoria Tower (adjoining the Royal Entrance), and passing north, first between Westminster



The Woolsack.

Hall and the Abbey into St. Margaret's Church, and then between New Palace Yard and Parliament Square (see p. 70), we cross the crowded thoroughfare leading east to Westminster Bridge (see Chap. XIV.), and west, as *Great George Street*, to St. James's Park. In **Great George Street** lived in 1763 John Wilkes while carrying on his *North Briton* and fighting duels. It was in the front drawing-room of a house, No. 25, in this street, that in July, 1824,



lay in state the body of Lord Byron. It was hoped that a grave would have been found for the author of "Childe Harold" in Poet's Corner in the Abbey hard by, but the Dean and Chapter refused to allow his body to rest there. In July, 1816, the body of Richard Brinsley Sheridan was removed from Savile Row to the house of one Peter Moore, in this street, whence it was carried to the grave in the Abbey, attended by several noblemen and gentlemen. Turning north, we approach the finest street in London, a street of palaces now as of yore—palaces no longer, however, devoted to Tudor or Stuart kings with their glittering retinues—but to no less splendid Government offices—the historic street known first as **Parliament Street** and then, in its continuation, as **Whitehall**. The recent widening of Parliament Street and erection of new Government Offices, have greatly altered and improved this part of London, though incidentally some streets with interesting associations have had to disappear.

Parallel to what used to be the narrow Parliament Street, on the west, ran the yet narrower *King Street*, once the only thoroughfare from Whitehall to Westminster. At the north end of King Street stood Holbein's famous gateway, forming the entrance to Whitehall Palace, which in Henry VIII.'s time extended as far as this. Through this humble little King Street all the old pageants and processions passed to Westminster Abbey. Through it Charles I. was carried in a sedan-chair on his way to Westminster Hall on the first and last days of his trial. At that time Oliver Cromwell himself resided in the street, and along here his own funeral procession passed, with his waxen effigy lying behind the coffin. In the same street, the Lord Protector assigned to his mother a suite of apartments, which she occupied until her death in 1654. Among other famous persons who lived in King Street we may mention Lord Howard of Effingham, who fought against the Armada; and Edmund Spenser, the poet. The wider Parliament Street was only made in 1732, through the private garden of Whitehall Palace, long after the latter had ceased to be a royal residence. But Parliament Street, though wide in comparison with King Street, was still narrow and mean as compared with the noble avenue of Whitehall into which it emerged; and it obstructed the view of the Houses of Parliament, which otherwise might be seen rising majestically all the way from Trafalgar Square. So the block of houses between King Street and Parliament Street has, during the last few years, been removed. Behind what used to be King Street is Delahay Street (shortly to be demolished), where an old house with a picturesque overhanging porch (No. 17) is pointed out as the residence of the notorious Judge Jeffreys.

The name, **Whitehall**, is in our days associated mainly with the thoroughfare, but it is primarily derived from the royal palace which stood here for many centuries, and through whose gardens the public way now called Whitehall (decorated with triumphal arches now demolished) was made from Charing Cross to Westminster. The ancient palace of Whitehall occupied at one time almost

the whole of the space between Charing Cross and Westminster on one side, and between St. James's Park and the river on the other. The earliest palace on the site was built by Henry III.'s minister, Hubert de Burgh, who bought the land from the monks of Westminster. Later it became the residence of the Archbishop of York, whose town house it continued to be till the time of Wolsey. Then Henry VIII., whom no plunder escaped, stole it from his disgraced favourite—the cupidity of the king having been first aroused by a sumptuous banquet provided there by Wolsey to do him honour. The King changed the name of *York Place* to *Whitehall* :

“ Sir, you  
 “ Must no more call it York-place, that is past ;  
 “ For, since the cardinal fell that title's lost ;  
 “ 'Tis now the king's, and called—Whitehall.”

—*Henry VIII., iv., 6.*

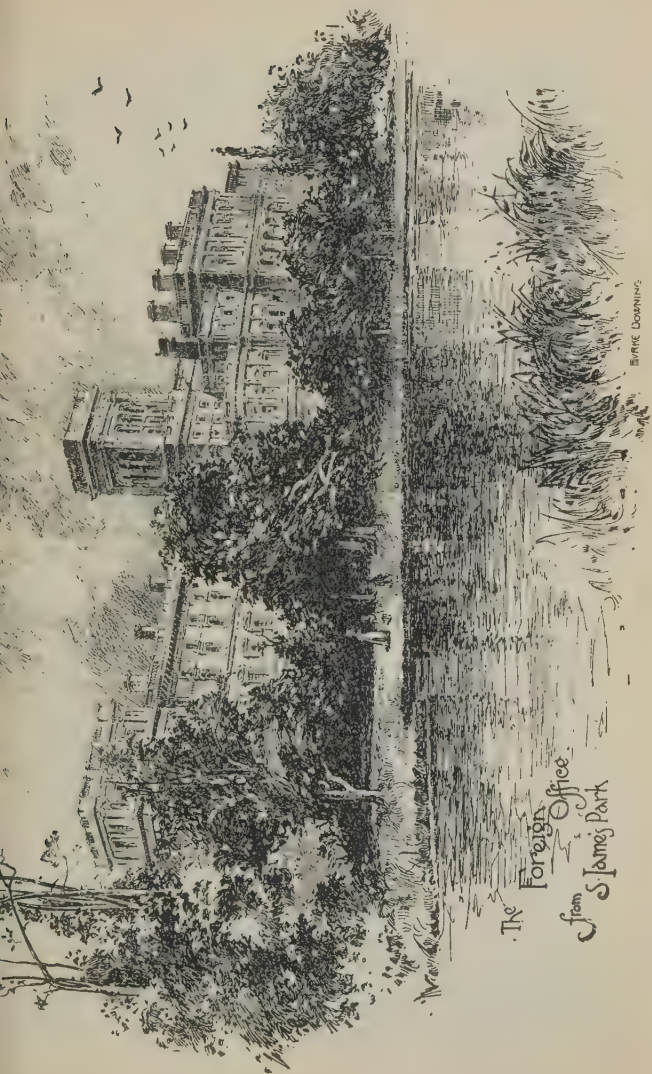
Henry VIII. enlarged and beautified the palace ; which spanned the then narrow way of Whitehall, as already described, by means of massive and florid gateways, one of them designed by Holbein, the painter, who lived in the king's service. Many were the splendid and tragic scenes of history that the ancient palace witnessed. Here the fickle Henry became enamoured, at a ball, of Anne Boleyn ; here he died ; here his daughter, Elizabeth, returned after her imprisonment in the Tower, in triumph as Queen of England ; from here Queen Mary Beatrice made her romantic escape with her child by water (*see* Chap. XIV.) ; and from here Charles I. went to his death. Whitehall Palace was the scene of the great Elizabethan festivities ; here, in the Great Gallery, the Queen received the Speaker and the House of Commons, who came “ to move her grace to marriage ; ” and here she witnessed, with her court, tournaments and masques. Here, later, her corpse was brought by river from her palace at Richmond, to lie in state—

“ The Queen did come by water to Whitehall,  
 “ The oars at every stroke did tears let fall.”

But Whitehall attained to its greatest splendour in the time of Charles I., when, by one of those strange contrasts so often found in history, it was the scene alike of his luxury and of his doom. The King's masques were on a magnificent scale, his expenditure was enormous, the hospitalities of his banqueting hall unequalled. His father, James, had more or less rebuilt the palace. The old Tudor banqueting hall of the ancient York House having

been burned down in 1615, James I. had intended building on its site a splendid new palace from designs by Inigo Jones. "Little did James think that he was raising a pile from which his son was to step from the throne to a scaffold." The palace was to have covered twenty-four acres, and to be the finest in the world; the breaking out of the Civil War, however, caused it to remain unfinished. After the almost total destruction of the old palace in 1698 (through the carelessness of the king's Dutch laundress), when the royal residence was transferred to St. James' Palace (*see* Chap. XXV.), there only remained, besides the Banqueting Hall, the two royal gates arching the road; these were subsequently removed—the Gothic King Street gate in 1723, and the "Holbein" gate in 1759. No doubt they were even worse obstructions than old Temple Bar, and yet one cannot help regretting them.

After this necessary digression about the once widespread Whitehall Palace—of which Inigo Jones' *Banqueting Hall* (*see* p. 83), higher up the street, opposite the Horse Guards, is all that now remains to testify to the ancient glories—we may proceed on our way up the present thoroughfare of Parliament Street and Whitehall. The huge pile of new buildings first on the left as we leave Westminster, is occupied by the offices of the **Local Government Board**, the **Board of Education**, etc. The building was erected in 1900-8, from the designs of J. M. Brydon, who died during the progress of the work. It is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, with turrets and towers. It contains some 500 rooms, accommodating a staff of 11,600 officials; there is a top-storey, concealed from view, containing a refreshment department, where industrious clerks may obtain cheap meals without leaving their office. The building is hereafter to be greatly extended, being continued behind and all along Great George Street, as far as St. James's Park (Delahay Street will then be abolished). In these newer buildings, the **Board of Trade** (now dispersed in divers temporary quarters) is to be housed. This new block of Government Offices will ultimately occupy five acres of ground with frontages to Whitehall, Great George Street, St. James's Park, and, now widened Charles Street, and with a great circular court, 160 feet in diameter, in the centre. The block is connected with the next one by a bridge over Charles Street. This is decorated with sculpture by Mr. Paul Montford; the symbolism admits of various interpretations, one being that a principal group is intended to



The Foreign Office  
from St. James's Park

From a Sketch by

The Foreign Office.

Burke Downing.

represent the Local Government Board supplying a venerable labourer with an old-age pension. Beyond the bridge is a block extending from Charles Street to Downing Street, built in 1868-73 in the Italian style, at a cost of £500,000, from designs by Scott, and comprising the **Home Office**, the **Foreign Office**, the **Colonial Office**, and the **India Office**. At the corner of Charles Street occurred the dynamite explosion of March 15, 1883. The most splendid part of this vast block is the Foreign Office, which has a grand staircase, a magnificent conference room, and reception rooms extending round an immense quadrangle. The staircase and corridors, when lined with vast masses of flowers for the great political receptions of the season, and crowded with be-diamonded ladies and men in brilliant uniforms, might indeed very well vie with the old splendours of the palace of the Tudors. Cabinet Councils are sometimes held in the Foreign Office, and passports are also granted here. On our right, opposite Charles Street, is *Derby Street*, leading to the offices of **New Scotland Yard** on the Victoria Embankment—the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police since 1891—with a turreted building, designed by Norman Shaw. Here the unhappy folk who lose umbrellas, etc., in hansom cabs and omnibuses, wend their way, generally to find their missing property neatly pigeon-holed and ticketed; such is the honesty of the maligned race of Londoners. *Derby Street* also leads to *Cannon Row* (originally *Channel Row*, from a branch of the Thames which once helped to make this locality Thorney Island). Higher up, on the left, where Parliament Street merges into Whitehall, is **Downing Street**, famous throughout the civilised globe as the real seat of Government in the British Empire. “To all men,” says Carlyle, “it is evident that the interests of one hundred and fifty millions of us depend on the mysterious industry there ‘‘carried on’’; and around ‘‘No. 10,’’—the dingy old house which has been the temporary home of successive Prime Ministers, as well as the official headquarters of the Government,—more historic glamour has collected than around any other house in London. Hook sarcastically says of Downing Street:—

“There is a fascination in the air of this little *cul-de-sac*: an hour’s inhalation of its atmosphere affects some men with giddiness, others with blindness, and very frequently with the most oblivious boastfulness.”

Many historic scenes have, of course, been enacted, and many momentous questions settled within its walls. It was in the entrance hall, trod by the feet of successive generations of politicians, that Wellington and Nelson met for the only time in their lives, both waiting to see



the Minister and neither knowing who the other was. They naturally got into conversation with each other, but it was not until afterwards that they knew to whom they had been speaking. The house itself is solemn and substantial, without any architectural attractiveness, and to the casual observer nothing different from thousands of other London residences. From the outside it would not be supposed for a moment that it is commodious; but it has some very large apartments, and the old council chamber, the principal features of which are its book-lined walls, four massive pillars, and heavy substantial furniture, remains much as it was in Walpole's day. Here Cabinet Councils are usually held.

Downing Street was made by Sir George Downing, who was one of Charles the Second's most eminent statesmen. As to the origin of "No. 10," it is not known whether the present is the actual house Sir George built; but, judging from the nature of its ancient brickwork, which has a close similarity to parts of Christ's Hospital, it may very well be so. When George II. offered it to Sir Robert Walpole he only accepted it on condition that it should be attached to the Premiership for ever—a condition that has since been observed. It was then that the history of the house, and practically of the street, really commenced. Successive Prime Ministers have made No. 10 their official headquarters, though not all of them have lived in it.

Next door is the official residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The entrance to the Foreign Office and the Colonial Office is opposite. Which of these great buildings, with their numerous passages and annexes and waiting rooms, is the original of Dickens's "Circumlocution Office," it would be invidious even to attempt to discover.

North of Downing Street is another large block of Government Offices, a building with a frontage 100 yards long, containing the *Treasury*, and the *Privy Council Office*. The **Treasury** has been situated hereabouts ever since Charles II. first established it in the cockpit of Whitehall. The present building (erected by Barry in 1846), though it has been scoffed at for being surmounted "with a row of meaningless tea-urns," is yet imposing. Its building destroyed the last remnant of Wolsey's old palace of York Place. Just beyond the Treasury is *Dover House*, the office of the Secretary for Scotland.

Opposite the Treasury, on the right as we ascend to Charing Cross, is *Montagu House*, a stately modern building which stands back among gardens, erected 1868; the town residence of the Duke of Buccleuch, overlooking at the back the Victoria Embankment; and containing, besides pictures by Vandyck, one of the finest collections of historical miniatures in England. (They are not shown to the public). Beyond Montagu House, is *Gwydr House*, with all the air of a solid family mansion, now used as Government Offices. Various other houses on the same side of Whitehall are similarly used. Beyond we come to the famous *Banqueting House* of the ancient palace, called till lately the *Chapel Royal of Whitehall*, and now (since 1894),



the **Royal United Service Museum**. Built by Inigo Jones, the forerunner of Wren, it is one of the most perfect examples of the Palladian architectural style. That it has no entrance apparent at first sight, is because it was originally intended only as a portion of a larger building. The exterior of the hall has been much studied by architects. Tradition says that from an opening made in the wall between the upper and lower central windows, Charles I. was led out to the scaffold in the street close by. The interior, which, though externally it appears to be of two stories, is in fact one large hall, has its ceiling adorned by paintings in the most florid style of Rubens, representing the *Apotheosis of James I.*, a kind of subject often seen in the palaces of the Stuart and Hanoverian kings, who thus in a feeble way ever tried to emulate the bolder "Divo Antonino" of the Roman temples. When, in 1894, Queen Victoria handed over George I.'s Chapel Royal to the United Service Institute, its oaken pews were utilized for panelling the walls of the hall, and bases of its columns.

The Museum contains a large and most interesting collection of weapons, martial equipments, models of battles, trophies and relics. It is open (admission 6d.) every weekday from 11 to 6 in summer, and 11 to 4 in winter. In the collection are especially to be noticed the following :— A large and admirable model of the Battle of Waterloo; models of the Battles of Trafalgar and Sebastopol; personal relics of Nelson, Drake, Wellington, Napoleon, and other naval and military heroes; many elaborate and beautiful models of warships; Maxim guns, of which the action is explained to visitors by the attendant; weapons and armour of many savage tribes of America, Africa, etc.; relics of the last Ashantee Expedition, including King Prempeh's gold, jewels, etc.; and various mementoes of Omdurman and the South African War. The whole effect of the hall, with its well-arranged flags and trophies, is remarkably good, though when it was the "Chapel Royal" it was described as "one of the dreariest places of worship in London." The crypt, below the great hall, is restored, and made into a receptacle for the guns, shells, etc., of the Institution.

The new edifice, built on to the Banqueting House on the south (filling up the space between it and Gwydyr House), belongs to the institution, which was founded in 1830 for the promotion of naval and military art, science and literature. The new buildings (which are in good taste and in keeping with their surroundings) are private for members only, and contain a Library, Smoking Room, and Lecture Hall. Behind the Banqueting House are **Whitehall Gardens**, a pleasant shady spot, where, at No. 2, lived for some years, Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield), and, at No. 4, lived and died Sir Robert Peel.

The vast block of buildings which next meets us on the right is the new **War Office**, completed in 1906 and



The Treasury  
Whitcomb

From a Sketch by

The Treasury.

Herbert Railton.

designed by *William Young*, who, like Mr. Brydon, died during the course of the work. It is built of Portland stone, and in the style commonly called "English Renaissance," and has angle-towers. In front of the War Office is an equestrian statue, by Adrian Jones, of the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army from 1856 to 1895.

Behind the War Office is the fine building of *Whitehall Court*, of Jabez Balfour fame, let out in high-class and expensive "flats"; and next to it, the *National Liberal Club*, designed by A. Waterhouse, R.A., with a beautiful internal staircase of marble (somewhat resembling that of the Palazzo Barberini at Rome) and a terrace overlooking the Embankment Gardens. In Whitehall, beyond the War Office, the new building of the department of **Woods and Forests** is being raised; and a little further on, behind, is **Great Scotland Yard**, till lately the headquarters of the Metropolitan Force. There is a curious medley of houses in this quarter, which, however, is in course of alteration; a new thoroughfare is to be made through the yard, leading from Whitehall to the Embankment.

Turning now to the other side of Whitehall, we notice opposite the Banqueting House the entrance to the **Horse Guards**, where, on each side of the iron gates, two mounted Life Guards (whose "busbies," uniform, and general demeanour are a vast attraction to the children of the city) are posted as sentinels every day from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and relieve each other at intervals of an hour, the often-repeated process of "changing guard" never failing to attract a considerable crowd. A passage leads under the building of the Horse Guards to the gravelled space known as the **Horse Guards Parade**, where the ceremony called "Trooping the Colour" takes place yearly on the King's birthday, in the presence of an enormous and gaily-dressed crowd, entry being then by ticket. The Horse Guards Parade is bounded on the south by the quiet walled back gardens of the Downing Street houses (the First Lord's among them), and north, by the new and old buildings of the Admiralty. The new **Admiralty** buildings form a quadrangle behind the old building. Beyond the Horse Guards Parade are the pleasant green trees of St. James's Park (*see* Chap. XXV.), to which pedestrians may thus pass from Whitehall; but the passage is interdicted to any but royal or privileged carriages. The view of the Horse Guards' building and gateway from Whitehall is one of the best known and most be-photographed in

London. Adjoining it, on the north, is the old Admiralty, which faces Whitehall; the newer edifice is hidden behind it.

On the same side of Whitehall as the Admiralty, between it and Charing Cross, is the long building of



National Liberal Club

Herbert Railton.

From a Sketch by

National Liberal Club.

Herbert Railton.

*Drummond's Bank*, and behind it, lie **Spring Gardens**. At the corner of Spring Gardens, looking on to the wall and the park, are the offices of the old Metropolitan Board of Works, now the headquarters of the *London County Council*.

Like many of the departments of the Imperial Government, the Council is very inadequately housed, and (pending the erection of the new County Hall, various houses in the neighbourhood are tenanted by different sections of the Council's offices.

No one would suspect running water in Spring Gardens. As a matter of fact, however, there are many springs in the neighbourhood, which have at various times been tapped and utilized for ornamental purposes. The Serpentine, and subsequently the lake in St. James's Park, and even the fountains in Trafalgar Square, are largely supplied with water which rises in Spring Gardens. The ground, moreover, was in the days when Westminster Abbey stood upon an island, part of the bank of the Thames. It is besides warren'd with old drains, through one of which an exploring workman once penetrated as far as Marlborough House. The old Admiralty was built upon planks of timber, and owing to the unreliable nature of the soil, a deep bed of concrete had to be laid for the foundation of the new building.

Leaving Spring Gardens by a small by-street, we emerge in Trafalgar Square (Chap. XVIII.). In this region also, great alterations are in progress. The Processional Road from Buckingham Palace, is to issue into Trafalgar Square under an arched colonnade, which is being constructed as a further addition to the New Admiralty; the apartments on either side of the carriage-way arches, will, it is understood, be allocated to the First Lord of the Admiralty and the First Sea Lord, respectively. The view through the arches will be fine. But more impressive is that which is to be obtained by going down the street up which we have come—with the great blocks of Government Offices on either side, and, presently, at the end of the vista, the grey mass of the Abbey. In the centre of the road at the top of Whitehall is the *equestrian statue* of Charles I., called by some "the noblest statue in London." It is the work of *Le Sueur*, and was cast in 1633, but had not yet been erected when the civil war broke out. It was then sold by Parliament to a brazier to be melted down; the cunning brazier, however, only pretended to do so, with the result that at the Restoration the statue was set up uninjured. Here was the ancient Charing Cross memorial, and here the pillory, with its attendant horrors, was most frequently set up; here also, before the statue of the king was erected, many of the regicides suffered death. The revenges of time are great, and their victim, mounted royally on the spot where they perished, still guards the approaches to all that is left of his palace at Whitehall.

## CHAPTER VI.

## St. Paul's and its Precincts.

"A deep, low, mighty tone swung through the night. At first I knew it not; but it was uttered twelve times, and at the twelfth colossal hum and trembling knell, I said, 'I lie in the shadow of St. Paul's.' . . . . The next day I awoke, and saw the risen sun struggling through fog. Above my head, above the housetops, co-elevate almost with the clouds, I saw a solemn, orb'd mass, dark—blue and dim—the DOME. While I looked, my inner soul moved; my spirit shook its always fettered wings half loose; I had a sudden feeling as if I, who had never yet truly lived, were at last about to taste life; in that morning my soul grew as fast as Jonah's gourd."—*Charlotte Brontë: "Villette."*

**St. Paul's** is the central object and the most prominent feature, as well as the finest building, of modern London. The mighty smoke-begrimed cathedral, with its long range of historic association—the mother-church and chief sanctuary of the City—is and has always been dear to the hearts of Englishmen. Thomas Carlyle said that it was "the only edifice which struck him with a proper sense of grandeur." So firmly is it associated in our minds with the metropolis, that no view of London seems complete without the grey dome in the distance, towering—like St. Peter's at Rome—over the surrounding streets and spires. The area on which it is built has always, from far back ages, been consecrated ground. In Pagan times believed to have been the site of a temple of Diana, in the city of "Augusta," it has had no less than three later Christian churches erected upon it. The origin of the first church is shrouded in uncertainty, but it is believed to have been built by Ethelbert, King of Kent, in 610. Burnt down in William the Conqueror's time, it was succeeded by the large Gothic church, which took two hundred years in building, known as *Old St. Paul's*; a splendid vista of Gothic arches, 700 feet long. Remains of the old buildings are to be seen on the south side of the gardens. This second church, filled with tombs and other precious relics, was remarkable for the splendour of its shrine, its golden robes, jewels and plate, which wealth Henry VIII. swept into his rapacious treasury. Later, the young gallants used it as their promenade, being hence nicknamed "Paul's walkers," and the poor used it as a resting-place (just as they use Trafalgar Square in our day), calling this "dining with Duke Humphrey," from the so-called tomb of Humphrey of Gloucester in the church. In the time of the Commonwealth it was turned to yet baser uses, being



used by the Parliamentary soldiers as a stable for their horses, and also as a sawmill. It was thus fallen into decay and desecration, and was besides more or less injured by fire, when the Great Fire of 1666 completed its ruin. The third and present church is of Sir Christopher Wren's design; it was begun in 1675, and completed in thirty-five years. The great architect to whose genius we owe this stately monument was in his own day much hampered by restrictions, jealousy, and petty interference, receiving the absurdly small salary of £200 a year while the building was in progress, "for which sum," said the Duchess of Marlborough, "he was content to be hoisted in a basket three times a week to the top of St. Paul's, at a great hazard." Wren's master-work is even more wonderful when one reflects that at the time it was building he was also at work on sixty different city churches, in no two of which were the designs of either the spire or the church duplicates. Macaulay wrote of him:—

"In architecture, an art which is half a science, . . . our country " could boast at the time of the Revolution of one truly great man, Sir " Christopher Wren; and the fire which laid London in ruins, destroying " 13,000 houses and 89 churches, gave him an opportunity unprecedented " in history of displaying his powers. The austere beauty of the Athenian " portico, the glowing sublimity of the Gothic arcade, he was, like most of " his contemporaries, incapable of emulating, and perhaps incapable of " appreciating; but no man born on our side of the Alps has imitated with " so much success the magnificence of the palace churches of Italy."

In Wren's time the generally accepted style for cathedral architecture was the Gothic, and this he promised to adopt so as to "reconcile as near as possible the Gothic to a better manner of architecture." In the result, however, Wren has given us an adaptation of St. Peter's at Rome, the central Renaissance building of Christendom. Wren determined on the great central dome and the large porticoes. Two years were occupied in clearing the site. Wren was very determined on sinking his foundations strongly: "I build for eternity," he said, with the confidence of genius. A curious incident occurred when the centre for the dome was being planned. Wren sent a workman to bring from the debris of the old church a stone to mark the centre, and, this happening to be a fragment of an old grave-stone inscribed with the single word RESURGAM, it was held to have been a good omen. The story is commemorated in the inscription "*Resurgam*" over the south portico, with a phoenix, by Cibber—the bird which ever rises from its own ashes. St. Paul's is on a much smaller scale than St. Peter's at Rome, though it

is still the third largest church in Christendom. It is built in the form of a Latin cross. Wren at first designed a Greek cross, but the "court party," favouring Romish ritual, objected, insisting on a long nave and a spacious choir; Wren also originally intended to raise a spire over the dome. The balustrade on the top of the north and south walls was erected against his wishes. A drum in two sections—the lower with Corinthian, and the upper with composite columns—bears the Dome, the exterior of which is wood covered with lead. Above the Dome is a lantern, surmounted by a golden ball and cross; "the sparkle of that golden cross seen from many a distant hill and plain." Browning's "Pisgah sights" gives the poetry of the view from the Dome:—

"Over the ball of it,  
"Peering and prying,  
"How I see all of it,  
"Life there outlying!

"Roughness and smoothness,  
"Shine and defilement,  
"Grace and uncouthness:  
"One reconciliation."

St. Paul's is so hemmed in by neighbouring houses, that it is difficult to get a good near view of it; only portions of the mighty mass, grand and blackened, appear at intervals, through the intercepting roofs. The best view of it that is moderately near, is from *Blackfriars Bridge* (see Chap. XV.). That the west front of the church does not exactly face Ludgate Hill is because too many houses were already built there to allow of it, the commissioners for the reconstruction of the city having made their own plans quite regardless of the new cathedral. The blackness of St. Paul's contributes immeasurably to the grandeur of its effect. G. A. Sala said truly:

"It is really the better for all the incense which all the chimneys since "the time of Wren have offered at its shrine; and are still flinging up "every day from their foul and grimy censers."

But it is said that the cathedral has a special claim to its smoky appearance, because the cost of its building was defrayed by a tax on all coals brought into the Port of London. And an American (Hawthorne), a great lover of London, thus wrote of it:

"St. Paul's appears to me unspeakably grand and noble, and the "more so from the throng and bustle continually going on round its base, "without in the least disturbing the sublime repose of its great dome, and "indeed of all its massive height and breadth. Other edifices may crowd "close to its foundation and people may tramp as they like about it; but "still the great cathedral is as quiet and serene as if it stood in the midst "of Salisbury Plain. There cannot be anything else in its way so grand "in the world as just this effect of St. Paul's in the very heart and densest "tumult of London. It is much better than staring white; the edifice "would not be nearly so grand without this drapery of black."

In the early spring the contrast between the blackened walls and the "pavilions of tender green" in the plane-trees of the adjoining churchyard is especially delightful. The dome itself is a thing of beauty, whether seen near or far, in grey distance or in detail, the colonnade under the cupola affording invaluable varieties of light and shade, and giving also a greater idea of solidity, by the blocking of every fourth intercolumniation. There is a pretty story of how the old architect in great age, when he was too feeble to walk, had himself carried out every year to enjoy gazing at his great work. An inscription on a tablet over



York.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

London.

the north porch perpetuates his memory, in "four words which comprehend his merit and his fame": *si monumentum requiris, circumspice*. ("If thou seekest his monument, look around.") "The visitor," says Leigh Hunt, "does look around, and the whole interior of the Cathedral, which is finer than the outside, seems like a magnificent vault over his single body." Everyone, will, perhaps, not echo the sentiment that "the interior is finer than the outside"; it is imposing from its vast proportions but it is apt to strike the uninitiated, accustomed maybe

to foreign ecclesiastical splendour, as bare and dark. When most probably intended some portions of it to be ornamented and coloured; this work has been in some measure done of late years, by the exertions of the late Dean Milman and others; and the adornment of the dome and choir has now been completed by mosaics executed from



St. Paul's from Ludgate Hill.

the designs, and under the direction of *Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.* These add greatly to the richness of general effect, but the details are indistinguishable except under very favourable conditions. On piers of the nave hang two pictures by *Watts*—"Time, Death and Judgment," and "Peace and Goodwill"; there is something in the largeness of the painter's conceptions which seems to accord

well with their surroundings. On another pier (S. aisle), is hung "The Light of the World," by *Holman Hunt*. This is a replica, with some slight modifications, of the original picture at Keble College, Oxford; it was presented to the Cathedral by the Rt. Hon. Charles Booth.

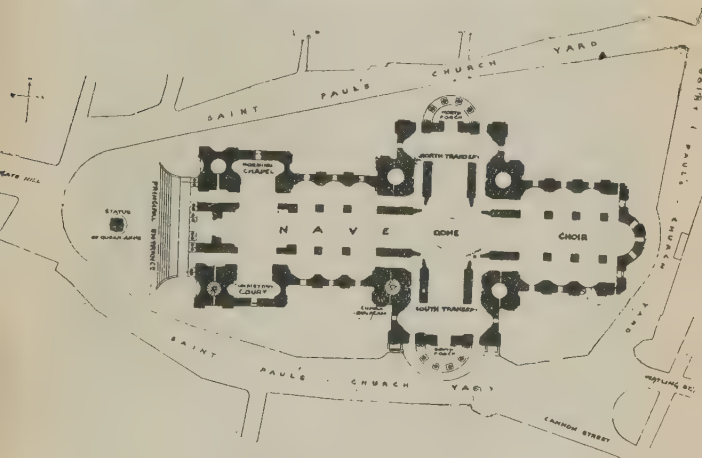


St. Paul's from the River.

The Cathedral is open daily from 9 to 5, and the monuments may be inspected at any time except during divine service. Sunday Services are at 8 a.m., 10-30 a.m., 3-15 p.m., and 7 p.m. The Week-day Services are held at 8 a.m., 10 a.m., 1-15 p.m., and 4 p.m. The Services are choral, and the music is excellent. Except during service the choir is closed, but between 11 a.m. and 3-30 p.m. the vergers admit visitors free, who wait at the gate of the north ambulatory. The Cathedral is now lighted by electricity; the installation and the handsome fittings were the gift of an American millionaire, Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

The **Grand Entrance** of St. Paul's is in the west portico, towards Ludgate Hill, reached by a flight of marble steps. This façade, the lower part of which has Corinthian pillars,

and the upper, composite, is better seen since the removal of the high iron railing that enclosed the churchyard until 1873. The pediment above the second row of pillars contains a relief of the *Conversion of St. Paul*; on its apex is a colossal figure of the apostle, and right and left St. Peter and St. James. On each side of the façade is a *campanile* tower, with statues of the four evangelists at the angles. In front of the portico is a *Statue of Queen Anne*, with England, France, Ireland, and America at her feet, erected in 1886, a replica of the original statue by *Bird* in 1712, and historically interesting just here, as



Plan of St. Paul's.

commemorating the frequent visits of Queen Anne to St. Paul's, to return public thanks for the Duke of Marlborough's victories. At the foot of the steps leading up to the cathedral is an inscription recording the spot upon which *Queen Victoria's* carriage was drawn up when she returned thanks to Almighty God on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee in 1897. From the principal entrance a survey may be made of the entire length of the nave. There can scarcely be a greater contrast, than between the interior of St. Peter's at Rome, and this; there, all blazes with precious marbles; here, except from some poor stained windows or a battered banner, there is no colour



or light, while the London fog lingers in the blue misty depths of the dome, the central space under which is now used for the Sunday evening services, a use which, according to Dean Milman, was intended by Wren. Adorning the dome are eight scenes (*grisailles*) from St. Paul's life, done by *Thornhill* (hardly visible except from the high Whispering Gallery, *see* p. 99, round the interior of the cupola), and eight large *Salviati* mosaics in the spandrels of the dome, designed by *G. F. Watts*, *Britten*, and *Stevens*. At the entrance to the choir is the new **Reredos**, a sumptuous and costly structure, of white Parian marble, and in the Italian Renaissance style, designed by Messrs. Bodley and Garner, and unveiled in 1888. The *organ*, one of the finest in England, is divided into two parts, on either side of the choir. The *choir stalls* are beautifully carved in wood by *Grinling Gibbons*, and the iron-work is by *Tijon*, both contemporaries of Wren, and chosen by him for the work. The side-aisles and oratories were added to the nave by order of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., who wished to "have them ready for the Popish service when there should be occasion." To this Wren remonstrated with tears, but vainly. The **Apse**, behind the new reredos, has recently been fitted up as a Jesus Chapel. In front of it is the recumbent marble statue of *Canon Liddon*, who died 1890. The numerous monuments in St. Paul's (mostly commemorative of naval and military officers) are nearly all feeble, and some in remarkably bad taste. Few can claim artistic merit. Yet they have an interest of their own, for, "while civil eminence has been commemorated at Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's has been made a Pantheon for our heroes," reminding us that

"Not once nor twice in our rough island story  
 "The path of Duty was the way to glory."

Beneath the dome are the first monuments erected in Wren's Cathedral, those of *Howard*, the philanthropist, and of *Dr. Johnson*—often, from the key in the hand of the first, and the scroll in that of the second, mistaken for "St. Peter and St. Paul." Then came the statues of *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, by *Flaxman*, and of *Sir William Jones*, the orientalist, by *Bacon*; and after these, were erected a long series of the heroes of Nelson's naval victories, and of Indian warriors and statesmen. Many of these heroes are represented in their effigies as stark naked, receiving laurel crowns from "Victory" or "Valour," this kind of representation being apparently held to be classic; but the

associations recalled by the monuments are interesting, despite the absurdity of the style. Space forbidding the enumeration of them all, we will here only mention further the following (beginning our survey in the north aisle, on the left upon entering by the principal door) :—

(1) *Lord Leighton* (died 1896), President of the Royal Academy : a recumbent figure, by *Brock* : a fine work and an excellent portrait ; (2) Behind, the *Crimean Cavalry Monument*, in memory of those who fell during the Crimean War (1854-6) ; (3) *Major-General Charles George Gordon*, killed at Khartoum (1885) : a sarcophagus with a noble bronze effigy by *Boehm* ; (4) *The Duke of Wellington's Monument* (removed to the third arch in the north of the nave), by *Alfred Stevens*—the finest monument of St. Paul's and by many thought to be the best work of its kind done in London for the last three centuries. Hare says of it :—

" The aged Duke lies, like a Scaliger of Verona, deeply sleeping upon " a lofty bronze sarcophagus. Around the base are the names of his " victories. At the sides of his canopy, which is supported by noble pillars " of the best period of the Renaissance, are grand figures in bronze of " Courage surpressing Cowardice, and Virtue suppressing Vice. The " whole was to have been surmounted, like the great tomb of Can Grande, " by an equestrian statue ; but this was opposed by Dean Milman, and " the artist, the greatest sculptor of our time, was snatched away before " his work was completed, and before England had awakened to realize " that it possessed a worthy follower of Michael Angelo."

The great artist, whose work it is, did not live to see its completion ; it was part of his design that the monument should be surmounted by an equestrian effigy, and this is now to be added ; (5) *Admiral Charles Napier's* monument (north transept) and that of (6) *General Charles James Napier*, the conqueror of Scinde, " a prescient general, a beneficent ruler, a just man," both with statues by *Adams* ; and near them (7) the monument of *Hallam*, the historian ; (8) *Dean Milman* of St. Paul's (south ambulatory), who died 1868. On the wall on either side of this monument are fragments of stone, said to have belonged to the Temple at Jerusalem. (9) *Dr. Donne*, the poet-dean of St. Paul's (close to the preceding monument) ; he died in 1631, and is represented in his shroud ; this is the only uninjured monument from Old St. Paul's. (10) *Admiral Collingwood* (south transept), Nelson's companion in arms, by *Westmacott*. The almost naked body of the Admiral lies in a galley. (11) *Turner*, the great landscape painter (next to the preceding), died 1851 ; statue by *Macdowell*. (12) *Admiral Nelson's* statue, by *Flaxman* (opposite door of south transept) ; the want of the right arm is concealed by the cloak ; the inscription on the cornice *Copenhagen*,

*Nile, Trafalgar*—recalls Nelson's chief victories; the group contains the British lion, "a most abominable lion." (13) *Sir John Moore* (south transept), being interred—"with his martial cloak around him,"—by the figures of "Victory" and "Valour." (14) *Sir Ralph Abercromby* (next to the preceding), monument by *Westmacott*—"a wildly confused group."

A stained-glass window in the south transept commemorates the thanksgiving service attended by Queen Victoria, in 1872, on the occasion of the then Prince of Wales' recovery from typhoid fever. The subject is "The raising of the widow's son."

The most interesting portion, however, of St. Paul's is the **Crypt** (admission 6d.)—a little church in itself—where, at the eastern end, are gathered nearly all the tombs that escaped the fire in Old St. Paul's. Here are the remains of the monuments of *Sir Nicholas Bacon* (1579), Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal in Queen Elizabeth's reign, among other fragments of early date; and here, in the south aisle, lies *Sir Christopher Wren* himself, under a studiously simple slab.

Near Wren's tomb are the graves of many painters—Sir Joshua Reynolds (whose burial all London honoured, and for whom earls and princes contended as pall-bearers), Barry, Opie, West, Fuseli, Lawrence, Turner and Landseer. Here also, just in the centre of the crypt, is Nelson's black marble sarcophagus; while in the east crypt is that of Wellington, which consists of a large block of porphyry on a granite base. The proximity in death of these two great generals gave rise to Tennyson's lines, where Nelson, the first comer, is made to ask:—

"Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,  
"With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,  
"With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?  
"Mighty seaman, this is he  
"Was great by land as thou by sea."

The Iron Duke sleeps well, after life's fitful fever; and

"Here in streaming London's central roar,  
"Let the sound of those he wrought for,  
"And the feet of those he fought for,  
"Echo round his bones for evermore."

At the extreme west end of the crypt is the hearse used at Wellington's funeral, with its trappings; it was made from guns captured by the Duke. *Dean Milman*, *Canon Liddon*, *Bishop Creighton*, and *Sir Arthur Sullivan* are also buried here. The crypt also contains memorials to the Australian statesman, *Dalley* (who sent over colonial

troops to aid in the Egyptian campaign of 1885); *Lord Napier of Magdala*; *Sir Bartle Frere*; and *Cruikshank*, the artist. The vaults of St. Paul's also contain many interesting fragments of monuments from the earlier building.

Returning to the upper church, those who wish to reach the **Whispering Gallery** in the interior of the dome, mount by a flight of 260 steps from the library. This gallery is noted for a curious echo, which distinctly transmits a whisper uttered near the wall on one side of it, to a person standing by the wall on the other side. From this point a good view is obtained of the church interior, the tessellated pavement of which looks like a minute chessboard, rendering giddy those liable to weak heads. From the Whispering Gallery, 118 steps lead up to the **Stone Gallery**, an outer gallery with a stone parapet, running round the base of the dome. Here in the clear sky of early morning may often be obtained a wonderful view of London, a view which is still more extensive from the **Golden Gallery** above the dome. From this point the lantern may be ascended by a spiral staircase to the Golden Ball, "under the cross of gold that shines over city and river." In the ball six persons may stand at once (entrance to the Golden Gallery and Ball, 1/- each person). But it is unnecessary to go beyond the Stone Gallery; further ascent, besides, is exhausting and scarcely repays the fatigue; there are 616 steps to mount from the floor of the church to the Golden Ball. It is an easy ascent from the church to the immense passages of the *triforium*, where is the **Library**, containing many valuable books, and whence a narrow stair leads to the ancient clock, and to the *Great Bell*, inscribed, "Richard Phelps made me, 1716." This bell only tolls for the deaths of very exalted personages. Above it is hung the new "Great Paul," weighing seventeen tons, which is in daily use. In the north tower besides is a fine modern peal of twelve bells. The minute hand of the great *Clock* is 10 feet long, and its pendulum 16 feet long. Ever since 1708, a changing crowd has occupied the oaken seats in front of it, waiting to see the large hammer strike the bell. In the *Model Room*, is to be seen Wren's original design for St. Paul's.

Just outside the cathedral, near the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard leading to Cheapside, once stood *Paul's* (or "*Powle's*") *Cross*, a campanile or bell-house (to summon people to the "Folk-mote," as represented now by the Common Council), taken down at the time of Henry VIII.

Here sermons were frequently preached in a kind of extraneous pulpit, and here, Jane Shore was made to do penance in a white sheet, holding a taper in her hand. Round the cathedral is a pretty but narrow garden, or "churchyard," containing no memorials of interest, but pleasantly laid out in flower beds and green plots, and furnished with seats; where in spring the birds sing delightfully in the ancient trees, and where the weary wayfarers and the poor street children snatch a few moments of blissful holiday. What is really known as **St. Paul's Churchyard**, is the street which surrounds this garden; it was formerly railed off all round from the church with high railings, but those on the western, or Ludgate Hill side, are now removed, and the stone walls supporting them on the other three sides are considerably lowered, thus affording a better view of the cathedral. In St. Paul's Churchyard are some of the busiest shops (chiefly hosiers and drapers) in all the busy city, and in the immediate vicinity are enormous warehouses for the wholesale trade. Before the fire, it was a spot sacred to booksellers, but these have now removed to Paternoster Row, Ave Maria Lane, and Amen Corner, on the north of the church; these quaint names being derived, says Stow, from "stationers and text writers that dwelt there . . . who wrote and sold books with the Paternoster, Ave, Creed, Graces, etc." St. Paul's Churchyard was a great place for literary coteries in old times; here Day the bookseller lived, as well as the publishers, Hunter, Newbery, and Rivington. Here was the "Queen's Arms" Tavern, frequented by Dr. Johnson, and also "Child's" and "St. Paul's" Coffee-houses. For Newbery, Goldsmith wrote stories. On the east side of the churchyard stood formerly *St. Paul's School*, removed since 1884 to Hammersmith (see Chap. XXIII.).

St. Paul's School was founded by Dean Colet, in 1509, for one hundred and fifty-three boys of every nation, country, and class—their number being derived from the verse of St. John: "Simon Peter went up and drew the net to land full of great fishes, an hundred and fifty and three." There are, however, more boys at the present day at Hammersmith. Milton was a St. Paul's schoolboy; so also were the Duke of Marlborough and Pepys; also a less creditable scholar, the cruel Judge Jeffreys of the "Bloody Assizes," (who as a boy, watching the Lord Mayor's coach pass by here, swore that he would one day be the Mayor's guest and die Lord Chancellor).

On the south-west side of the Cathedral once stood the parish church of St. Gregory, over which was the "Lollards' Tower," associated, like the Lollards' Tower at Lambeth (see Chap. XIV.), with torture and religious persecution.

The narrow busy alley called **Paternoster Row** is entered from the north side of St. Paul's churchyard. It is a centre of the book-trade, and still justifies its name by the number of prayer-books and Bibles sold in it. Here are the offices of the Religious Tract Society, and other kindred establishments. Out of Paternoster Row opens **Chapter-House-Court**, noted for the "Chapter Coffee-House," of much literary celebrity in the last century, and of which the boy-poet Chatterton wrote to his mother while he was really starving and unknown in London. "I am quite familiar at the Chapter-Coffee-House, and know all the geniuses there." At this house the old medical club of the "Witenagemote" was held; and to it, later, Charlotte and Anne Brontë came for their first visit to London—two little, lonely, friendless women—to see publishers, their only friend the elderly waiter of the establishment, in 1848. At the bottom of Paternoster Row, where it joins *Warwick Lane*, is *Amen Court*, a curiously quiet old green square entered by iron gates, and surrounded by the picturesque red-brick houses, old and new, of the canons of St. Paul's. The contrast between the busy Row and the death-like calm of the close is quite startling. Here Canon Liddon lived and died. *Panyer Alley*, at the other end of the Row, the last entry before it joins Newgate Street (*see* Chap. XVI.), is so named from its having been the abode of the "panyers" or basket-makers of the last century. Here, rebuilt on to a modern house, is an ancient stone with a relief of a boy sitting on a "panyer," with the almost obliterated inscription:—

" When Ye have Sovght  
 " The Citty Round,  
 " Yet still Ths is  
 " The High<sup>st</sup> Grovnd.  
 " Avgvst the 27  
 " 1688."

Close to this was *Dolly's Chop House*, a curious old tavern (now pulled down) of Queen Anne's time. A glimpse of St. Paul's can be caught from a side passage near here:—

"There is a passage leading from Paternoster Row to St. Paul's Churchyard. It is a slit, through which the Cathedral is seen more grandly than from any other point I can call to mind. It would make a fine dreamy picture, as we saw it one moonlight night, with some belated creatures resting against the walls in the foreground—mere spots set against the base of Wren's mighty work, that, through the narrow opening, seemed to have its cross set against the sky."

On the south side of St. Paul's Churchyard, in *Dean's Court*, is the *Deanery*, and near it is *St. Paul's Choristers' School*. The sound of the boys' voices, practising some



swelling anthem, may often be heard above the din of the surrounding warehouses and bustling streets, and afford one of the contrasts in which the great city abounds. Close by, between *Knightrider Street* and St. Paul's Churchyard, is the region known as *Doctors' Commons*, which was so called because of the Doctors of Civil Law dining here together four days in each term. Its legal business has now been transferred elsewhere, though marriage licences are still issued here at No. 5, Dean's Court (inside the archway leading from St. Paul's Churchyard); it was here that old Tony Weller, in "*Pickwick*," procured the licence that allowed him to marry the widow Clarke, and become the landlord of the "*Markis o' Granby*," at Dorling. There is an ancient colony of rooks here, that have made their homes in the plane trees of Dean's Court.

In *Knightrider Street*—supposed to be so called from the knights who rode from Tower Royal (see p. 103) to the Smithfield tournaments—is the church of **St. Nicholas Cole Abbey**, the first church completed by Wren after the Fire; with a square tower finished by a spire, and containing some good carving. South of *Knightrider Street* runs **Queen Victoria Street**, extending east to the Mansion House, and containing the large buildings of the Post Office, the Bible Society, and the *Civil Service Stores*, which has a branch establishment in Bedford Street, Covent Garden. Between Queen Victoria Street and Upper Thames Street is *St. Benet, Paul's Wharf*, a feeble church by Wren, no longer parochial, but given to the Welsh in 1878. Near it is the tower of *St. Mary Somerset*, a church built by Wren, but now removed, and its picturesque tower only preserved to us by special Act of Parliament. Returning to the Cathedral, the great new street leading out of St. Paul's Churchyard towards the east is **Cannon Street**, originally Candlewick Street, which extends to *Eastcheap* (see p. 119), and passes the large Cannon Street Station of the South-Eastern Railway (also a station on the Underground). Here was the district sacred to the wax-chandlers, who flourished by favour of Roman Catholicism. Cannon Street is crossed by *Bread Street*, leading to *Cheapside* (see Chap. XVI.). In Bread Street, south of Cannon Street, is the church of **St. Mildred**, one of Wren's rebuildings; poor externally, but inside worth seeing; it has also a richly-carved pulpit, said to be by Grinling Gibbons. Shelley, the poet, was married in this church to Mary Godwin. Close to St. Mildred's is the Mansion House Station of the District

Railway. At the next turning north out of Cannon Street in **Bow Lane**, is the church of **St. Mary Aldermary** (or St. Mary the Elder), which occupies the site of the first church dedicated to the Virgin in the city. The present church is Gothic (Perpendicular), though it was restored by Wren; but he was obliged by the terms of a bequest to make it a copy of a former church of 1510. Milton was married here in 1662 to his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull. North, again, of Cannon Street, and farther east, is the street called *Tower Royal*—a name indicating the site of an old royal palace—in which the "Fair Maid of Kent," widow of the Black Prince, was living when Wat Tyler's rebels broke in upon her. South of Cannon Street, just west of Cannon Street Station, is *Dowgate Hill*, with the Halls of the *Chandlers* and the *Skinners*—the latter incorporated in 1327. Its present Hall, rebuilt soon after the Fire, has a fine staircase and a wainscoted "cedar room." **Watling Street**, a little to the north of Cannon Street, and running parallel with it, is the only part of a Roman road remaining in London; it is the old Roman road from London to Dover. It is so named from the Saxon word *atheling*=noble. Looking down it towards the west, we see one of the most picturesque and characteristic of City views. The tower to the north of the street is that of the **Church of St. Augustine**, restored by Wren, and beyond it rises the great dome of St. Paul's.



Wakefield Tower and  
Tower of London (p. 108).

J. Holland Trenchard

## CHAPTER VII.

## The Tower and Surroundings.

"I am come to survey the Tower this day."

—*1st part of King Henry VI., Act i., Scene iii.*

"I wander through each chartered street,

"Near where the chartered Thames doth flow,

"A mark in every face I meet—

"Marks of weakness, marks of woe."

—*Blake: "Songs of Experience."*

*Mark Lane Station on the Underground is close to the Tower.*

**THE Tower of London** is the most interesting monument of antiquity we possess. Dating from far back ages—for Saxon Alfred had a riverside stronghold here, and tradition even ascribes it to Roman foundation—it has always been the fortress and state prison of London; the background of all the darkest scenes in her history.



*York & Son,*

*The Tower of London.*

*London*

The nucleus of the present building was begun in 1078 by William the Conqueror, who built the central keep known as the "White Tower," to replace the portion of the city walls and towers that had been swept away by inroads of the Thames. The kings who followed him added at intervals to the building, and it now occupies thirteen acres of ground, its picturesque moat surrounding a double line of fortifications and towers. A history of the Tower would be endless, for it is the history of England herself.

This castle, through the long lapse of centuries, in turns a palace, a state prison, and

“a place of doom ;  
“Of execution too, and tomb,”

is now a fossil, a show place carefully kept up, and utilized as a soldiers' barracks, and a government arsenal. And yet, notwithstanding their antiquity and interest, a first sight of the Tower buildings is often a little disappointing ; this is mainly owing to the inartistic and niggling way in which the necessary restorations have been carried out, and the sacrifice in them of general outline to finish. The picturesque “bits” of the Tower, which are many, have to be sought for. There are four entrances to the fortress;



York & Son.

The Beefeaters.

London.

three on the side of the Thames, viz. : the *Iron Gate*, the *Water Gate*, and the *Traitors' Gate* (now disused) ; and on the west, the public and principal entrance, or *Lions' Gate* (so named from the royal menagerie of lions once kept here).

The *Lions' Gate* is under the *Middle Tower*, and is defended by a portcullis. To the right is the *Ticket Office*, where tickets are procured for the *Armoury* and the *Regalia* (6d. each, free Mondays and Saturdays). Admission is

always free to the Tower Grounds ; but free days for the Regalia, etc., are to be avoided on account of the crowd. The *Warders* or *Beefeaters*, who stand about on guard inside the Tower, such picturesque personages in their quaint costume (designed by Holbein and dating from the time of Henry VIII.), are officially called *Yeomen of the Guard*, and are all old soldiers of merit and service. The term *Beefeater* is said to be a corruption of *Buffetiers*, or attendants at the Royal Buffet ; but is more probably a nickname given to the Yeomen of the Guard, from their having had rations of beef regularly served out to them while on duty. The names of the different gates, towers, relics, etc., are now indicated by placards, so that a " guide " is hardly necessary, even to the Armoury (although those specially interested in the subject of armour can buy the 6d. or 1d. guides by W. J. Loftie, sold inside the walls). The *Constable of the Tower* will sometimes admit really interested visitors to parts of the castle not usually shown, such as the smaller towers, etc. Crossing the surrounding moat (now a most picturesque and overgrown garden), by a stone bridge flanked at either end by the Middle Tower and the *Byward Tower*, we reach the anterior court of the fortress, or *Outer Bail*. *Traitors' Gate* (under *St. Thomas' Tower*), the former entrance of state prisoners who were brought hither by water, is here seen towards the river :—

" That gate misnamed, through which before  
" Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More."

So far, indeed, from being a traitor's entrance, in those cruel times, all the chivalry, valour, and best blood of England seem to have passed through that fatal gate. The walls of the *Traitors' Gate* are perforated with little passages and loopholes, through which the Lieutenant of the Tower could watch unseen the arrival of the prisoners by water from their trial at the House of Lords, and see whether, as they ascended the stone steps (now torn up) from the water, the fatal axe carried in front of them were reversed or otherwise. A gateway opposite the *Traitors' Gate* leads under the *Bloody Tower* (so called from the murder of the infant princes by command of their uncle, Richard III.), to the *Inner Bail*, a wide, sunny, flagged courtyard, with green grass-plots, where the military band plays and where the soldiers from the neighbouring barracks go through their drill. Here in the centre, rises the imposing " keep " of the castle, the **White Tower**.

This, the most ancient part of the fortress, is an immense square building with corner turrets, and pierced with Norman windows and arches. It is built in four tiers; the vaults, the main floor, the banqueting floor, and the state floor; its outer walls being 15 feet thick, and the partition walls of its chambers being 10 feet thick. Under the first landing of its staircase some bones were found, supposed to be those of the murdered princes, sons of Edward IV. The two upper floors of the White Tower contain the celebrated **Collection of Old Armour**, which is of great historic interest and value. The greater portion of it is in the *Council Room* (on the top storey), which contains a series of equestrian figures fully equipped and armed, and arranged in chronological order from the time of Edward I. (1272) to that of James II. (1688). At the south end of the chamber is the block on which Lord Lovat (the last person executed on Tower Hill) suffered, and also a headsman's axe, said to have been used in the decapitation of the Earl of Essex. Here also is a gruesome collection of instruments of torture. In the same room is the awful "headsman's mask," and an absurd figure of Elizabeth on horseback as she is supposed to have appeared at Tilbury Fort. Below the Council Chamber is the ancient *Banqueting Hall* (reached by a winding stair), filled also with armour; and adjoining it, *St. John's Chapel* (of 1078), "the most perfect Norman chapel in England," but long unused for religious purposes. Below again, on the first floor, is a small room called, "Queen Elizabeth's Armoury," with a doorway communicating with a tiny cell unlighted otherwise. Here tradition says that Sir Walter Raleigh was confined for twelve years, beguiling the time by experiments in chemistry, and by writing his "History of the World." The vaults beneath were used as prisons and torture-chambers. Horrible scenes of cruelty have their gloomy walls witnessed! Here the beautiful Anne Askew was racked (the holes to which the rack was fixed still exist under the boarding of the floor), the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley himself giving a turn to the screw. In the prison, appropriately enough termed "Little Ease," Guy Fawkes, with his companions, was imprisoned, and here he was racked till he confessed. The White Tower was occupied by Richard II. during the Wat Tyler insurrection, and in its upper, or council chamber, he abdicated his throne in favour of his cousin, Henry Bolingbroke (Henry IV.). Shakespeare makes him say on that occasion:—

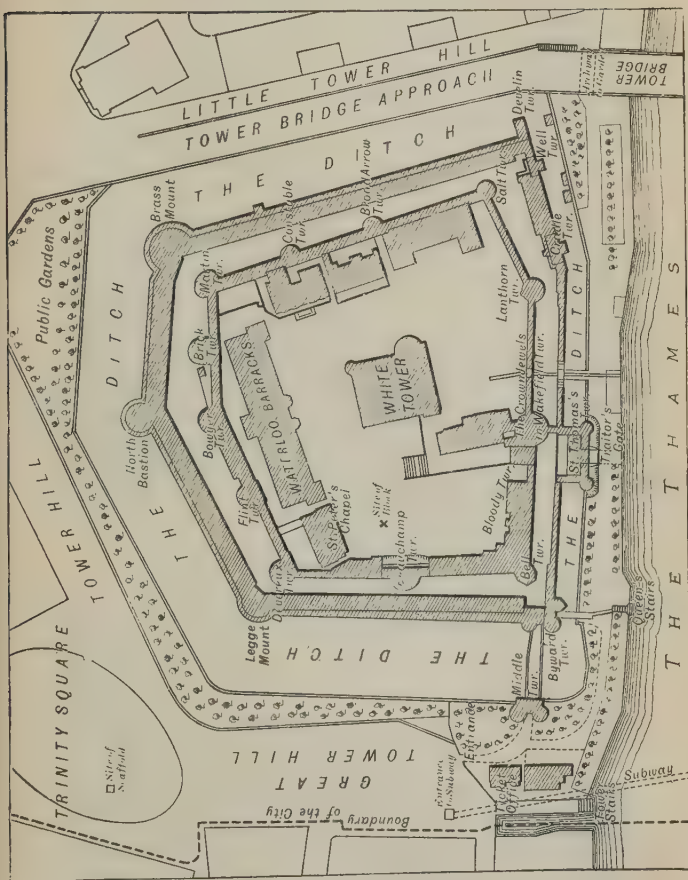


"I give this heavy weight from off my head,  
 "And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
 "The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;  
 "With mine own tears I wash away my balm,  
 "With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
 "With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
 "With mine own breath release all duty's rites:  
 "All pomp and majesty I do forswear."

Outside the White Tower is an interesting collection of old cannon, mostly of the time of Henry VIII. The *Regalia* or **Crown Jewels**, are kept in the *Record* or *Wakefield* Tower—one of the towers that strengthen the inner line of fortifications round the central keep and its courtyard. Here in a large vaulted chamber, under glass, and protected by a strong iron cage, the jewels are kept, together with the magnificent gold plate used at Coronation banquets. The Crown jewels have often been pledged by English kings to foreign merchants. During the confusion that reigned after Charles I.'s execution, part of the ancient collection was melted down and sold; their present substitutes (made in exact imitation of them), still, however, bear the ancient names. The most notable among the Crown Jewels (the value of which is estimated at £3,000,000) are:—

1. The *King's Crown*, a masterpiece of the goldsmith's art,<sup>f</sup> made in 1838 for Queen Victoria and altered in 1902 for Edward VII.<sup>h</sup>; it is encrusted with no fewer than 2783 diamonds, and contains, in front, the famous heart-shaped ruby said to have been worn by the Black Prince.
2. *St. Edward's Crown*, made for the coronation of Charles II., and used for every coronation since. It replaces a more ancient crown, destroyed during the Commonwealth, which had been worn by Edward the Confessor.
3. *The Prince of Wales' Crown*, of pure gold.
4. *The Orb*, a golden ball set with jewels, and surmounted by a cross. This is the emblem of sovereignty, borrowed from the Roman Emperors; and kings and queens carry it in the right hand at coronations (For little Queen Victoria, crowned at 18, the orb, as she wrote, "loaded" her, while the crown "hurt her a good deal.")
5. *St. Edward's Staff*, a golden sceptre carried before the Sovereigns at coronations.
6. *The King's Sceptre with the Cross*, which is placed in the right hand of the Sovereign at coronations by the Archbishop of Canterbury.
7. *The Queen's Ivory Rod*, with a golden dove and cross, made for Mary of Modena.
8. *The Ampulla*, or Golden Eagle, which holds the consecrated oil at coronations; the spoon belonging to it is the oldest piece of plate in the collection, it being the only relic of the ancient regalia.
9. *The Salt-cellar of State*, a model of the White Tower.
10. *The Silver Font*, used for royal baptisms.

Here also is a model of the *Koh-i-Noor* (mountain of light), one of the largest diamonds known. The original is now at Windsor, but it is altogether surpassed by the Cullinan diamond, presented to King Edward VII. by the Government and people of the Transvaal Colony. In the reign of Charles II. a most determined attempt was made to carry off the Crown Jewels by an Irishman,



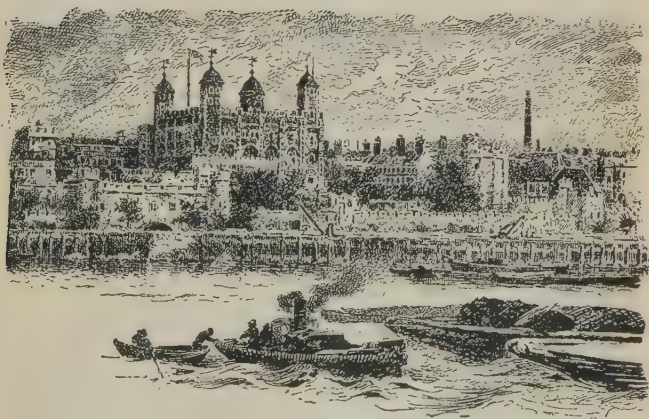
Plan of the Tower of London.

named Blood. The keeper was overpowered and gagged and the Regalia being packed, when the alarm was raised, and the robbers made off with the crown and orb. They were pursued and seized, but Blood's threats of vengeance were so effective, that he was not only released but given a pension of £500 a year ! The twelve *Towers of the Inner Ward*, which were at one time all used as prisons, were afterwards utilized for the storage of state archives. Taking them in order, beginning from (1) The *Record Tower* (where, as we have seen, the Crown Jewels are kept), just east of the keep and said to be the scene of the murder of Henry VI., the following are the most notable : (2) The *Bloody Tower* (see p. 106), under which we entered ; here on the ground floor is the curious *Axe of Office*, which was carried before the prisoner on his return from trial, when, if condemned, its face was turned towards him. (3) The *Bell Tower*, at the south-west corner, where the Princess Elizabeth was imprisoned by her sister Mary. Also it is said to have been later the prison of the unfortunate Arabella Stuart, who, for daring to marry Sir William Seymour, with " the love that laughs at privy councils," was caught whilst escaping with her husband to Calais and kept here four years till her mind grew impaired with grief, and she died :

" Where London's towre its turrets show  
 " So stately by the Thames's side  
 " Faire Arabella, childe of woe !  
 " For many a day had sat and sighed."

(4) The *Beauchamp Tower* (exactly west of the White Tower), built in 1199. This is the most interesting of any, for the walls of its first-floor chamber are covered with inscriptions left by prisoners, mostly of the Dudley family. Over the fireplace are a device and an inscription by John Dudley, Earl of Warwick—a lion and bear grasping a ragged staff, and four lines underneath, referring to the Earl and his three brothers, who were imprisoned here for the affair of Lady Jane Grey. Near the north-western recess are the pathetic words, by another prisoner : " A passage perilous maketh a port pleasant." Near here also is the word IANE, supposed to mean Lady Jane Grey, but not inscribed by herself ; probably by her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley. (5) The *Bowyer Tower*, north of the keep (behind the modern Wellington Barracks), where Edward IV.'s brother, the Duke of Clarence, was supposed to have been drowned in a butt of malmsey. (6) The *Brick Tower* (also north of the Barracks), where

Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned for a short time preceding her execution, and whence she saw the headless body of her young husband pass by in a cart from Tower Hill. This tower was also the scene of Sir Walter Raleigh's first imprisonment. (7) The *Martin Tower*, at the north-east corner of the fortification, where in the reign of James I. the Earl of Northumberland was imprisoned. A sun-dial on its north face was put up by him. This is also known as the *Jewel Tower*, because the regalia was formerly kept here, and this was the scene of Blood's daring robbery. Here the seven bishops were imprisoned, and here also



The Tower from the River.

was the scene of the well-known "Tower Ghost Story" of 1817, which caused the sentry on duty to die of fright. Another ghostly appearance in the Tower, the axe which appears in the shadow of moonlight on the walls of the Keep, has had many believers. (8) The picturesque *Salt* (or *Assault*) *Tower*, at the south-east angle, with an upper floor, where a prisoner confined for sorcery has left some curious sculptures and signs of the zodiac, etc. Nearly opposite the Beauchamp Tower, at the north-west corner of the fortress, rises the little chapel of *St. Peter ad Vincula*, dating from 1305, and consisting of a nave, chancel and

aisle (interior only shown by special permission). This was the Prisoner's Chapel, aptly dedicated to St. Peter in the Chains. Though what remains of it is chiefly of the reign of Henry VIII., it was originally built by Edward I. ; it contains several old monuments of note, but is interesting not so much for its antiquity as from the fact that it is the burial-place of so many distinguished and unfortunate persons. "In truth," says Macaulay:

"there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery. Hither have been carried through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who have been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts."

The memorial tablet at the chapel door contains the names of thirty-four famous persons buried here ; amongst the most noted of them was *Queen Anne Boleyn*, who was executed just outside this chapel, where a stone, with a railing and inscription, now marks the spot. Froude thus describes her beheading :—

"A little before noon on the 19th of May, Anne Boleyn, Queen of England, was led down to the green where the young grass and the white daisies of summer were freshly bursting in the sunshine. A little cannon stood loaded on the battlements, the motionless cannoneer was ready with smoking linstock at his side, and when the crawling hand upon the dial of the great Tower clock touched the midday hour, that cannon would tell to London that all was over."

On this spot also were beheaded the girlish Queen Katharine Howard, the aged Countess of Salisbury, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who went to the block gaily and "attired like a bridegroom," and poor gentle little Lady Jane Grey, the queen of nine days, who "came to her death without fear or pain." It is now a gravelled enclosure, but it is said that "grass has never consented to grow here since the executions." All the other prisoners were beheaded on the public place of execution on Tower Hill (*see below*). Among them were :—*Sir Thomas More*, and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, beheaded in 1535 for refusing to recognise Henry VIII.'s supremacy. More's devoted daughter, Margaret Roper, recognising on her father's return from trial the fatal sign of the reversed axe carried before him, burst weeping through the crowd and flung herself on his neck, till the very guards were melted to tears. Other illustrious sufferers were the Lord Protector Somerset, beheaded 1552 ; John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, the father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey—her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, and her father, the Duke of Suffolk ; James, Duke of Monmouth, the unfortunate son of Charles II., and many others too

numerous to mention. No monuments mark the graves of these victims of the Tower, whose bones lie beneath the pavement; the dust of dukes and queens, princes and grandees, mingling indiscriminately before the altar.

Emerging from the principal entrance, we come, outside the Tower Walls, to **Great Tower Hill**, a large plot of open ground surrounded by irregular houses. Here Lady Raleigh lodged while her husband was imprisoned in the Tower, and here (where the garden of Trinity Square is now) rose in olden time the public scaffold, used for the Tower prisoners. **Trinity House**, a plain building, erected 1793, by Wyatt, standing on the north side of *Trinity Square*, was built for a corporation dating from Henry VIII., which has for its objects the increase and encouragement of navigation, and the regulation of coast pilots, lighthouses and buoys. The company, called the "Brotherhood of the most glorious and undividable Trinity," has a Master and a Deputy-Master, with many "elder" and "younger" brethren. Two elder brethren of Trinity House help the Admiralty to decide in cases relating to collisions at sea. In the building are: a museum containing naval relics and curiosities, busts of celebrated admirals, including Nelson; a large picture, by Gainsborough, of some "elder brethren," and several royal portraits. The Prince of Wales is the present Master, while the King and many eminent statesmen are among the elder brethren. Application for admission to the building is made to the secretary.

Close by here are the picturesque and leafy *Tower Gardens*. Out of George Street, Trinity Square, is a fine remnant of the old City Wall. On the east of the Tower is *Little Tower Hill*, close by which is the **Royal Mint**, built in 1811, from designs by Johnson and Smirke, on the site of an old Cistercian abbey. Here the gold and silver of the kingdom are melted and coined. A visit to the Mint, for which permission must be first obtained by writing to the Deputy-Master, is extremely interesting; the various processes of coining, with the machinery used in them, being most ingenious. In the waiting-room are cases containing specimens of Maundy Money, with coins and commemorative medals. Sir Isaac Newton and Sir John Herschell were governors of the Mint, which office was abolished in 1870. At the south end of Little Tower Hill, the new gigantic *Tower Bridge* (see Chap. XV.) rises, dwarfing everything—even to the White Tower itself—in its vicinity.



Just east of Little Tower Street, between the bridge and the Mint, are *St. Katherine's Docks*, and beyond, the poverty-stricken districts of Shadwell and Wapping, the "sailors' town" (see Chap. XV.). From the Tower garden the street called the **Minories** ascends north to *Aldgate Station* (Metropolitan). This street, which owes its strange name to a thirteenth century convent of "Poor Clares" (called *Sorores Minores*) was formerly famous for its gunsmiths, or, as Congreve the poet called them,

"The mulcibers that in the Minories sweat,  
"And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat."

The Minories is now, like Houndsditch, mainly famous for its Jews. At 99, Minories, over a nautical instrument maker's called *Owen*, is the figure of the "Little Midshipman," immortalized by Dickens (in "*Dombey & Son*") as the sign over the home of "*Solomon Gills*." The only memorial of the nuns of St. Clare in the Minories, is the dismal little **Church of Holy Trinity**, closing a small alley to the right of the street. Here is kept a ghastly relic connected with the Tower, the *Head of the Duke of Suffolk*, father of Lady Jane Grey, who died on Tower Hill in 1554, and to whom the abbey of the Minories belonged. It was discovered in a vault under the church in 1849, and is kept in a glass case in the vestry-room; it is in remarkably good preservation, dried and yellow, owing to the sawdust in which it was buried; the neck even shows the false blow of the executioner, as well as the fatal one. The church contains, besides, several curious old monuments. *John Street* leads west from the Minories, into the street called *Crutched Friars*, so named from a convent of "crossed" or "crutched" friars, which once stood here. In this street are the vast buildings of the *East India Docks' Indigo Warehouse* and *Fenchurch Street Station* (Great Eastern Railway). **Fenchurch Street**, a continuation of Lombard Street (see Chap. XVI.), extending east to Aldgate, is on the other side of the station, running parallel, on the north, for some way with Crutched Friars. Its name recalls the originally fenny or marshy character of the district. It is one of the busiest of City thoroughfares, and contains the hall of the Ironmongers' Company. The picturesque *Ironmongers' Hall*, on the north of Fenchurch Street, is hung with banners, and decorated with the company's arms—a company dating from Edward IV. At the foot of its staircase is an ancient wooden statue of St. Lawrence, the patron saint of the guild, and an ostrich, the bird

which digests iron. There are also several interesting portraits, including one of Izaak Walton. Opposite, on the south (entered from Mincing Lane), is the *Clothworkers' Hall*, a handsome modern building, with stained windows and curious gilt statues of James I. and Charles I. saved from the Great Fire. Pepys was a member of this company, which treasures among its plate a "Pepys Cup," presented by the diarist in 1678. The garden of the company is formed by the ancient churchyard of **All Hallows, Staining**, the earliest stone church in the City, now all destroyed but its tower. It was demolished in 1870, and its monuments removed to **St. Olave's**, Hart Street, which stands at the entrance of Mincing Lane. **St. Catherine Coleman**, higher up Fenchurch Street on the same side, also escaped the Fire, but was rebuilt in 1734; its little churchyard is now turned into a garden. On the north side of the street is the *Elephant Tavern* (rebuilt), where Hogarth the painter used to lodge, and where, when in debt to the landlord, he used to "wipe off the score" by painting pictures even on the walls of the tap-room, till the "Elephant" in time became a little gallery of his works. Mark Lane and Mincing Lane connect Fenchurch Street with Great Tower Street. **Mincing Lane** derives its name from the "minchens" or nuns of St. Helen's (see Chap. XVI.), who owned part of it. It is now principally associated with grocery, tea-salesmen, and the colonial wholesale trade. **Mark Lane** (originally *Mart Lane*), further east, is one of the busiest thoroughfares of the City, and renowned over the world for its Old and New *Corn Exchanges*. On its left is **Hart Street**, a continuation of Crutched Friars, in which is the old **Church of St. Olave**, interesting as a survival of the Great Fire, as well as having been frequented by Pepys and his wife, whose parish church it was, and who are also buried here. The bust of Mrs. Pepys, with a damaged nose and flowing curls, still fronts her husband's pew. The interior is very picturesque, and contains many monuments and relics of old ironwork. Among other epitaphs here is the following curious one, on a brass of 1684:

"As I was, so be ye;  
 "As I am, you shall be;  
 "That I gave, that I have;

"That I spent, that I had;  
 "Thus I ende all my coste,  
 "That I lefte, that I loste."

The churchyard of St. Olave, which opens on to **Seething Lane**, has its grimy and picturesque gateway adorned with skulls, after the fashion of those which were

used for burial during the plague, like the churchyard of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street (*see* Chap. XVI.). Pepys, writing in January, 1665, says :

"it frightened me to go through the church, and to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyard where people have been buried of the "plague."

At the bottom of Seething Lane, in Great Tower Street, close to Great Tower Hill, is the church of **All Hallows, Barking**—so called from the nuns of Barking Abbey, its founders. It has some fine examples of brass memorials, and one or two very ancient altar tombs. Here were buried several of the victims of the scaffold on Tower Hill. These mouldering old City churches—their congregations ebbed, their glory departed, overgrown and isolated in the midst of bustle and merchandise—are not often really worth visiting for their own sakes, yet nearly every one contains some interesting tomb or relic. Dickens, who was so intensely human that he invested even old buildings with a weird humanity, thus vividly describes his feelings when attending service in one of them :—

"There is a pale heap of books in the corner of my pew, and while the organ, which is hoarse and sleepy, plays in such fashion that I can hear more of the rusty workings of the stop than of any music, I look at the books, which are mostly bound in faded baize and stuff. They belonged, in 1754, to the Dowgate family : and who were they ? Jane Comport must have married Young Dowgate, and come into the family that way : Young Dowgate was courting Jane Comport when he gave her her prayer-book, and recorded the presentation in the fly-leaf. If Jane was fond of Young Dowgate, why did she die and leave the book here ? Perhaps at the rickety altar, and before the damp commandments, she, Comport, had taken him, Dowgate, in a flush of youthful hope and joy, and perhaps it had not turned out in the long run as great a success as was expected.

"The opening of the service recalls my wandering thoughts. . . . I find that I have been taking a kind of invisible snuff. . . . I wink, sneeze and cough. . . . snuff made of the decay of matting, wood, cloth, stone, iron, earth, and something else . . . the decay of dead citizens. . . . Dead citizens stick on the walls and lie pulverized on the sounding-board over the clergyman's head, and, when a gust of air comes, tumble down upon him."

And then, further, with regard to the busy merchandise that has grown up all around the decayed churches :—

"In the churches about Mark Lane there was a dry whiff of wheat : and I accidentally struck an airy sample of barley out of an aged hassock in one of them. From Rood Lane to Tower Street, and thereabouts, there was often a subtle flavour of wine—sometimes of tea. One church, near Mincing Lane, smelt like a druggist's drawer. Behind the Monument, the service had a flavour of damaged oranges, which, a little farther down towards the river, tempered into herrings, and gradually toned into a cosmopolitan blast of fish. In one church, the exact counterpart of the church in the "Rake's Progress," where the hero is being married to the horrible old lady, there was no speciality

" of atmosphere, until the organ shook a perfume of hides all over us from some adjacent warehouse."

*Mark Lane Station* (Metropolitan : nearest to the Tower) is close to All Hallows Church. *Great Tower Street* extends from the Tower to *Eastcheap*—sacred to the memory of Falstaff and Dame Quickly—and parallel with it, only divided from the river by Billingsgate and the Custom House (see Chap. XV.), runs *Lower Thames Street*, which with *Upper Thames Street*—behind wharves and steep muddy lanes—follows the course of the Thames from the Tower to Blackfriars. Further up this street, near Southwark Bridge, is the church of *St. James, Garlickhithe*, a poor work of Wren's. In a cupboard in the church is a curious mummified body of a man, discovered during a recent restoration. Thames Street is called by Mr. Hare " the very centre of turmoil :—

" From the huge warehouses along the sides, with their chasm-like windows and the enormous cranes which are so great a feature of this part of the city, the rattling of the chains and the creaking of the cords, by which enormous packages are constantly ascending and descending, mingle with uproar from the roadway beneath. Here the hugest waggons, drawn by Titanic dray-horses, and attended by waggoners in smock-frocks, are always lading or discharging their enormous burthens of boxes, barrels, crates, timber, iron or cork. Wine, fish, and cheese are the chief articles of street traffic. . . . Now and then an old brick church breaks the line of warehouses, with the round-headed windows of Charles II.'s time and the stiff garlands of Gibbons, and ever and anon, through a narrow slit in the houses, we have a glimpse of the glistening river and its shipping."

On *St. Dunstan's Hill*, behind the Custom House, is the church of *St. Dunstan's-in-the-East*, one of Wren's restorations. Its peculiar feature is that the spire rests on four flying buttresses. It is not altogether successful, but Wren was very proud of it, and once, when told that a hurricane had ruined all his City steeples, he said eagerly : " Not *St. Dunstan's*, I am sure." Opposite Billingsgate is the *Coal Exchange*, and close by, in *Love Lane*, is the church of *St. Mary-at-Hill*—so called because built on the steep slope ascending from Billingsgate to Eastcheap—rebuilt after the Fire, by Wren ; only the east end of his work, however, remains. On the other side of Eastcheap, at the entrance of *Rood Lane*, is the picturesque church of *St. Margaret Pattens*—so named because " pattens " were once made and sold in the locality. It was also rebuilt by Wren, and has a well-proportioned tower and spire. Farther along Eastcheap, on the south, is *Pudding Lane*, where the Great Fire began, " in the house of one Farryner, a baker," which was only stopped after four days, at *Pie Corner* (see Chap. XVII.).

Next, *Fish Street Hill* leads up from **St. Magnus' Church** (see Chap. XV.), in Lower Thames Street, close by London Bridge, to the **Monument**. This great fluted column of Portland stone, 202 feet high, is the work of Wren, and was built to commemorate the Great Fire of London of 1666. The height of the Monument is said to exactly equal its distance from the house in Pudding Lane where the fire began. The fire destroyed the greater part of the City, raging four days; 460 streets, 89 churches, and 13,200 houses were demolished by it. At the time, the conflagration was absurdly supposed to have originated in Papist animosity, and even in 1681, when the Monument was built, this feeling was still strong enough to cause it to be inscribed on the pedestal that the Fire of London had been caused:—

"by ye treachery and malice of ye popish factiö, in order to ye carrying  
"on their horrid plott for extirpating the Protestant religion and old  
"English liberty, and the introducing popery and slavery."

(This inscription was effaced in 1831). But London reaped certain advantages from the fire; the houses were mainly rebuilt of brick and stone, not wood; the streets became wider and more sanitary, with the result that the city has never been visited since by the terrible scourge of the Plague. By a winding staircase of 345 steps (admission 3d.), the column may be ascended. The view, if clear, is fine, but the climb fatiguing. Dickens in "*Martin Chuzzlewit*," makes the "*Man in the Monument*" ("the lonely creature who holds himself aloof from all mankind in that pillar") say scoffingly of the visitors: "They don't know what a many steps it is. It's worth twice the money to stay below." The Monument is caged at the top because of the unpleasant mania for committing suicide from it. Above the cage is a metal vase of flames, 42 feet high. The pedestal bears inscriptions and allegorical reliefs; the large and curious relief by *Cibber* (father of the poet) shows the destruction and restoration of the city. Just beyond the *Monument Station* (Metropolitan) is the junction of Eastcheap with *Cannon Street*, *King William Street*, and *Gracechurch Street*. Here stands King William IV.'s statue, on the site of the *Boar's Head Tavern*, made famous by Shakespeare, as the place where Falstaff swallowed his "intolerable quantity of sack to but a ha'porth of bread." **Gracechurch Street** (formerly called Gracious Street, and originally Grasschurch Street, from the adjoining hay market) trends north to Leadenhall Street (see Chap. XVI.), past *Leadenhall Meat Market*. In

*White Hart Court*, opening from this street, is the old Quakers' Meeting House, where George Fox, the founder of the sect, preached two days before his death. **St. Clement, Eastcheap**, a church restored by Wren, is just behind the junction of Gracechurch Street and King William Street. There are chained books ("books in chains") here, and also a press for a dole of bread. Proceeding west by Cannon Street (*see* p. 102), we pass on the right **St. Mary Abchurch** (or Up-Church, being on rising ground), in Abchurch Lane; a rebuilding also of Wren's, ugly outside, but of beautiful internal design. Its cupola was painted by Sir James Thornhill, Hogarth's father-in-law. The next turning on the same side, is *St. Swithin's Lane*, in which is the *Hall of the Salters' Company*, as well as the Establishment of the *Rothschilds*. At the north end of St. Swithin's Lane, on the east side is the "*Bay Tree*," a noted place for cheap city luncheons. **St. Swithin's Church**, at the junction of St. Swithin's Lane with Cannon Street, was rebuilt by Wren; but its principal interest centres in the ancient relic called "*London Stone*," a Roman milestone built into the wall of the church, and only visible through an iron grille. It is supposed to have been the *milliarium* of the Roman Forum in London, from which the distances along the various British high-roads were reckoned. It formerly stood on the south side of the street, but was removed in 1798, and for protection was set as we see it, into the church wall. Exactly facing this famous fragment of antiquity, and occupying the site of the south-west bastion of the Roman Wall, is the vast *Cannon Street Terminus of the South-Eastern Railway*—the new with the old.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## The National Gallery.

(Trafalgar Square).

"The Florentine School must always be studied in Florence, the Dutch in Holland, and the Roman in Rome; but to obtain a clear knowledge of their relations to each other, and compare with the best advantage the characters in which they severally excel, the thoughtful scholars of any foreign country ought now to become pilgrims to the Dome (such as it is) of Trafalgar Square."—*Ruskin*.

**T**HE National Gallery, an imposing building now containing one of the finest collections in the world, dates only from 1824, when the Angerstein collection of thirty-eight pictures was purchased for the nation and exhibited in a house in Pall Mall. The main portion of the present building (since greatly extended) was opened to the public in 1838. The Gallery has been enriched by a great number of private gifts and bequests, as well as by a large expenditure of public money. It is now, said Mr. Ruskin, "for the purposes of the general student, without question the most important collection of paintings in Europe." It contains on the whole fewer inferior pictures than most large galleries, and with one or two exceptions all the most important schools are well represented. The visitor who has plenty of leisure, or who is able to go to the Gallery many times, will get most enjoyment out of it if he studies the pictures piecemeal and in their historical order. But some visitors may not have this opportunity, and perhaps all visitors prefer at first to take a rapid glance at all the Gallery. In this chapter, therefore, an attempt is made to assist them in taking such a glance. Naturally, we can only, in this first look-round, notice a very few pictures. Our remarks are intended to make visitors want to come again, by suggesting what a wealth of interest the Gallery contains—interest not only artistic or technical, but historical, archæological, biographical and literary.

Open on every week-day throughout the year. *Free* on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 10 a.m. to 4, 5, 6, or 7 p.m. according to the season; on Thursdays and Fridays (Students' Days), from 11 a.m. to 4 or 5 p.m., according to the season; admission 6d. On *Sundays*, from April to October, the Gallery is open, free, from 2 to 4 p.m. Persons desirous of being admitted as students to copy the pictures, must apply to The Keeper, National Gallery, S.W. Official Catalogues are on sale within the Gallery, and photographs may also be obtained.



*From a sketch by*

*The National Gallery and Church of St. Martin's.*

*Francis Masey.*

Passing through the turnstiles and ascending the main staircase in front, the visitor finds himself in a **Vestibule**, where some of the earliest pictures are hung. Notice on the left a series of Græco-Egyptian portraits, 1700 years old; they were affixed to the outside covering of mummies, in a position corresponding to the head of the corpse (see page 180). On the right is the earliest Italian picture in the Gallery (No. 564) by Margaritone, of Arezzo:—

“Give these, I exhort you, their guerdon and glory,  
“For daring so much before they well did it.”

Entering by the glass door, we pass into **Room I.** Here are hung the chief works of the *Florentine* painters:—

On the wall to the left will be found two celebrated works by Michael Angelo; No. 809, “The Holy Family,” in which the Virgin Mother is seen withholding from the child Saviour the prophetic writings in which His sufferings are foretold; and No. 790, “The Entombment” (an unfinished work). On the opposite wall is one of the most famous pictures in the Gallery, No. 1093, “Our Lady of the Rocks,” by Leonardo da Vinci. Another version of the picture is in the Louvre. It is very characteristic of the painter, alike in its effects of light and shade, and in the peculiar grace of the expressions. Further on, is “His own portrait,” by Andrea del Sarto, No. 690. Many visitors will recall Browning’s poem on this painter, and the poet’s description of his art, as “silver-grey, placid and perfect.”

Two small rooms (**II.** and **III.**) open out of Room I., on either side. That to the left—**Room II.**—is hung with earlier pictures of the *Florentine* and the *Sieneſe* schools:—

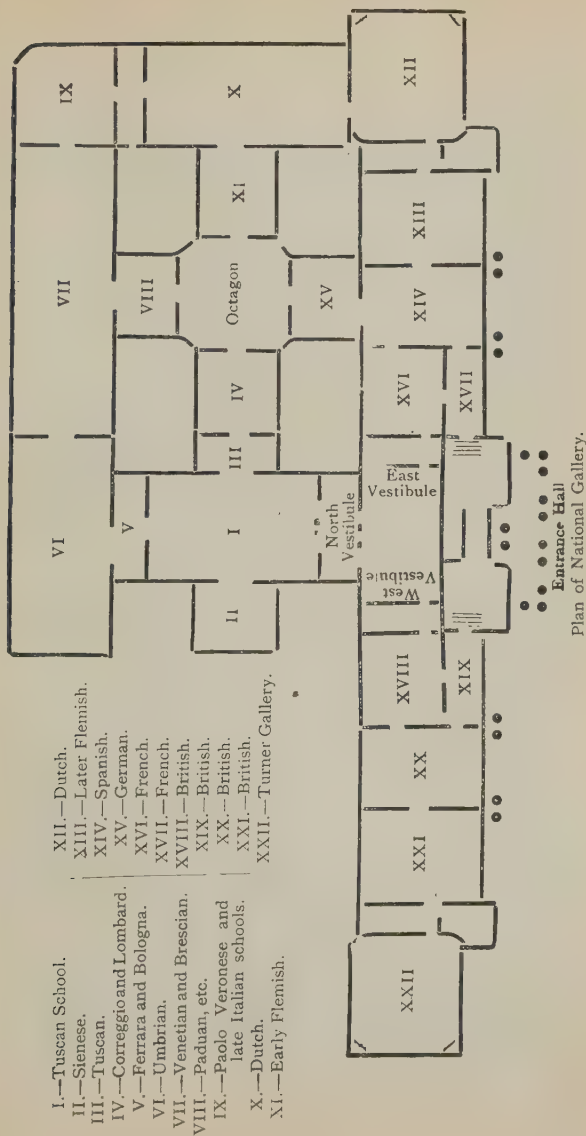
The most famous picture is No. 663, “The Resurrection,” by Fra Angelico, the painter-monk, of whom it is recorded that he “never took pencil in hand without prayer, and could not paint the Passion of Christ without tears of sorrow.” No two of the 266 figures are alike in face and form. The picture will recall to some readers Miss Christina Rossetti’s verses:—

“Multitudes, multitudes, stood up in bliss,  
“Made equal to the angels, glorious, fair;  
“With harps, palms, wedding garments, kiss of peace,  
“And crowned and haloed hair . . . .  
“These were the new begotten from the dead,  
“Whom the great birthday bore.”

**Room III.**, on the opposite side, contains other *Florentine* pictures, by chiefly Fra Lippo Lippi (celebrated in Browning’s poem) and Botticelli. The circular picture by the latter (No. 275) is much admired. “Its fascination,” says Dean Farrar, “grows continually on those who gaze at it.”

**Room IV.** (opening out of III.) contains works by Correggio and the Lombard School.

Very pretty is the Correggio, “Mercury, Venus, and Cupid,” No. 10. Mercury, the messenger of the gods (note his winged cap and sandals) is endeavouring to teach Cupid (Love) his letters, of which, according to the Greek story, Mercury was the inventor. Venus, the Goddess of Beauty



and the Mother of Love, looks out to the spectator with a winning smile of self-complacent loveliness and points us to the child. She has taken charge meanwhile of Cupid's bow (from which he shoots his arrows into lovers' hearts), and is herself represented (as sometimes in classical gems) with wings, for Beauty has wings to fly away as well as Time and Love. This famous picture was included in Charles I.'s collection and hung in his private rooms at Whitehall. In another style is the small "Virgin of the Basket," No. 23, also a celebrated and characteristic work of the master.

Returning now to the large First Room, we pass through it into **Room V.**, where works of the schools of *Ferrara* and *Bologna* are hung. Of these the best-known is No. 180, a "Pietà" ("the Virgin and angels weeping over the dead body of Christ"), by Francia, one of the most pathetic pictures in the Gallery.

**Room VI.** contains the *Umbrian* school, and facing us as we enter is one of the greatest treasures of the Gallery, the "Ansidei Madonna" (so-called from the family at Perugia for whom it was painted) by Raphael, No. 1171.

This celebrated picture was bought from the Duke of Marlborough by the nation for £70,000. It is by common consent one of the most perfect pictures in the world. Raphael is above all the painter of motherhood and childhood—of the self-forgetting love of the one, and the fearless faith of the other—the human relationship which of all others is the most divine. On either side are two saints—types both of them of the peace of Christianity. In the figure of St. John the Baptist on the left—with his rough camel skin upon him, and an expression of ecstatic contemplation on his face—the joy that comes from a life of self-sacrifice is made manifest; in that of the good Bishop Nicholas of Bari, the peace that comes from knowledge. The three balls at his feet are a favourite emblem of the saint; typical partly of the mystery of the Trinity, but referring also to the three purses of gold which he is said to have thrown into a poor man's window that his daughters might not be portionless.

Here, also, is another large Raphael, the "Madonna di Saint Antonio," lent to the Gallery by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan :—

"In the same city (says Vasari)—(the city of Perugia, for which "also the Ansidei Madonna was painted)—Raphael was commissioned "to paint a picture of Our Lady by the nuns of Sant' Antonio of Padua; "the Infant Christ is in the lap of the Virgin and is fully clothed, as it "pleased those simple and pious ladies that he should be; on each side "of Our Lady are figures of saints, San Pietro, namely, with San Paolo, "Santa Cecilia, and Santa Catarina. To these two holy virgins the "master has given the most lovely features and the most graceful attitudes; he has also adorned them with the most fanciful and varied "head-dresses that could be imagined—a very unusual thing at that time. In a lunette above the picture he painted a figure of the Almighty Father, which is extremely fine." "

Other pictures by Raphael, less important in size but not less beautiful, hang close by; and every visitor should notice also the lovely picture by Raphael's master, Perugino, No. 288. The figure on the left hand, that of "Michael the Archangel," is especially characteristic.

Entering next the long and handsome **Room VII.** we find ourselves among the *Venetian* school. The notable

pictures here are very numerous. We can only enumerate a few of them :

"The Raising of Lazarus," by Sebastiano del Piombo, was the first picture acquired for the Gallery, and it remains one of the most famous. It was painted, as we know from contemporary records, in competition with Raphael, and some there were who preferred Sebastiano's. The time chosen is after the completion of the miracle : "He that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes ; and his face was bound about with a napkin." Jesus in the middle of the picture is uttering the words, "Loose him, and let him go ;" and points to heaven, as if He said "I have raised thee by the power of Him who sent me." Behind Lazarus is his sister Martha, sickening now at what she most desired : whilst at the foot of Jesus is the other sister, Mary, full of faith and gratitude.

On the same wall is a picture hardly less famous, the "Bacchus and Ariadne," of Titian, No. 35. It represents the scene described by the Latin poet, where Bacchus, the wine-god, returning with his revel rout from a sacrifice, finds Ariadne on the sea-shore, after she had been deserted by Theseus, her lover. Bacchus no sooner sees her than he is enamoured and determines to make her his bride. But though as yet half unconscious, Ariadne is already under her fated star : for above is the constellation of "Ariadne's Crown" with which Bacchus presented her on her becoming his bride. In addition to its poetical beauty, this masterpiece is a splendid example of Titian's colour.

Another picture in this room which no visitor should miss is "The Virgin and Child," by Bellini, No. 280, a very beautiful version of the subject. A prophetic sense of the Saviour's sufferings is signified by the symbol of the pomegranate—

Pomegranate, which, if cut deep down the middle,  
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.

Next to the works already mentioned, perhaps the most interesting things in this room are the portraits which give us so life-like a presentation of characteristic men and women of the time. We may notice especially on the left-hand wall, the so-called "Portrait of Ariosto" (No. 1944), by Titian, purchased from Lord Darnley for £30,000—a masterpiece of painting, and of characterization ; the Italian "Nobleman," by Moroni, No. 1022 ; another by Moretto, No. 1025 ; the "Portrait of a poet," by Palma Vecchio ; No. 636, and the "Tailor," by Moroni, No. 697, a "speaking likeness"—considered by some critics the best portrait in the Gallery. "The tailor's picture is so well done," says an old Italian critic, "that it speaks better than any advocate could. He is something of an artist, it would seem, in clothes ; his jacket and handsome breeches were a piece of his work, one may suppose ; and the artist has caught and immortalised him, as he is standing back for a minute to count the effect of his next cut." Another very famous portrait is "The Doge Leonardo Loredano," by Bellini, No. 189—a magnificent portrait of one of the greatest men of the Venetian Republic. Leonardo, the sixty-seventh Doge, held office from 1501 to 1521. He belonged to one of the most ancient and noble families in the State, and Venice, under his rule, was one of the great Powers of Europe. There is all the quiet dignity of a born ruler in his face—"fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable—every word a fate."

We now pass through the opening on the right-hand wall into **Room VIII.**, devoted to the *Paduan* school. Several pictures by Crivelli and Marziale deserve very close attention for their quaint details and beautiful dress patterns. But the most famous painter of this school was Mantegna. Notice, especially, his "Virgin and Child,"



No. 274, with the very sweet expression of mingled humility and tenderness in the mother of the Divine Child.

Retracing our steps into the large Venetian room and leaving it by the door opposite to that by which we first entered, we find ourselves in **Room IX.**, which, as now arranged, contains (1) pictures by *Paolo Veronese*, and (2) works of *Later Italian Schools*.

On the wall facing us is "The Family of Darius," by Paul Veronese, No. 294. The glowing colour is what strikes one first. It is a splendid example too of what the historical pictures of the old masters were. The scene represented is that of the Macedonian conqueror, Alexander the Great, surrounded by his generals, receiving the submission of the family of the defeated Persian King Darius; but in his treatment of the scene Veronese makes it a piece of contemporary Venetian life. The principal figures are contemporary portraits of the Pisani family, for whom the picture was painted.

The late Italian schools are called "eclectics," or pickers and choosers, because their ambition was to choose out the salient features from several earlier styles and combine them all into one, a process, it is said, which doomed them to "the sterility of hybrids." And they are accounted decadent, because the art of this later period was not spontaneous art. "It was," says a well-known critic, "art mechanically revived during a period of declining enthusiasms. Though the painters went on painting the old subjects, they painted all alike with frigid superficiality. Nothing new or vital, fanciful or imaginative, has been breathed into antique mythology. What has been added to religious expression is repellant, extravagantly ideal in ecstatic Magdalens and Maries, extravagantly realistic in martyrdoms and torments, extravagantly harsh in dogmatic mysteries, extravagantly soft in sentimental tenderness and tearful piety." But these are general criticisms to which there are numerous exceptions. Many of the Venetian scenes by Longhi and Canaletto are very interesting. By the latter painter there is also a picture of "The Rotunda at Ranelagh," No. 1429, the famous pleasure resort, opened in 1742 as a rival to Vauxhall Gardens (see Cap. xiv.).

We now enter the large **Room X.**, and find ourselves among the *Dutch* pictures, in an altogether different atmosphere, less religious, less poetical, and for the most part less brilliantly coloured; but more realistic, more domestic, and often more accomplished in imitation. Among the very numerous small pictures of domestic interiors, Dutch landscapes, and still life, we cannot attempt to choose. We must content ourselves with calling attention to a few pictures by the more celebrated painters.

Chief among these are Rembrandt and Frans Hals. Rembrandt is a great master of light and shade, a man too of sombre imagination, and a great portrait painter. Note for the former points, No. 46, "The Woman taken in Adultery." Among his portraits, we may call special attention to that of himself, No. 672, which describes the man well—strong and robust, with powerful head, firm and compressed lips and determined chin, and eyes of keen, penetrating glance; the "Old Man," No. 243, a noble picture of the dignity of old age; and the so-called portraits of "The Burgomaster and his Wife," Nos. 1674, 1675. The large portrait group by Frans Hals, No. 2285, was bought in 1908

for £25,000. But the most famous portrait in the room is of the Flemish school, Van Dyck's "Charles the First," No. 1172. It was sold after Charles's death for a paltry sum by the Parliament, and in 1885 was bought by another Parliament—from the Duke of Marlborough—for the great price of £17,500. With the King is Sir Thomas Morton, his equerry, but Charles does not see him. Bare-headed he sits, gazing into futurity.

**Room XII.**, which opens out of Room X. at the far end, is for the most part occupied with the *Peel Collection*. This was bought from the executors of the famous Sir Robert Peel, and there is an additional interest connected with the collection, in that "it was the labour of love of one of our greatest English statesmen, and it is gratifying "to see that the taste of the amateur was on a par with "the sagacity of the minister, for throughout this large "collection there could hardly be named more than two "or three pictures which were not of the very highest "order of merit."

Sir Robert Peel was especially fond of the Dutch landscapes, and found in their cool seclusions a welcome retreat, we are told, from the heat and turmoil of political strife. Among the most famous pictures in this room, besides the landscapes, are the "Dutch interiors" by Peter de Hooch, Nos. 834, 835—pictures which seem to breathe the spirit of home as described by Mr. Ruskin: "It is natural to think your own house and garden the nicest that ever were. They are a treasure to you which no money could buy, the leaving them is always pain, the return to them a new thrill and wakening to life. They are a home and a place of root to you, as if you were founded on the ground like its walls, or grew into it like its flowers."

The door nearly opposite to this picture takes us into **Room XI.**, where pictures of the *Early Flemish* school are hung.

Every visitor should stop before the admirable pictures by Jan Van Eyck, Nos. 186, 222 and 290. Notice especially No. 186. This picture of a Flemish interior—showing a merchant of Bruges and his wife—is as spruce and fresh now as when it was first painted nearly 500 years ago. This is the more interesting from the eventful history the picture has had. At one time we hear of a barber-surgeon at Bruges presenting it to the Queen-Regent of the Netherlands, who valued it so highly that she pensioned him for life in return for the gift. Subsequently it must have passed again into humbler hands, for General Hay found it in the room to which he was taken in 1815, at Brussels, to recover from wounds at the battle of Waterloo. There are many other pictures in this room which will repay the most minute inspection, and will give great pleasure; but the visitor must habituate himself to what Mr. Ruskin calls "the angular and bony sanctities of the north," as contrasted with the "drooping grace and pensive pieties of the south."

Crossing now the **Octagonal Hall** (in which are hung a very fine series of decorative pictures by Paul Veronese), we come to **Room XV.**, which contains the *German* pictures.

The large portrait of "Two Ambassadors," by Holbein, No. 1314, will specially attract attention. The identity of the "Ambassadors" has been much disputed, but the discovery of an old manuscript description has now settled the point. They are Jean de Dinteville (on the left) who was sent to England as French Ambassador in 1533, and George de Selve, Bishop of Lavaur, who was Ambassador at Venice. The accessories and costumes are all very beautifully painted. The mysterious-looking object in the centre of the foreground puzzled many generations of connoisseurs. Standing about two feet from the picture, on the right, in a line with its corner, look in the direction of the object, and the puzzle will disclose itself. It is simply the distorted projection of a human skull. Such pictorial puzzles in perspective were not uncommon in Holbein's time, and are referred to by Shakespeare. Holbein lived 1497-1543.

Of another great German painter, *Albert Dürer*, a beautiful example has recently been acquired, the "Portrait of his Father" (1938)—"a man of few words, and God-fearing," says his son.

We must now seek **Room XIII.**, where the later Flemish pictures are hung. The room is dominated by two great masters, *Rubens* and *Van Dyck*.

Rubens, it has been said, is a Northern Venetian; he is a brilliant colourist, and over all his pictures, whatever their subject, there is a certain gaiety and glamour. "The Judgment of Paris," No. 194, is the best of his pictures here. "The Blessings of Peace," No. 46, is of special interest, from the circumstances under which it was painted. Rubens was an ambassador as well as an artist, and this picture was presented by him in 1630 to King Charles I., when he came to England to negotiate a peace.

In this room also is one of the best-known and most be-copied pictures in the Gallery, the "Chapeau de Paille," by Rubens, No. 852. Its fame among artists "depends to no slight extent on its being a *tour de force*. The head is painted in reflected light." The picture is known as the Chapeau de Paille (straw-hat), but Chapeau de Poil (beaver-hat) would be more correct. The girl's expression is as much a *tour de force* as the technical treatment.

By Van Dyck also, there are some famous and beautiful portraits. The so-called "Portrait of Gavartius," No. 52, was considered by the painter to be his masterpiece, and he used to carry it about from Court to Court to show what he could do. Two portraits, of the Marchese Cattaneo and his wife, Nos. 2127 and 2144, have recently been acquired from a palace in Genoa.

We now pass to the *Spanish School*, **Room XV.**, which includes a well-known example of Murillo's sweetly sentimental art, No. 13, and several masterpieces by Velasquez, one of the great portrait painters of the world :

Notice in both portraits of Philip IV., King of Spain (Nos. 745 and 1129), the stiff linen collars, which were invented by the king; also his wonderful moustaches, which he is said to have encased during the night in perfumed leather covers. In the "Wild Boar Hunt" (Nos. 197), notice the splendid dogs near the left-hand corner. Velasquez is very great in painting dogs; "he has made some of them," says Mr. Ruskin, "nearly as grand as his surly kings." The same painter's "Christ at the Column" (No. 1140) is an intensely dramatic rendering of the central lesson of Christianity. The absence of all decorative accessories concentrates the attention at once on the figure of the Divine sufferer—bound by the wrists to the column. The guardian angel behind bids the child approach the Redeemer in prayer (hence the alternative title that has been given to

the picture, "The Institution of Prayer"). A masterpiece by Velasquez is the "Venus with the Mirror," No. 2057, recently added to the Gallery by the National Art Collections Fund at a cost of £45,000. As a piece of flesh-painting it is accounted one of the marvels of art.

The *French School*, which occupies **Rooms XVI. and XVII.**, is not as yet fully represented at the National Gallery. But some of the best of the earlier French masters—Claude, the Poussins and Greuze, for instance—can here be well studied. Notice especially the two large Claudes in Room XVI., Nos. 12 and 14:—

They are the two which Turner selected for the "passage of arms to which he challenged his rival from the grave." He left two of his own pictures to the nation on the express condition that they should always hang side by side—as they are hanging to-day—with these two by Claude.

In the other room there have recently been added to the Gallery, by bequest, purchase or loan, several small examples of the 19th century school of French landscapes—pictures painted in a broad manner, aiming at general impressions.

Instead of going down the stairs which lead out of this room XVII., we return into Room XVI., and, passing through it into a vestibule, descend the steps, mount those opposite, and passing through another vestibule, find ourselves among the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds in **Room XVIII.**:—

Here, among many masterpieces, is Reynolds' portrait of Dr. Johnson (No. 887), "The memory of other authors," says Macaulay, "is kept alive by their works. But the memory of Johnson keeps many of his works alive. The old philosopher is still among us, in the brown coat and the metal buttons"—thanks chiefly to Boswell (No. 888), but not a little to his other friend Reynolds, who painted him several times. Every visitor will pick out for himself the charming pictures of childhood and motherhood by Reynolds, which also hang in this room; but special attention must be called to a few of them. "The Holy Family" is a picture that was thought to be dead, come to life again. It was supposed to be a wreck owing to the use of bad pigments, and for many years was withdrawn from exhibition. A year or two ago, however, it was successfully cleaned, and now re-appears in pristine brightness. It is not ideal or very religious—Reynolds, says Ruskin, could not paint a Madonna, "for surely this dearest pet of an English girl, with the little curl of lovely hair under her ear, is *not* one;" but it is full of the painter's characteristic grace. "Lady Cockburn and her Children," bequeathed to the Gallery by Mr. Alfred Beit, is one of the two pictures on which the painter inscribed his name at full length. "I shall be handed down to posterity," he said to his sitter, "on the hem of your ladyship's garment!" The macaw was painted from a pet of Sir Joshua's.

In **Room XIX.**, we are in the company of that great moralist and satirist in paint, William Hogarth; the artist of whom Dr. Johnson said that "the attentive eyes" "saw the manners in the face." The famous "Mariage à la mode" series, Nos. 113-118, should be studied with the aid of a full catalogue, for each picture is full of the

most minute points, showing the artist's wealth of imagination. "The quantity of thought," says Charles Lamb, "which Hogarth crowds into every picture, would alone "unvulgarise every subject which he might choose."

The *first picture* shows the marriage contract, whereby the alderman is to get a title for his daughter, and the old earl is in return to be relieved from his mortgages. Pride and pomposity appear in every accessory surrounding the gouty old earl. The young lord—a fop in his dress and something of a fool in his face—is admiring his countenance in the glass, with a reflected simper of self-admiration. His bride is twiddling the marriage-ring on her pocket-handkerchief, while she listens to the lawyer *Silvertongue*, who has been drawing the marriage settlements. *Scene II.* is "Married Life." My lord takes his pleasure elsewhere than at home, whither he returns in the morning, tired and tipsy. The nature of his pleasure is soon scented out by the little dog, which (like an *enfant terrible*) finds the tell-tale girl's cap in his master's pocket. In *Scene III.*, "At the Quack Doctor's," we have further evidence of the husband's profligacy; to his ruined fortunes he now adds a wasted constitution. He rallies the quack and the procuress for having deceived him. The quack treats him with insolent indifference. From *Scene IV.*, "In the Countess's Dressing-room," we learn that by the old earl's death the heroine has attained the summit of her ambition. She has become a countess; the coronet is over her bed and toilet-glass. She ranges through the whole circle of frivolous amusements, and her morning levée is crowded with persons of rank, while her lover, the young lawyer *Silvertongue*, makes himself very much at home, and presents her with a ticket of admission to a masquerade such as is depicted on the screen behind them. In the group of visitors, Hogarth's satire is seen at its best—every form of ridiculous affectation being shown in turn. In *Scene V.*, "The Duel," the husband becomes aware of the infidelity of his wife, and finds her with her paramour in a disreputable house. A duel ensues, and the earl is mortally wounded. The countess kneels in passionate entreaty for forgiveness; and while her paramour endeavours to escape through the window, the "watch" arrives to take him into custody on a charge of murder. The *finale* is "The Death of the Countess." She dies by her own hand in her father's house overlooking the Thames. The bottle which contained the poison is on the floor, close to "Counsellor *Silvertongue's* last dying speech," showing that he has been hanged for the earl's murder. The apothecary, a picture of petulant self-sufficiency, rates the servant for having purchased the poison. There is no expression of grief except on the part of the dying woman's child, and the old nurse who holds it up for a last kiss. Notice that the child's leg is in irons; "the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children." As the tragedy began sordidly, so does it end; the avaricious father—like the hound that seizes the opportunity to steal the meat from the table—carefully abstracts the rings from his dying daughter's fingers.

In **Room XX.**, the two predominating masters are *Gainsborough*, distinguished alike in landscape and in portraiture, and *Constable*, one of the great English landscape painters.

Here is "Mrs. Siddons" in the large *Gainsborough* hat (No. 683); a portrait of the great actress, Sarah Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, taken in her twenty-ninth year, the year after Reynolds painted her as the Tragic Muse. In the stately face depicted by *Gainsborough*—severe even in its beauty—one sees stamped the character of the actress who turned the heads of half the town, but never herself lost her self-restraint. "One would as soon think of making love to the Archbishop of Canterbury,"

said one of her admirers. The strong, sharply-defined features repeat the tale of her haughtiness. "Damn it, madam," said Gainsborough, after working at this portrait for some time in silence, "there is no end to your nose."

The tinge of pathos which Gainsborough gave to many of his portraits is well illustrated by the "Parish Clerk," No. 760. Something of the same spirit is discernible in his landscapes, such as that of "The Watering Place," No. 109—a picture which seems to breathe the spirit of Gray's *Elegy*.

The landscapes of Constable are mostly of his favourite Suffolk county—such as "The Cornfield" (130), "The Valley Farm" (327), and "The Hay Wain" (1207). There is a freshness in them which explains what the French critics said when Constable's pictures were exhibited in Paris: "Look," they said, "at these pictures by the Englishman! The ground seems to be covered with dew."

In **Room XXI.** is a miscellaneous collection of pictures by British "old masters," including, however, a few examples of *Millais* and other later painters.

Among the earlier painters of *genre*, *Sir David Wilkie* is conspicuous. "The Blind Fiddler" (99) and "The Village Festival" (122), are full of his elaborate detail, humorous observation, and good-natured tolerance.

Most of *Landseer's* pictures have now been removed to the Tate Gallery, but three of his masterpieces remain here—the "Sleeping Bloodhound" (603), "Dignity and Impudence" (604), and "King Charles's Spaniels" (409); the spaniels were pets of Mr. Vernon, the munificent donor of many of the best English pictures in the Gallery. They both, sad to relate, came to violent ends. The white Blenheim spaniel fell from a table, the true King Charles fell through the railings of a staircase; and the fall in each case was fatal. "The Sleeping Bloodhound" is an instance of his astonishing rapidity. The hound, called "Countess," belonged to Landseer's friend, Mr. Jacob Bell. She was lying one night on a balcony awaiting her master's return. She heard the wheels of his gig in the distance, and in leaping down missed her balance, fell between twenty and thirty feet, and died during the night. Next morning (Monday) her master took her to Landseer in hopes of securing a sketch of the old favourite, who had long been waiting for a sitting. By Thursday the picture was finished.

The portraits of *Romney* rival those of Reynolds and Gainsborough. "There are two factions in one," said Lord Thurlow, "and I am of the *Romney* faction." And what, indeed, could be more charming than his portrait sketches of the beautiful Lady Hamilton (312, 1668), or of Lady Craven (1669) and Mrs. Mark Currie (1651). In men's portraits he was hardly so successful; that of William Pitt is somewhat weak.

A portrait which will hold its own with the best of old times is *Millais's* "Gladstone" (1666), a "speaking" likeness, and full of character, showing the statesman, however, in his tenderer, rather than more pugnacious mood). It was painted during the Eastern crisis in 1879.

We now proceed to **Room XXII.**—the *Turner Gallery*—the collection of pictures bequeathed to the nation by the greatest of its landscape painters. The first thing that will strike every one, on looking round the room, is the contrast between the dark and heavy pictures on the wall to the left and the bright and aerial pictures opposite. The former are in his earlier manner, when he was concerned chiefly with accuracy of landscape *form*; in his



later manner, he added to truth of natural forms the effort to represent *aerial effects* in all their phases, and clothed his visions with

The gleam,  
The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration and the poet's dream.

Is it asked why his pictures often look, at first sight, so different from nature? The answer is—Because his pictures are the representations of scenes not as any one might see them, but as the artist himself saw them. A fellow artist once complained to Turner that, after going to Domo-dossola, to find the site of a particular view which had struck him several years before, he had entirely failed in doing so: "it looked different when he went back again." "What," replied Turner, "do you not know yet, at your age, that you ought to paint your *impressions*?" The faculty of receiving such impressions strongly and reproducing them vividly is precisely what distinguishes the poet—whether in language or painting. Pages have been written, by Mr. Ruskin and others, on nearly each picture in this room. If one had to be selected as typical of the whole series, we should perhaps choose No. 524, "The Fighting *Téméraire* tugged to her last berth to be broken up." The spirit of the picture—the pathetic contrast of the old ship's past glory with her present end—is taught in the contrast of the sunset with the shadows. The cold deadly shadows of the twilight are gathering through every sunbeam, and moment by moment as you look you will fancy some new film and faintness of the night has risen over the vastness of the departing form.

Another very pathetic picture, "The Harbour of Refuge" (No. 1391), by a different painter (Fred. Walker) hangs on a screen in this room. The scene depicted is the Almshouses at Bray, near Maidenhead. "The old pensioners are sitting on a seat in the centre; near them a stone statue cuts out clear against the golden sky, as though to contrast its endurance with the paltry tenure of life; a mower—a wild, almost unearthly figure, like his prototype whose name is Death—is surveying a scythe at arm's length, and in the foreground a young girl is leading an old woman who is bent down as though by a weight on her shoulders."

Visitors must now retrace their steps through Rooms XXI. and XX. From Room XX. a door to the right leads into Room XIX., from which a staircase leading down is the way out. Downstairs in the east basement is a collection of water-colour drawings by Turner; in the west basement, a collection of copies from old masters.

Visitors who are able to study the Gallery more leisurely, may be glad to be referred to fuller catalogues. The official ones sold in the Gallery (1s. and 6d.) contain biographical notices of all the artists. In the Turner Water-colour Room, a catalogue by Mr. Ruskin may be obtained of the attendant, 1s. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has published two "extras" on the Gallery. One (1s.) is a collection of reproductions of all the most famous pictures; the other (6d.) is entitled "Half-Holidays at the National Gallery," and contains descriptions of most of the pictures. These pamphlets can be obtained outside the Gallery. More elaborate books are "In the National Gallery," by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse—an historical account of all the *Italian* pictures (6s.), and the "Popular Handbook to the National Gallery," published by Messrs. Macmillan (Foreign school, 2s., British 1s.).

## CHAPTER IX.

## The National Portrait Gallery.

*(Behind the National Gallery.)*

"In all my poor historical investigations it has been, and always is, one of the most primary wants to procure a bodily likeness of the personage inquired after—a good portrait, if such exists; failing that, even an indifferent if sincere one. In short, any representation made by a faithful human creature of that face and figure which he saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine, is now valuable to me, and much better than none at all. It has always struck me that historical portrait galleries far transcend in worth all other kinds of national collections of pictures whatever; that, in fact, they ought to exist in every country as among the most popular and cherished national possessions."—*Carlyle*.

ADJOINING the National Gallery, but in a separate building approached by a separate entrance (on the East side) in St. Martin's Place, is the National Portrait Gallery, containing a most interesting collection of the worthies and notabilities of the English race. In spite of the interest and importance of such a collection, dwelt upon by Carlyle in the passage from his "Miscellanies" quoted above, it was not until 1856 that the nucleus of the present Gallery was formed. For many years the collection was enriched almost entirely by private gifts, and the nation did not trouble to find it a suitable home. For some time the pictures were exhibited in a house in Great George Street, some of them being deposited in the cellars of the National Gallery. Afterwards they were removed successively to South Kensington and Bethnal Green. In 1888, Mr. W. H. Alexander generously offered to build a proper Gallery; the Government granted the site, and in 1896 the present Gallery was opened to the public, when for the first time the treasures of this graphic dictionary of national biography were disclosed in orderly arrangement. The Gallery has already taken its place among the attractions of the metropolis, and it is safe to predict that the more it is known, the more it will be appreciated and enjoyed.

The Gallery is open under the same conditions and during the same hours as those in force at the National Gallery. Parties from schools, wishing to visit the Gallery for educational purposes, can be admitted free on Students' Days, on notice being given to the Secretary, stating the numbers of the party. Students, etc., should apply to the Director and Secretary, National Portrait Gallery, W.C.

The collection contains more than 1,000 portraits (in oils, drawings, marble, or bronze) and covers the whole of English history from Richard II. down to the present day, though portraits of living personages (other than the reigning sovereign) are not admitted. They are all arranged, so far as possible, in chronological order. In some of the rooms the light is bad ; indeed a fine, bright day is indispensable for seeing the Gallery properly. There is a printed label of an explanatory kind on every picture, and the official catalogue (price 6d.) is excellent. The historical interest and distinction of the Gallery are enhanced by show-cases in several of the rooms, containing autographs, seals, medallions, etc. Little more, therefore, is necessary here than a brief indication of the contents and of the arrangement.

On entering, ascend to the top floor of all and go to the far end of the Galleries. Here is **Room I.** containing the *earliest portraits*—Richard II., Henry IV., and Chaucer. **Room II.** is devoted to the *Tudors*. Here are several portraits of Henry VIII. ; the best is by Hornebolt ; it makes the national “ Blue-beard ” look remarkably like a butcher. On the end wall are several portraits of Queen Elizabeth at different ages ; wonderful studies, all of them, in costume, and showing how handsome, even in old age, was the daughter of Anne Boleyn (whose portrait is also in this room). The Queen’s favourites Burleigh, Raleigh, Leicester and Essex, hang near her ; and among other notable portraits in the room are those of Cranmer, Wolsey, More, Lady Jane Grey and Mary, Queen of Scots. In **Room III.** we come to the *Early Stuarts*. The picture of Charles I.’s children, with the dog, is an early copy of the picture by Van Dyck at Windsor Castle. Of Van Dyck there is a charming portrait by himself. Of Charles I. himself, the half-length here is not so interesting as the noble picture in the National Gallery. The portrait of Henrietta Maria is also after Van Dyck. Of the King’s favourite, George Villiers (first Duke of Buckingham), there is a fine portrait by Gerard Honthorst. The famous “ Chandos portrait ” of Shakespeare, of which the authenticity has sometimes been doubted, was presented by the Earl of Ellesmere, whose gifts formed the original nucleus of the national collection. A very interesting picture is that, by Marc Gheeraedts, of “ Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother,” a beautiful and quite modern-looking face. By the same painter is the large and interesting group showing a con-

ference of English and Spanish plenipotentiaries, assembled in an apartment of old Somerset House, to conclude a treaty of peace. It may be noticed that hitherto the best portraits have been by foreign artists. Of one of the earliest English portrait painters of distinction—William Dobson (1610-1646), sometimes called “the English Van Dyck”—there are two good examples in this room; one, a portrait of the painter by himself; the other, a portrait of Endymion Porter (groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I., and a patron of poets and artists). In **Room IV.** are the great men of the *Commonwealth*. The best portrait of Cromwell himself is by Walker; the Protector is clad in complete steel, and a page-boy ties his sash. **Room V.** takes us to the *Restoration*. In one picture Charles II. is in the robes of the Garter. Here also are the great architect Inigo Jones, and a pretty picture of Abraham Cowley. In the centre of the room, on the top of the show-case, is a curious portrait, by a Flemish artist, of Edward VI. in violent perspective: look at it through the hole at the end of the case, and the distortion is corrected. **Room VI.** is entered by Room XII., to which we shall return presently. We here see the beauties of *Charles II's* court (mostly painted by Lely), among whom are, perhaps unkindly placed, three portraits of his lawful wife, Catherine of Bragazana. The ladies include the beautiful Nell Gwynne; a charming portrait by Mignard of Louise Renée, Duchess of Portsmouth; the Duchess of Cleveland, to whom portraiture has surely been a little unkind; La Belle Hamilton and others. On the end walls, frowning on these ladies, are portraits of the philosopher, John Locke, and at the entrance of the room is John Bunyan. The small **Room VII.** contains a few busts and engravings (Colley Cibber among them). **Room VIII.** covers the reign of *William III.* Notice the picture of him at the age of seven. The face of the notorious Judge Jeffreys (see p. 78), painted by Kneller, is of exquisite refinement and might easily be credited with all the virtues. Note also the portraits of Newton and Wren. We now pass in to the third of the parallel sets of galleries on this floor, and enter **Room IX.**, where is a most interesting collection of the men of letters who shed lustre on the reign of *Queen Anne*; (it is curious that the reigns of three queens—Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria—should all have been thus illustrious). Of Anne herself, one portrait shows her with her son, the poor little Duke of Gloucester; another as queen, with the crown, orb

and sceptre. Here also are the Duke of Marlborough, and his Duchess. In **Room X.** is a charming youthful portrait of "Prince Charlie," the "young *Pretender*," and his brother, Cardinal York. Also a portrait of "James III., the old Pretender," with his sister. In the same room are portraits of Dr. Isaac Watts, the hymn-writer; of Young (the author of "Night Thoughts"), and of William Croft, the church musician), as a chorister-boy.

**Room XI.** takes us to the times of *George I.* and *II.* Here we may note two good portraits of the Earl of Chesterfield, and a remarkable picture, by Hogarth, of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, the Jacobite, who was beheaded in 1747. Gray, Handel and Washington should also be noticed. A curious picture shows the Court of Chancery, sitting during the reign of George I., in Westminster Hall; even dogs, it seems, were admitted. We next find ourselves in the long **Room XII.**, in which are hung various *large portraits* not conveniently placeable elsewhere—a pleasant picture of Queen Henrietta Maria, painted in the manner of Van Dyck; one of Charles I., painted in 1631 by Daniel Mytens; and an excellent portrait of Sir William Hamilton (diplomatist and archæologist) by Sir Joshua Reynolds. A picture of a Spanish Friar may at first excite surprise among our historical celebrities; it represents Anthony Leigh, a favourite comedian of Charles II., in a character in Dryden's play. The landing, outside, is **Room XIII.**; here hang large portraits (occasionally visible) of George I. and II.

We have now finished the top floor. The next room is reached at the far end of the first-floor galleries. This **Room XIV.** is mainly devoted to *Divines and Philosophers*. Here we may see a quaint picture of Whitefield preaching, Franklin, a well-fed portrait of Erasmus Darwin (grandfather of Charles), Wesley, and Paley. Dr. Dodd, the forger, is as sleeking-look a divine as any in the room. There are also, in the same room, several portraits of Dr. Johnson, and one (by a pupil of Reynolds) of Oliver Goldsmith. In **Room XV.** are *Politicians*. Here Pitt, Fox, Pulteney, Burke (by Reynolds), Shelburne, and Sheridan form a brilliant group. Here also should be noticed an excellent portrait, by Lawrence, of Romilly, whose mingled benignity and penetration, as here portrayed, will recall the work of the great lawyer in mitigating the barbarity of our penal code. **Room XVI.** shows us *Actors*. Here is Peg Woffington, painted as she lay paralysed in bed; Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, Garrick,

and Grimaldi (the pantomimist). In **Room XVII.** are portraits of *Artists*, often of special interest as being by the painters themselves; *e.g.*, Reynolds, Romney, Angelica Kauffmann and Watts. The room is divided into three compartments. In the *first*, we may notice (among many others) William Blake, Chantrey, Leighton (by Watts), Watts himself, and Mason (by Prinsep). In the *second compartment* are the *Punch* artists, John Leech and Charles Keene; a youthful portrait, with abundant hair, of D. G. Rosetti; Millais (by Keene); and three portraits of Turner. In the *third*, we may specially notice two portraits of Reynolds by himself, and one (unfinished) of Romney, also by himself. Parallel to the series of rooms just traversed is a long central corridor, **Room XVIII.**; here hang miscellaneous portraits—many of them very interesting, such as Sir Henry Irving by Millais, Howard, the philanthropist, Jeremy Bentham, Bishop Creighton, and Herbert Spencer; but the light is often too bad to allow any of them to be seen. Passing to the end of this corridor, we reach **Room XIX.**, devoted to men famous in the *Arts and Sciences*. We may notice, among many others, Cruikshank, Berwick, Dibdin and Smollett. In **Room XX.** are men of *Science*, such as Jenner, Hunter and Watt. In the centre of this room is a statuette, by Lord Ronald Gower, of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield; with it is exhibited an autograph letter from Queen Victoria, thanking the sculptor for his likeness of her “dear, beloved and honoured friend.”

The next **Room, XXI.**, is in three compartments. Here hang *female portraits, small drawings, sketches, etc.* In the *first compartment* we may notice Mrs. Fry, Hannah More, Miss Mitford, “George Eliot,” Charlotte Brontë, Jane Welch Carlyle, Mrs. Browning, and Nelson’s “Emma” also Rossetti and Tennyson. In the *second*, Thomas Hood, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Louis Stevenson. In the *third*, Wellington, Peel, Wilberforce, O’Connell, Edward Irving, Livingstone and Grace Darling. The long corridor, **Room XXII.**, contains miscellaneous busts and portraits, including Lord Brougham, Grote (the historian), and Blackstone (by Reynolds). The landing outside (**Room XXIII.**), again often very dark, has full-length portraits of Keene and Mrs. Siddons, by Lawrence.

Descending the steps, we reach another landing on a lower level. This is **Room XXIV.**, and contains *Royal*



*Portraits* of the last reigns. Of Queen Victoria, there are (1) a copy in water colours after the original portrait by Professor von Angeli, taken in 1875. It was painted (with Her Majesty's special permission) for the National Portrait Gallery, and presented by the copyist, Lady Abercromby, Lady-in-waiting to the Queen; (2) a large portrait by Sir George Hayton of the Queen in her coronation robes; and (3) a copy, made for the Gallery, of Professor von Angeli's portrait of the Queen at the age of 80. The portrait of the Prince Consort (as Colonel of the Rifle Brigade), by Winterhalter, is a replica of the last portrait painted from life, now at Buckingham Palace. It was presented by the Queen. In the same hall are pictures of the unhappy Princess, afterwards Queen Caroline (*see* p. 42); the Duke of Kent, the Queen's father; that martinet, Queen Charlotte; the Duke of Sussex; and the later Georges.

Visiting next the East Wing, we enter **Room XXV.**, one of the most attractive in the Gallery. Turning to the left, we notice interesting portraits of Burns, Scott, Byron (in Albanian costume), Shelley, Keats, Coleridge and Dickens. Then, on the outer wall, is the magnificent collection of portraits, presented to the nation by *Watts*. These include Sir Henry Taylor, Rossetti, Panizzi, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Browning (above, another one by Lehmann), Manning, Lawrence, Mill, William Morris (above, Sargent's fine portrait of Coventry Patmore), Shaftesbury, Lowe, Carlyle (above, another one by Millais), Lord John Russell, Gladstone, Milman and Lytton. Above, an effective sketch, painted in one sitting, of Robert Louis Stevenson, by Sir W. B. Richmond. On the inner wall is a collection of portraits of famous *Naval and Military* commanders. This series is continued in **Room XXVI.** Among these great empire-builders, we may notice Nelson, Wellington, Outram, Clive, Heathfield and Wolfe. **Room XXVII.** is devoted to *Scientific and Literary* men. The portraits here include Brewster, Brunel, Faraday, Darwin, and Stephenson. **Room D** (beyond Room XXVII.) is devoted to Sir John Franklin and other *Arctic Explorers*.

We now descend to the ground floor, which is mainly occupied with offices, etc. The ground-plan is not very easy to follow here, but notice-boards guide the visitor. **Room XXVIII.** contains portraits of *Judges*; and the corridor (**Room XXIX.**) a few miscellaneous portraits, including Disraeli, by Willais; John Bright, by Oulless; and Cobden, by Dickinson. On the landing (**Room**

**XXX.)** is a group of a "Convention of the Anti-Slavery Society in 1840," by B. R. Haydon. Clarkson is addressing the meeting, and there are 130 portraits in the group.

**Room XXXIII.** (in the basement) contains portrait groups of the *Houses of Parliament*. The earliest shows the interior of the old House of Commons in St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster (*see* p. 66), in 1793, painted by Karl Anton Hickel. Addington is in the chair. On the left is William Pitt addressing the House. The occasion was the debate on a Royal message informing Parliament that the King had determined to augment his forces "for supporting his allies and for opposing views of aggrandisement and ambition on the part of France." The picture is crowded with portraits, for which the artist received special sittings. Its whereabouts, long forgotten, was discovered a few years ago, through the instrumentality of *Notes and Queries*, to be a store-room in the Belvedere Palace at Vienna, and in 1895 the Emperor of Austria presented it to the British nation. The second picture, painted by Sir George Hayter in 1823, shows the interior of the House of Lords in 1820, during the discussion of the bill to dissolve the marriage between George IV. and Queen Caroline. The latter is seated at a table within the bar, outside which Brougham and her other counsel are conspicuous. The third group (also by Hayter) shows the interior of the old House of Commons, during the moving of the Address to the Crown at the meeting of the First Reformed Parliament, February 5th, 1833.

Regaining the entrance lobby, we have next to visit the ground-floor of the east wing—**Rooms XXXI. and XXXII.**—containing *sculpture*, models, and electrotypes. Here we find busts and statues of many of the famous men whose likenesses in pictures or drawings, we have already studied. Here also are casts from the curious wooden effigy in Gloucester Cathedral of Robert, Duke of Normandy, surnamed "Courthose," eldest son of William the Conqueror; from the alabaster effigy of Edward II. in the same cathedral; and from the metal-gilt effigy on the monument of Edward the Black Prince at Canterbury.

## CHAPTER X.

## The Tate Gallery.

("National Gallery of British Art".)

There are two elements which have gone to form the British art of to-day. It has, to begin with, an originality and a steady independence of its own; but it has also another and very marked characteristic in its readiness to adopt, assimilate and make its own; what is good—perhaps even sometimes what is not so good—in the art of foreign countries."—*Sir Edward Poynter*.

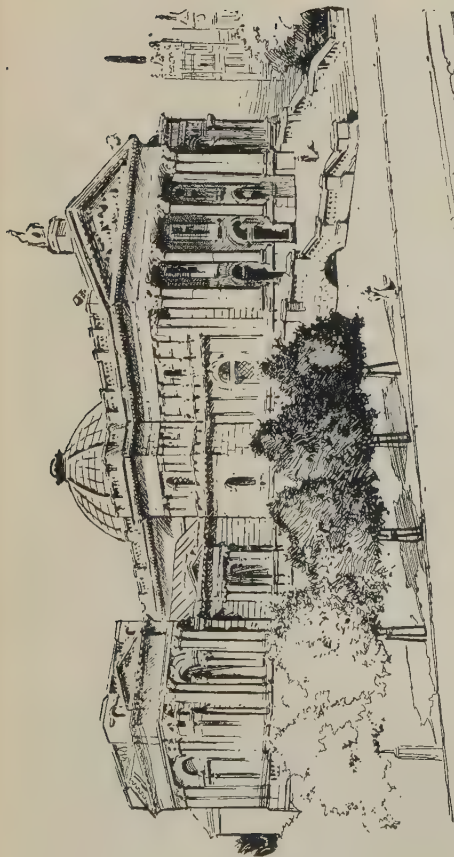
The Tate Gallery at Millbank is not easily accessible except on foot or by cab. It is ten minutes' walk from Westminster (keep straight on past the House of Lords). There are, however, some Westminster and Vauxhall omnibuses, going along Great Smith Street, which pass close to the Gallery.

THE encouragement and study of art in this country owes as much to private munificence as to State aid, and among the public-spirited men whose names will always be honourably remembered in this connexion is the late Sir Henry Tate, the founder of this Gallery.

Officially the fine and spacious building which we are now to visit is styled "The National Gallery of British Art," and administratively it is a branch of the National Gallery, but popularly it is known as "the Tate Gallery." It had long been a disgrace to the metropolis that there was no adequate public display of works of art by the British School. The pictures bought in successive years (since 1877) under the Chantrey Bequest had no abiding home. The walls of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square were terribly over-crowded. Sir Henry Tate—a wealthy sugar-refiner, whose name painted large on boxes of "Tate's cube sugar" is so well known—decided to come to the rescue. The Government provided a site, which was vacant on the Millbank embankment, and Tate presented both the Gallery and a collection of pictures. Where his Palace of Art now stands was once the Millbank Penitentiary, of which an engraving is hung in one of the passages of the Gallery. It was opened in 1897, and two years later the same generous donor provided the funds for a large extension. A yet further enlargement is now in progress through the munificence of the late Sir J. Duveen: the new rooms are to be devoted to a Turner Gallery. The present Gallery is spacious, adequately warmed in winter and cool in summer; the pictures are not over-crowded, and there is a tea-room on the premises. It is *open*, free, on Monday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, from 10 a.m. to 4, 5 or 6 p.m. (according to the season): and, on payment of 6d., on Tuesday and Wednesday (11 a.m. to 4 or 5). Also on Sunday, in the summer only, from 2 p.m. to 4 or 6.

The Tate Gallery contains the following collections of pictures:—

1. *Sir Henry Tate's Collection* of sixty-five pictures, and a few works of sculpture, including many old Academy favourites.



*The*  
NEW  
GALLERY OF  
BRITISH ART

2. The pictures and sculptures bought by the Academy under the *Chantrey Bequest*.

3. Pictures of the British School, mainly of the mid-Victorian epoch, transferred from the *National Gallery*.

4. A few examples of *Modern Foreign Schools*, also transferred from the National Gallery.

5. The *Watts Collection* presented by the artist

6. Recent acquisitions of British works of art, acquired by the Trustees of the National Gallery; and, lastly,

7. Several pictures by *Turner*, recently discovered in the store-rooms at Trafalgar Square.

Several visits to the Gallery are required to see it properly; we shall here make the tour of the rooms, calling attention to some of the principal contents.

In front of the Gallery is appropriately placed a statue of *Millais*, one of the great modern masters of the British School, whose work, specially admired by Sir Henry Tate, is finely illustrated within. In the recesses of the **Central Hall** are statues of other British artists.

The gift of Sir Henry Tate and the opening of the Gallery by His Majesty King Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, on 21st July, 1897, are recorded by inscriptions on the bases of two columns in the Central Hall. The founder's inscription is as follows:—"This Gallery and sixty-five pictures were presented to the nation by Henry Tate for the encouragement and development of British Art and as a Thank Offering for a prosperous business career of sixty years."

Turning to the left, we enter

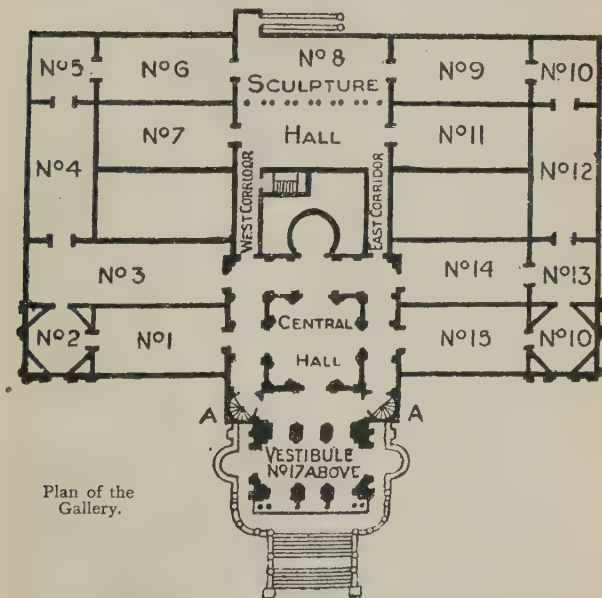
**Room I.**, which contains works by some of the *older British Painters*, one or two examples of *Turner* being included. The two large pictures which occupy the central places on either wall are by *James Ward*; one (1043) is of "Gordale Scar," in Yorkshire, a chasm in the limestone cliffs, whose height the artist brings out by the introduction of cattle and deer; the other (688) is a cattle-piece. Among other pictures in the room, we may notice:—

"The first Ear-rings" (328), by *Wilkie*; "Pride must suffer pain." "The Preaching of John Knox" (894), to the Lords of the Congregation (June 10, 1559); the figure in the red cap and gown is the famous scholar of St. Andrew's, the "Admirable Crichton." A picture by *Etty* (356), illustrating the lines of Gray, "In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes, Youths on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm." Portrait, by *Pickers-gill*, of Robert Vernon (416), who presented many of these pictures to the nation.

**Room II.** is mainly devoted to the works of *Maclise* and *Landseer*, the principal place being occupied by the former artist's scene from "Hamlet" (422); "The play's

the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King." We may notice also:—

A scene from "Don Quixote" (402), by *C. R. Leslie*, full of spirit and character. *Landseer's* "War" (414) and "Peace" (413), the scene of the latter being placed on Dover Cliff. "Uncle Toly and Widow Wadman" (403), again by *Leslie*, an illustration of an incident in Sterne's "Tristram Shandy"; "I protest, madam, I can see nothing whatever in your eye." "It is not in the white," said Mrs. Wadman."



"Doctor Johnson in Lord Chesterfield's Ante-room" (430), by *E. M. Ward*, is an incident founded on Lord Chesterfield's neglect of Johnson during the progress of his Dictionary, the first prospectus of which he had dedicated to his lordship. Notice the various devices by which the painter embodies Johnson's sense of disgust. The waiting is tedious; one of Johnson's companions in misfortune is yawning, another winding up his watch. Yet the indignity is greater for Johnson than for any other of my lord's petitioners; he is the cynosure of all eyes; whilst those who have been preferred to him regard him with the insolent curiosity of coxcombs.

**Room III.** should detain the visitor for some time, as it contains many of the best pictures in the Gallery,



including a very fine collection of the *Pre-Raphaelite School* :

On entering, we first notice a fine landscape (2060) by *Linnell* ; and then on the end wall, a huge picture (1633) by *Watts*. It is called "The Dray Horses" or "The Mid-day Rest"; the painter sought to immortalize the dray-horse ere his extinction by the motor ; also, perhaps, to suggest the sense of repose and latent power, once characteristic of English life. "The Last Day in the Old Home" (1500), by *Martineau*, will repay the most minute examination, the painter having depicted the break-up of an old family home with the most laborious detail, in which everything is made to tell a tale or point a moral, a story with an almost Hogarthian attention to detail ; the ruined family, the brokers in the distance, the sad lady writing for cheap apartments, the spend-thrift husband encouraging his little son to drink the last glass of champagne, the sympathetic old family butler delivering the keys and being paid off, the pictures of the racehorses that have helped to bring on this ruin—nothing is left out. In sharp contrast with the foregoing in artistic method, is "Life's Illusions" (1920), by *Watts*—an allegorical design, showing the divers forms of hope and ambition which hover above men, and at their feet the shattered symbols of greatness and power. The artist's own portrait (1561) should next be noticed.

At the end of the room is a famous picture by *Whistler*, "Old Battersea Bridge" (1959)—one of those "Nocturnes" in which the artist depicted the poetry of London nights. "When," he wrote, "the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us—then Nature sings her exquisite songs to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her."

A masterpiece by another great painter, *Albert Moore*, should next be noticed. It is called "Blossoms" (1549), and is of singular delicacy, refinement and harmonious beauty.

We now come to the wall on which is a group of pictures illustrative of the *Pre-Raphaelites*, the painters who sought to redeem the art of the mid-Victorian era period from triviality in subject and conventionalism in treatment. One of the leading spirits among them was the poet-painter, *Rossetti*, and his "Annunciation" (1201) is admirably illustrative, in its sincerity and simplicity, of their aims, whilst at the same time it is wholly free from the affectations peculiar to *Rossetti* which characterize his later works. *Ruskin*, who was the earliest literary advocate of the pre-Raphaelites, defined their leading principle as the resolve "to paint 'things as they probably did look and happen, and not as by rules of art' developed under Raphael (hence the name 'pre, or before Raphaelite'), 'they might be supposed gracefully, deliciously, or sublimely to have 'happened.' The angel Gabriel is appearing to the Virgin to announce unto her the birth of a Son, Jesus. The Virgin rises to meet him—"Ecce Ancilla Domini," "Behold the handmaid of the Lord ; be it unto me according to thy word." Another picture by *Rossetti*, "Beata Beatrix" (1281) is intended to illustrate symbolically the death of Beatrice as treated by Dante in his *Vita Nuova*. On the frame is the date of Beatrice's death (9th June, 1290), and the words *quomodo sedet sola civitas* (how doth the city sit solitary !), the first words of Jeremiah's Lamentation, quoted by Dante to show the grief of Florence at Beatrice's death. Beatrice herself is seated on a balcony overlooking Florence. Dante and the angel of Love are depicted watching in the background. The picture was painted in 1863, some while after the death of the artist's wife, and Beatrice is a portrait of her.

The "Portrait of Mrs. Morris" is a wonderful piece of colour, quite Venetian in effect. This picture of the wife of an old friend was painted—as an interesting inscription on a dark red curtain in the corner tells us—in 1868.

"Chaucer at the Court of Edward III." (2063), by *Ford Madox Brown* (under whom Rossetti studied for a time), is a characteristic work, in which the artist, as he tells us, "to treat light and shade absolutely as it exists at any one moment instead of in generalised style." Chaucer is accordingly represented reading his poem to the King and court, to knights and ladies fair, and amid sunshine in the open air." The poet's head was studied from Rossetti. Other members of the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" appear in the same artist's "Christ washing Peter's feet" (1394); the light-headed disciple towards the centre of the table is Holman Hunt, and next to him is again Rossetti. By Holman Hunt is "The Ship" (2120)—a scene on a P. & O. steamer in the Mediterranean, painted in 1875 before the old-fashioned steering gear had been abolished, and intended to illustrate the lines in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*

I hear the noise about thy keel,  
I hear the bell struck in the night,  
I see the cabin-window bright,  
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Here also is a beautiful picture by Burne-Jones, "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" (1771), which illustrates, though in the painter's own manner, another poem by Tennyson ("Her arms across her breast she laid," etc.). The patient working out of sumptuous detail, the wistful, far-away look of the Maid, and the intensity of expression are all very characteristic of the painter.

Lastly, there is a group of famous pictures by *Millais*. In "Ophelia" (1506), we are shown, the instant before death, Ophelia singing her last song; the landscape was painted on the Ewell near Kingston; for the face, Miss Siddal (afterwards Mrs. D. G. Rossetti) sat as model. "A Yeoman of the Guard" (1494) is one of the painter's masterpieces in another sort, a study in scarlet. "The Order of Release" (1657) represents the release of a clansman who has been imprisoned, after the battle of Cullodan, for complicity in the cause of the Pretender; as a piece of realistic painting, and for its rendering of expression, the picture is among the masterpieces of the British School.

**Room IV.** also contains several celebrated pictures, including several which were in *Sir H. Tate's collection* :—

"Mercy" (1510), by *Millais*, represents a scene on St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24th, 1572; a Catholic nobleman, armed cap-à-pie, is preparing to play his part in the Huguenot massacre; a nun seeks to stay his purpose, but behind her is a monk beckoning him to issue forth and do his work. "The Boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh" (1691) shows us the future explorer listening eagerly to stories of the Spanish main. "The North-West Passage" (1509), by *Millais*, when exhibited at the Academy in 1874, had the words, "It might be done, and England should do it," affixed to its name in the catalogue. It is one of *Millais'* most important works, and was painted when the public was deeply interested in the fate of some Arctic explorers. A girl reads aloud, to an old weather-beaten seaman, a story of Arctic exploration and suffering; he seems from his look to be thinking that if he were still young, he might succeed where others failed: his face is a portrait of Shelley's and Byron's friend Trelawney. Other pictures by *Millais* in the same room are "The Knight-Errant" (1508), "A Disciple" (1564), and "St. Stephen" (1563); the latter, exhibited in 1895, is one of the painter's latest works. Partly by *Millais*, and partly by Landseer, is the large "Equestrian Portrait" (1503); it was begun by Landseer who intended to represent Queen Victoria issuing from Windsor Castle; *Millais*, taking up the unfinished canvas, painted in his daughter, with page and dog, and called it "Nell Gwynne."

We now go back to notice a few pictures by other artists. "The Harbour of Refuge" (1391), by *Frederick Walker*, shows us the poetry

of repose, as the artist's "Vagrants" (1209) shows that of labour; the scene in the former is the old almshouses at Bray, near Maidenhead. *Sir Edward Poynter's* "Outward Bound" (1948) is pretty; and *Sir L. Alma Tadema's* "Silent Greeting" (1523) is a characteristic example of the artist's marble pleasaunces.

A picture which always attracts attention is "The Derby Day," by *Frith*: the scene at Epsom in 1857, Blink Bonny's year, in the old days when gambling tents, thimble-rigging and the three-card were much to the fore.

Passing through Room V. (at present under re-arrangement), we enter **Room VI.**, in which several of the pictures are by *modern foreign artists* crowded out of the National Gallery:—

The large picture of "The Execution of Lady Jane Gray" (1909) is by *Paul Delaroche*, a famous French artist of the 19th century. The victim is being guided by the Lieutenant of the Tower to the fatal block. "The Horse Fair" (621), by *Rosa Bonheur*, was formerly at the National Gallery—the first picture by a woman there admitted. The "Italian Landscape" (1493), by *Giovanni Costa*, is full of the charm of his native Tuscany.

Here, also, are several pictures by *Orchardson*. "The First Cloud" (1520) is an unpleasant subject realistically treated. (The large expanses of floor between the figures in this and some other works are very characteristic of this artist). In "Her Mother's Voice" (1521) a pathetic note is sounded; the widower is recalled to the past by his daughter singing at the piano; her lover turns over the leaves. The isolation and grief of the father are dramatically expressed. "Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon" (1601), is an historical picture, in which the portraits are carefully studied.

Among other works by British (and American) artists, we may notice "Diana of the Uplands" (2059), by *C. W. Furse*, and the same painter's unfinished "Portrait of Lord Roberts" (on loan); the Field-Marshal, mounted on his horse, is surrounded by Indian and British troops. The portrait by *Sargent* of "Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth" (2053) was in the collection of Sir Henry Irving; the actress wears the robe of metallic iridescence designed for his revival of the tragedy at the Lyceum. In the same room there are some brilliant water-colour sketches by *Brabazon*.

We now enter the Sculpture Hall, and turning to the right enter **Room VII.**, which contains the *Watts Collection*. The pictures by that great colourist and earnest teacher here collected were presented by him, and convey, to those who have eyes to read, some of the lessons which he was most anxious to suggest to this generation. The following pictures may specially be noticed:—

"Death Crowning Innocence" (1635): a touching and lovely picture of a little child in the arms of Death, "the silent angel of Pity, who takes charge of Innocence, placing it beyond the reach of evil." This is one of the painter's most beautiful imaginations. "Love and Life" (1641): Love, a winged youth, leads Life, a slender girlish figure, tenderly up the steep path, towards the golden air of the heights. "Love and Death" (1645): Love, in unavailing anguish, keeps watch against the solemn, irresistible power of Death, whose messenger has his face concealed from us. "Hope" (1640): a slight figure, blindfolded, with head bowed over a lyre, and seated on a blue globe (blue, the colour of hope). "Sic Transit Gloria" (1638): an impressive and powerful picture,

severely simple, of a dead warrior lying on his bier; emblematic imagery surrounds him, and on the dark curtain behind him is inscribed a verse which gives the prevailing 'note.' "The Messenger" (1646): a female figure, symbolizing Death, gently summons a worn-out man to repose. "The Court of Death" (1894): before the Queen of Death, attended by Silence and Mystery, the warrior lays down his sword, a cripple wails for respite, and all, according to their several fortunes, attend her summons. "Jonah" (1636): a gaunt figure, in divine frenzy, crying, with outstretched arms, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." The blood-stained walls of the city behind him are engraved with symbols of its vices. "Mammon" (1630): a hideous god, throned, with ass's ears and richly dressed; his lap is full of money bags; he tramples a youth with his heavy foot, while clutching the hair of a helpless girl, whose "green garments of hope" has fallen from her on to the steps of the throne. "For he had Great Possessions" (1632): an impressive and suggestive figure, with averted head, dropped low in sadness, uncertainty expressed by the half-open fingers. "The Eve Trilogy": three pictures (1642, 1643, 1644): Eve tempted, created, and repentant; beautiful in line and colour, but curiously mystic and vague. "The Dweller in the Innermost" (1631): one of the Master's most imaginative creations. "The vague figure may be vaguely called conscience"; she sits brooding, with outspread wings, within an aureole of light. Her right hand holds the trumpet of truth, and in her lap are sharp arrows; a bright light shines from her forehead. "Time, Death and Judgment" (1693): a solemn representation of the ideal "and after these the judgment." "The Minotaur" (1634): a very powerful realization of the bull-man of the Greek legend. Despite his brutal strength and cruelty—he crushes a bird, needlessly, under his hand—the isolation of the monster strikes a note of pity.

We now return into the cool and pleasant **Sculpture Hall**, containing many excellent works; opposite the room which we have just left is **Room XI.**, containing the *Turner Collection*, a supplement, as it were, to the Turner Room in the National Gallery:—

Some of the pictures were previously exhibited in Trafalgar Square, and in the painter's life-time at the Royal Academy; as, for instance, "Undine" (549), which the critics described contemptuously as "a lobster salad"; and "The Exile and the Rock Limpet" (529)—a picture of Napoleon in exile at St. Helena, watching, at sunset, a solitary shell: even "this poor wave-washed disc had power and liberty denied to him." But most of the pictures had been put away, neglected, in the National Gallery for fifty years—in some ways a happy neglect, for the result is that they are in all their original brilliance. There are some of Turner's earlier period, but those which will most arrest attention belong to the end of his artistic career, when he flung his whole effort into the study of light and colour. Turner, in this phase, is the Shelley of painting. These radiant canvases, on which definite forms are lost in intensity of light and colour and melt into indefinite distances, appeal to the imagination somewhat as passages in Shelley where

The spirits of the mind  
Voyage, cloudlike and unspent,  
Through the cloudless element.

We may call attention to "The Evening Star" (1991), the "Sunrise, with a Sea Monster" (1990), the "Rocky Bay" (1989) and the "Sunrise, Bay of Baiae" (1985) as among the most poetical of this beautiful series.

In the same room, there is a loan exhibition of *Turner Relics*. There are models, which he studied for his pictures of shipping; note-books and guide-books, which he used on his sketching tours abroad; the MSS. of

his lectures as Professor of Perspective in the Royal Academy; also a MS. volume of his Poems.

We must now once again return into the Sculpture Hall, in order to continue our tour of the Galleries. In **Room IX.** (opposite Room VI.), there is a further instalment of the *Tate Collection*, together with other modern pictures, subsequently acquired. Many of them are of great popular interest:—

"His First Offence" (1567), by *Dorothy Tennant* (Lady Stanley), a masterly little picture, exhibited in the Academy, 1896; her charming little street arabs command all our sympathy, and this one has the sharp, shifty, yet pathetic, look of all his class. "The Lady of Shalott" (1543), by *Waterhouse*, illustrates Tennyson's poem; Elaine sits in the black boat with "glacey" upturned face. "The Doctor" (1522), by *Luke Fildes*, when exhibited at the Academy in 1891, had a crowd continually before it, whose sympathy with the subject showed itself in the continual anxious enquiry, "Will the child live?"—so true is it that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The picture is realistically and powerfully painted—as befitting "a symbol of the struggle between science and death." The whole figure of the doctor—anxious, yet supported by calm assurance of knowledge—bends over the frail form of the child at the dawn when life runs lowest; the child's little blue hand hangs helpless, the parents weep in the background, yet withal there is a suggestion of a faint hope.

"Victoria Regina" (1919), by *Wells*, showing the scene on June 20th, 1837, when the Queen's accession was announced to her, as she has described it in her diary:—"I was awoke at 6 o'clock by Mamma, who told me that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham (the Lord Chamberlain) were here, and wished to see me. I got out of bed and went into my sitting-room (only in my dressing-gown) and alone, I saw them. Lord Conyngham then acquainted me that my poor uncle, the King, was no more, and consequently that I am Queen. Lord Conyngham knelt down and kissed my hand, at the same time delivering to me the official announcement of the King's demise. . . . Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty towards my country; I am very young and perhaps, in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real good-will and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have." The self-confidence of the girl-Queen comes out in these words and in the under-lining of the word *alone*; the artist has appreciated the situation in placing Mamma behind the door.

"The Health of the Bride" (1544) by *Stanley Forbes*, of the *Newlyn* (or naturalistic) school of painting, is a faithful portrait of a Cornish marriage feast. "Consulting the Oracle" (1541), by *Waterhouse*, is a scene of ghostly necromancy; the priestess, in dark blue, consults the mouth of a blackened skull. "Sympathy" (1566), by *Briton Riviere*, is a popular and charming study. The huge picture by *Watts*, (1913) is "A Story from Boccaccio," an early work of the master, painted at Florence. "The Remnants of an Army" (1553), by *Lady Butler*, shows an historic incident in the Afghan war of 1842, when the sole survivor of the massacre of a British force arrived thus at the gates of Jallalabad.

In **Room X.** further pictures of the Tate collection are hung, principal among them being *Lord Leighton's* "And the sea gave up the Dead, Revelation xx., 13" (1511)—a repetition of a composition designed for the Dome of St. Paul's.



**Room XII.**, which opens out of Room X., contains *Landscapes* bought under the terms of the *Chantrey Bequest* :—

“Upland and Sky” (1623), by *Adrian Stokes*, is impressive in its simplicity. “Morning Glory” (1592), by *Corbet*, is a beautiful study of “the orange light of widening morn.” “My Lady’s Garden” (1698), by *J. Young Hunter*, is, though few would so imagine, a London scene, painted in the gardens of Holland House.

**Room XIII.** contains further Chantrey pictures, the place of honour being given to a picture, of delightful freshness and vigour, by *Furse*, entitled “The Return from the Ride” (1983). Among the other pictures we may notice :—

“Between Two Fires” (1611), by *F. D. Millet*, a very amusing and daintily-painted bit of *genre*; the Puritan between the two coquetting damsels does not quite know whether to be shocked at their forwardness, or to welcome their advances. “The Heretic” (2071), by *Frank Craig*,—a scene in the Middle Ages. “St. Agnes in Prison” (1961), by *F. C. Cowper*,—telling the story from the “Golden Legend” of how the Saint received from Heaven a shining white garment to cover her nakedness.

The next gallery, **Room XIV.**, contains some of the most interesting pictures of the *Chantrey Bequest*, the subjects being for the most part connected with the sea :—

“August Blue” (1613), by *H. S. Tuke*; a brilliant piece of sea and sunlight. “Catspaws off the Land” (1604), a seapiece by *Henry Moore*, full of rich blues and greens. (“Catspaws” are gentle breezes that just ruffle the surface of the sea.) “Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose” (1615), by *Sargent*. This picture, which is its author’s *chef d’œuvre*, made a great sensation when exhibited at the Academy in 1887. It was certainly bold to attempt to render in a picture the conflict of light between the fading day and the illuminated lanterns, and their effect upon the various flowers with which the two little white-froaked girls are surrounded. But Mr. Sargent has succeeded in this, and in the production of a beautiful work of art into the bargain. “Hudson’s Last Voyage” (1616), by the *Hon. J. Collier*. The old navigator is turned adrift, with his son, by mutineers upon the icy polar seas; death stares him, his boy, and sick shipmate in the face; his glassy and despairing eyes are fixed on vacancy. “Britannia’s Realm” (1617), by *J. Brett*, represents a vast blue expanse of waters, with some cutters and a schooner becalmed in the distance. It is one of the noblest works of this great sea painter; the water is a marvel of execution. “A Hopeless Dawn” (1627), by *Frank Bramley*, is a famous picture, painted in the early period of the Newlyn School, which made a great stir when it was exhibited in the Academy in 1888. It tells its story dramatically and yet very simply; there is infinite pathos in the despairing attitude of the young wife, and even more in the old woman’s half-stunned look; while the guttering candle, the threatening foaming sea outside, the bleak cheerlessness of the grey dawn, all contribute to the general effect. It is a picture remarkable no less for its profound human interest, than for its great beauty of execution. “The Pool of London” (1599), by *Vicat Cole*. This mass of shipping, barges, masts and sails, with St. Paul’s and the vast city in the silvery distance, gives a wonderful impression of London’s vast commercial activity. Mr. Gladstone was especially struck by this when the picture was exhibited in 1888. It cost £2,000, and took several years to paint. “Charterhouse Chapel” (1602), by *Herkomer*; a portrayal of a scene immortalized by Thackeray in his



"Newcomes." The old pensioners, in their black gowns, file in for service ; all are reverend and noble figures ; they are not actual portraits of Charterhouse Brethren, but were all painted from friends of the artist.

We must now return into Room XIII., and from it enter **Room XVI.**, which also is devoted to *Chantrey pictures* :—

"Amy Robsart (1609), by *Yeames*, illustrates the death, by mischance or murder, of Dudley's wife, as told in Scott's "*Kenilworth*," The "*Annunciation*" (1576), by *Hacker*, is a characteristic example of Anglo-French academic art. "*The Two Crowns*" (1839), by *Dicksee*, puts, before the spectators the eternal contrast between glory and renunciation between the Crown of Gold and the Crown of Thorns.

**Room XV.** contains another, and the last, instalment of Chantrey pictures. Among them are several of interest.

"The Man with the Scythe" (1605), by *La Thangue*, who has sometimes, owing to his Anglo-French realism, been called the English Bastien-Lepage. The tone of the whole picture is subdued and grey ; there is much feeling in the face and figure of the sick child. . . . The reaper at the gate is symbolical of that reaper whose name is death. "*The Girl at the Gate*" (1612), by *Clausen*, is another grey-blue picture of the same school ; there is a pathetic and touching realism in the sad-eyed peasant girl in her poor cotton dress. "*The Bath of Psyche*" (1574), by *Leighton*, is a beautiful example of his suave and graceful art. It is interesting to compare it with the "*Psyche*" (1585), of *Watts*,—more shrinking and touched with mysticism. "*Love Locked Out*" (1578), by *Anna Lea Merritt* ; a charming effect of rose and gold. "*Toil, Glitter, Grime and Wealth on a flowing tide*" (1580), by *Wylie* ; a vigorously painted picture of life on the Lower Thames. "*Beyond Man's Footsteps*" (1577), by *Briton Riviere* ; a desolate Arctic scene, with icy mountains and a solitary polar bear. "*June in the Austrian Tyrol*," (1571), by *Mac Whirter*, one of our best landscape painters. It is a splendid bit of colour, and succeeds wonderfully in realizing the unrealizable—the mystery of the Alps, and the glory of the Alpine meadows. "*The Vigil*" (1582), by *Pettie* ; a newly-elected knight praying before his armour, and keeping "*the Vigil of Arms*." "*Speak ! Speak !*" (1584), by *Millais*, illustrating a verse in Tennyson's *In Memoriam* :—

Tears of the widower, when he sees,  
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,  
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels  
Her place is empty.

"*A Visit to Aesculapius*" (1586), by *Poynter* ; a beautiful picture, in which the carefully studied archæological detail does not interfere with the general effect of Venus seeking aid from the God of Healing. "*Harmony*" (1587), by *Dicksee*, a poem on canvas :—

Love and harmony combine,  
And their souls together twine.

We have now completed our tour of the principal part of the Gallery. The visitor should not leave, however, without going to the **Upper Floor**. In the Gallery which runs round the central portion of the building many pictures will be found—often, however, in bad light and almost out of reach of the eye. Pictures, like books, "have their fates," and fashions change. It is a case,

literally, of "up to day and down to-morrow." For here, ruthlessly "skied," will be found several subject-pictures which a few years ago, were "on the line" at the National Gallery—the admired of all admirers! But our space is running out, and we can only notice a very few of these now discarded favourites:—

"A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society" (1226), by *Landseer*; a fine picture of a Newfoundland, with an expression of semi-human pathos in the eyes. "High Life and Low Life" (410), by *Landseer*; the former a portrait of Scott's Maida. "Uncle Tom and his Wife for Sale", (1533); the title referring to "Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; another example of Landseer's knack of humanising animal expression. It is interesting to compare these two animals, in their intense—almost uncanine—humanity, with Mr. Riviere's dogs, who, whether chasing a cat or snapping at a straw, always attend purely to the business in hand. In proof of this, see, in one of the rooms downstairs, "Running the Blockade" (1518), by *Riviere*. "Rosa Triplex" (1702), a beautiful chalk drawing by *Rossetti*. "The South Sea Bubble" (432), by *Ward*—

The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath;  
And these are of them.

A scene in Change Alley in 1720—"when the South Sea Company were "voting dividends of fifty per cent., when a hundred pounds of their "stock were selling for £100, when Threadneedle Street was daily "crowded with the coaches of dukes and prelates, when divines and "philosophers turned gamblers, when a thousand kindred bubbles were "daily blown into existence,—the periwig-company, and the Spanish-jackass-company, and the quicksilver-fixation company." Another page of history is given in No. 616, also by *Ward*. King James II. is in his palace at Whitehall, where a messenger has just arrived with news of the Prince of Orange having at last landed at Torbay, November 5th, 1688. "The king turned pale, and remained motionless; "the letter dropped from his hand; his past errors, his future dangers "rushed at once upon his thoughts; he strove to conceal his perturbation, "but, in doing so, betrayed it; and his courtiers, in affecting not to "observe him, betrayed that they did."

In the *Front Room* on this floor are more pictures, mainly water-colours. The view from its windows—eastward, of the grey towers of Westminster, and in front, of the broad river and timber wharves—is itself a picture.

## CHAPTER XI.

## The Wallace Collection.

*The Wallace Collection, in Hertford House, Manchester Square, is situated a few minutes' walk north of Oxford Street (turn up Duke Street); omnibuses thus pass within easy distance; the Bond Street, on the Central London Railway is the nearest Tube station. It is open on every weekday from 10 a.m. (Mondays, noon) to 4, 5, or 6 p.m., according to the season; admission free on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; 6d. on Tuesday and Friday. Open free on Sunday afternoons, from 2 to 4, 5 or 6 p.m.*

“A lordly pleasure-house,  
 “Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,  
 “All various, each a perfect whole.”

THE Wallace Collection, now the property of the British nation, was probably the finest private collection in the world. The collection of armour is unique; the French school of painting of the 18th century may here be seen as nowhere else in the world except in the Louvre; the pictures of Italian, Dutch, Spanish and English old masters are very fine; the Sèvres porcelain rivals the collection at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, whilst no collection, public or private, equals that of the French furniture. Here may be studied the work of all the famous cabinet-makers who carried to perfection the art of marquetry—that is, of coating common wood with thin slices of rarer woods, so as to form a mosaic of pictorial design. The original founder of the collection was the third Marquess of Hertford, who is said to have been the model for Thackeray's Lord Steyne, as Hertford House was supposed to represent the *Gaunt House* of “Vanity Fair.” If so, then Lord Steyne had at least “the saving virtue of taste,” and that taste was shared by his son, the fourth Marquess, who was Attaché at the Paris Embassy, and who enlarged and beautified the collection, keeping his treasures in Paris. In Paris lived also the late Sir Richard Wallace, who inherited the art-museum; and there, during the Franco-German War and the disorders of the Commune, most elaborate precautions were taken for the security of the priceless bequest. It is said that underground cellars were constructed, and that the pictures were all buried

until the Terror was over. When Sir Richard Wallace migrated to London he enlarged and adapted Hertford House to receive his pictures, and other beautiful objects. It was Sir Richard who added the European armoury to the collection. By his widow (who died in 1897), the whole wealth of pictures, china, armour, and furniture was bequeathed to the nation. A very noble latter end surely for that splendid collection and that palatial house—a bequest the value of which has been estimated at four millions sterling. A special charm of the Hertford House treasures is that, instead of losing by stiff arrangement in an ordinary museum, the pictures and other beautiful things remain to some extent as the taste and skill of their former owners had placed them. The house has, indeed, been considerably altered, and the arrangement of the objects is largely new, but they are seen rather as ornaments of a London mansion than as items in a museum. For the purchase of Hertford House and its adaptation to the uses of a public gallery, Parliament voted the sum of £80,000.

The Collection consists of three main divisions; (1) Arms and armour; (2) Furniture and other objects of “art and vertu”; (3) Pictures. Official catalogues of each branch of the collection are on sale at the entrance; Mr. M. H. Spielmann’s “Wallace Collection” (1s.) is a pleasantly gossiping companion.

The collection of pictures is fortunately particularly strong in departments where heretofore the public galleries of London were weak. Hertford House is, in particular, a mine of wealth in French art of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Those who admire the art of Pater, of Lancret, of Boucher, of Fragonard, of Greuze, of Decamps, and of many another famous French painter will want to come and come again.

As most visitors will probably be specially interested in the **pictures**, we begin our tour of the collection on the **first floor**, ascending by the *Great Staircase*, which has a Louis Quatorze balustrade, formerly in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris; it was a special condition of the bequest that, if a new museum were built, this handsome balustrade should be included. On the walls, which may be surveyed from the landing at the top (numbered *Room XXIII.*), are, among other large allegorical pictures, two celebrated works by *Boucher*:—

“Rising of the Sun” (485) and “Setting” (486). They were painted as designs for Gobeilins tapestry, and belonged to Madame de Pompadour. The “Cupids” (483, 488) are by *Fragonard*.

Turning to the left, we enter *Room XX.*, in which the pictures are of less interest than the furniture. Notice, for instance, the *Sécretaires* with plaques of Sèvres porcelain, and the book-case and table (15, 17), presented by Louis XV. to the Empress Catherine II., of Russia. In *Room XXI.* are *water-colours*, and a charming marble group of Cupid and Psyche (signed "Cayot, 1706"). The circular *Room XXII.* contains other *water-colours* (including some by Turner) and many choice examples of various arts.

The White Marble Vase (55), by the French sculptor *Clodian*, round which Cupids are running and sporting, is extremely graceful. One of the *bureaus* (14) should be noticed for its simulated bindings of books in their shelves. The toilet service of *Sèvres porcelain* (Case A) was used by Louis XVI.

Retracing our steps into *Room XX.*, we next enter *Room XIX.*, which contains several pictures by Greuze and other French painters;—

The "Votive offering to Cupid" (441) is one of *Greuze's* more celebrated works, very characteristic of his sweet, not to say too sweet sentiment; this picture, which originally belonged to Duc de Choiseul, cost Lord Hertford £1,355. By *Watteau* there is also a celebrated picture "A Lady at her Toilette" (439). Another famous picture (£1,260) is "The Swing" (430), by *Fragonard*.

Among the pieces of furniture, etc., in this room, note especially the perfume-burner (15) and round table (24), which belonged to Queen Marie-Antoinette. The bronze clock (22) is remarkable.

*Room XVIII.* contains a characteristic collection of works by French painters of the eighteenth century, headed by *Watteau*, "Prince of Court painters," as Mr. Pater called him: in these rooms of the Wallace Collection, with their pictures, furniture and bric-à-brac, all in harmony, we may fancy ourselves among the French Noblesse—"so distinguished to the minutest point, so naturally aristocratic—half in masquerade, playing the drawing-room or garden comedy of life":—

In the same room is a series by *Greuze* of heads of "girls of tender years and beauty still immature," in which (as Mr. Claude Phillips, director of the Wallace Collection, well puts it), he "has cunningly mingled seeming simplicity with voluptuous grace." For one of these heads, the exquisite "Innocence" (384), Lord Hertford had to pay £4,000. Famous also is the portrait of the fair, but frail singer and actress Sophie Arnould (403). Among the pictures by *Fragonard* are "Le Chiffre d'Amour" (382), a lady carving her name on a tree, and "The Fountain of Love" (394).

This room is also rich in choice furniture and china. An upright *secrétaire* (4), in marqueterie of various natural and stained woods, and another (12), in satin wood, are specially fine; they are both by Riesener, a master in this art. The snuff-boxes and sweetmeat-boxes in Cases A and B, mostly of French workmanship, deserve careful inspection, whilst in Case C, are many exquisite examples of Sèvres porcelain of the 18th century.

*Room XVII.* takes us in its pictures to the preceding century. Among them we may notice :—

"The Adoration" and "The Annunciation" (129, 134) by *Philippe de Champaigne*; and a fine portrait (127) by the same painter. Portraits, after *Van Dyck*, of King Charles and Queen Henrietta Maria.

Notice also the magnificent Clock (1), bought at Lyons in 1863 for £6,000. The cases contain some admirable examples of *bleu de roi* Sèvres porcelain; one of these (27) has a portrait of Benjamin Franklin.

We now pass into the **Great Picture Gallery** (Room XVI.), built during the reconstruction of Hertford House, to afford top light. Here the principal pictures of the collection (other than those of the French schools) are displayed; we can notice only a few of the more remarkable works :—

To the left on entering, "St. Catherine of Alexandria" (1), a beautiful example of Cima da Conegliano. "Virgin and Child" (8), by *Luini*. "Virgin and Child" (9), by *Andrea del Sarto*, signed, and full of the master's grace. "Virgin and Child" (10), by *Luini*—a masterpiece, formerly ascribed to Leonardo, acquired from the Pourtalès collection (£3,340).

The large picture by *Titian* (11) on the end wall was discovered by Mr. Phillips stowed away in a bath-room in the house; it represents "Perseus and Andromeda," and was painted for Philip II. of Spain—"a more beautiful painting than this," says Vasari, "could not be imagined."

"Don Baltasar Carlos in Infancy" (12), by *Velasquez*. Portrait of "A Flemish Lady" (16) by *Van Dyck*. A fine portrait of a "Boy with a Hawk" (20); by *Nicolas Maes*. An Interior (23) by *Pieter de Hoogh*. A splendid portrait by *Rembrandt* of "His Son Titus" (29).

We come next to a series of portraits by *Sir Joshua Reynolds*—nearly all of the highest quality and some of peculiar beauty and celebrity. Here, for instance, is one of Sir Joshua's best and best-known child-pictures; the portrait of "Miss Bowles" (36), engraved with the title "Love me, Love my Dog"; and here, the yet more famous "Strawberry Girl" (40)—"One of the half-dozen original things," said Reynolds of it himself, "which no man ever exceeded in his life's work." Next come the portraits of "Nelly O'Brien" (38) and "Mrs. Nesbitt with a Dove" (43). The portrait of the actress Mrs. Robinson as "Perdita" (45) was one of the two pictures (Greuze's "Sophie Arnould" being the other) which Lord Hertford used to hang on either side of his bedstead in Paris. The portrait of "Mrs. Braddyll" (47) is among the painters' most beautiful works.

The two portraits by *Gainsborough* are also among his best. That of "Mrs. Robinson" (42), again as "Perdita" in "The Winter's Tale," shows her sitting and holding a miniature of the Prince as if in a dream; the picture, a masterpiece of grace and refinement, was transferred by the Prince Regent to the Marquess of Hertford in 1818.

The fine portrait of "An Italian Nobleman" (53), by *Van Dyck*, may next be noticed. On the end wall is a famous picture by *Rubens*, the "Rainbow" (63), generally considered the greatest of the painter's landscapes; Lord Hertford acquired it in 1856 for £4,550. On the long wall, are also some famous pictures. Here, for instance, are two pictures by *Van Dyck*, formerly in the collection of King William II. of Holland—"Philippe le Roy" and his "Wife" (94, 79); and here, from the same collection, two by *Rembrandt*, the "Burgomaster Jan Pellicorne" (82) and his "Wife" (90). "The Laughing Cavalier" (84), by *Frans Hals*, is, if one may judge by photographs, one of the most popular pictures in



the Wallace Collection; it is a fine example of "the irresistible verve" which marks this painter at his best. The "*Lady with a Fan*" (88) is a celebrated work by *Velasquez*.

The *furniture* in this Gallery is magnificent. The large bureau (66), by *Riesener* (dated 1769), was ordered by the King of Poland, who died before it was completed, for this work took nine years to make—most of the time being consumed not so much in the elaborate marquetry, as in the perfect fitting of the metal work. By another famous cabinet-maker, *Cressent*, is the *Commode* (57), which is one of his most celebrated pieces. A little later in the date is another celebrated *Commode* (58), the work of *Caffieri*. The *French Bronzes* of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries should not be missed.

Passing out of the Great Gallery, we enter *Room XV.*, where the pictures are of the French and British schools of the 19th century. As the British school may be better seen elsewhere, we confine our notice to the *French painters*:—

*Prud'hon* (1758-1823), who has been called "the French Correggio," is well represented; his picture of a boy bathing ("*Le Zephyr*" 295), the "*Venus and Adonis*" (347) and the "*Sleep of Psyche*" (348) are examples of his charming talent. *Delacroix* (1798-1863) and *Delaroche* (1797-1856), contemporaries and representatives of different ideals—the former more romantic, the latter, more conventional—may here be studied together. There are also numerous works by *Horace Vernet* (1789-1863), an artist immensely popular in his time. More interesting and individual are the pictures by *Decamps* (1803-1860), among the most renowned of the French Orientalist painters, combining (says Mr. Phillips) "poetic fervour and a true sense of the mystery and splendour of the East with great truthfulness and variety of observation." The most famous "small master" of modern France is *Meissonier* (1815-1891), and here may be seen many examples of his exquisite finish. The "*Dutch Burghers*" (369) is believed to be his earliest work; the "*Bravos*" (327)—a "tragedy in two figures," as it has been called—shows how much he could put into little.

Of the "*Barbizon School*" of French landscape, there are also fine examples. "*Macbeth and the Witches*" (281) by *Corot* is of peculiar interest as that master's most dramatic picture; it shows Macbeth and Banquo on horseback, whilst the evening landscape emphasizes the awe of the scene. By *Rousseau* there is a typical "*Glade*" (283) in the Forest of Fontainebleau, which was the inspiration and main subject of his art. Two little pictures by *Diaz*, of *Venus and Cupid* (266, 268), should not escape notice, for they are characteristic of the charm of this poetical painter.

In the cases in this room there are many fine examples of *Sèvres porcelain*, with gilding, mouldings in relief and other enrichments.

*Rooms XIV. and XIII.* contain cabinet pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools of the 17th century. Most of these painters are abundantly represented in the National Gallery, but a few notes on the Wallace examples are subjoined:—

In *Room XIV.*, notice the "*Woman Cooking*" (166), by *Boursse*, the finest example of this very rare painter; and the "*Hermits*" (170, 177) by *Gerard Dou*. In *Room XIII.* the pictures by *Metsu* are specially good examples. "*An Old Woman Asleep*" (242), generally known as

"The Tabby Cat," is a celebrated work; for "The Sleeping Sportsman" (251), Lord Hertford paid £3,000; "The Letter-Writer Surprised" (240) is particularly skilful in character and expression.

The Case in Room XIV. contains, among other precious objects, examples of *Celadon* porcelain (willow-green colour.) The Chinese goblet (17) of gold and turquoise-blue enamel, was obtained from the Summer Palace of Peking in 1860.

In Room XIII. the *Encoignures* (4 and 5), or corner-pieces, are choice examples of elaborately inlaid and ornamented furniture.

*Room XII.* is mainly devoted to Venetian painters of the eighteenth century, especially Canaletto and Guardi.

The output of Venetian scenes, attributed to Canaletto was enormous; of the large number in this room, Mr. Phillips claims No. 498 as "the most remarkable and indubitably authentic specimen of his art." His pupil, *Francesco Guardi* is here very fully and finely illustrated.

The furniture and china and other articles of *vertu* in this room are remarkable. There are fine examples of André Charles Boulle who invented a beautiful system of veneering with metal and tortoiseshell and gave his name *boulle* or *buhl* to the style; of sofas, etc., in the *Louis-Seize* style; some magnificent clocks (especially 50 and 59, the latter presented by Louis XV. to the city of Metz).

Case A contains *jewels*, goldsmith's work and silver-gilt plate, mainly of the sixteenth century. Some of the pendants are very beautiful. The *Sèvres* porcelain in Cases B and C and in the "Londonderry Cabinet" includes examples of two of the most admired colours—the deep ultramarine, called *bleu de roi*, and the bright pink, the favourite colour of Madame Pompadour, though generally called *rose Du Barry*.

We have now completed a tour of the first floor, and descending by the Great Staircase begin an inspection of the **Ground Floor**, beginning our tour, in this instance, on the right (or East) of the entrance.

*Room I.* contains *Royal Portraits*, including one, well known from engravings, of Queen Victoria by *Sully*, an American artist.

In this room there are some beautiful enamels by Henry Bone. One is after Reynolds' picture of "Lady Cockburn and her Children," now in the National Gallery (see p. 129). The furniture of wood carved with gilt, and covered with *Beauvais tapestry* from designs by Oudry, should also be noticed. An *inkstand*, of porphyry and basalt (35), placed on a table of tulip-wood, is said to have been made by command of Napoleon I. for presentation to the Pope.

*Room II.* is exquisitely decorated and furnished, and will give the visitor an idea of the sumptuous elegance of a *French interior in the 18th century*;—

The *tapestry*, on each side of the entrance, in elaborately carved and gilt frames, was made at Lille from designs by Teniers. The vases of *Dresden porcelain* (13, 15) are painted in the style of Watteau. The *clocks* by Falconet (14) and Thuret (26) are fine examples. The *inkstand* by Boulle (41) was formerly the property of the College of Surgeons of Paris.

*Room III.* contains on the walls some pictures of the *Earlier Italian and Flemish Schools* (among which a small

panel by Cirielli, "St. Roch," 527, is especially admirable), but the chief attraction of the room is its collection of *majolica*, *Limoges Enamels* and other precious objects :—

The Hispano-Moorish developments (says Mr. Spielmann)—that is to say, Moorish lustre and ornament upon Spanish ware—are worthily illustrated. Special attention should be given to the dish which bears the shield of Castille and Leon in its centre (Case A, 67). From Italian factories you may see plates with oak-branches, the badge of the Della Rovere family (B. 88); and *amatoria* (or love-gift plates), on which the portrait of the beloved is painted (*e.g.*, A, 43, 56). More important is the lusted majolica plate of Gubbio (A, 47), painted with a group of bathers and noteworthy as having on the back a fine signature in lustre of "Maestro Giorgio da Urbino al Di 6 d'Aprile 1525"—one of the finest examples of the ware in existence. The plates show every sort of ornament—subjects Biblical (A., 37) and mythological (A. 41 is a curious example), portraits (A., 60) arabesques (A., 55), and grotesques (A., 46). Besides plates, there are many other objects, such as a Pilgrim's bottle (B., 78), and a Bust (D., 164).

Among the *Limoges enamels* in Case F, the pieces by Pape (243), Raymond (244), Jean de Court (253), and Courtois (268) are good examples.

Case G contains coins, medals, ivories and box-wood carvings; Case H., reliefs and portraits in coloured wax, which are among the most curious objects in the collection. In Case J. (Metal work), notice the *Bell of St. Mura* (498), a shrine of early Celtic work made to receive the bell which was said to have descended from the sky, ringing loudly, on the spot where once stood the Abbey founded by St. Mura in Co. Donegal. In Case K (Stamped Leather, etc.), notice a pair of *Queen Elizabeth's shoes* (567). In Case L, there is a remarkable head of John the Baptist in terra-cotta (573). The most remarkable object in Case M is a Tabernacle or Shrine in box-wood, carved with wonderful elaboration (288). In this room, perhaps as well as anywhere in the Wallace Collection, one realizes in how many different media, and different directions, the artistic impulse developed. Before leaving the room, we must still call attention to the Italian mantelpiece; a steel mirror (23) in the finest style of the Italian Renaissance; and a large oval cistern (30) of Urbino majolica.

*Room IV.* is a pleasant retreat on hot days, with its floor, walls and ceiling lined with *coloured tiles*, and its outlook to the garden of the house. Here are Italian and French pieces of *sculpture*, and many beautiful objects in the show-cases ;—

In Case A (gold and silver work), notice the silver mirror (23), by B. Cennini of Florence, which is said to have belonged to Queen Marie-Antoinette; a cup (41) richly studded with pearls, amethysts and other precious stones; and a crown (43), probably used for a statue of the Virgin. Case B contains examples of Arabian, Venetian and German glass. In Case C are *royal relics*—such as Marie-Antoinette's jewel case (98) and a despatch-box made for King Charles II., of England.

In *Room V.* we enter the collection of **Arms and Armour** one of the finest in the world. Visitors specially interested in the subject should provide themselves with the catalogue of it by Mr. Guy Laking, the King's Armourer: but by "the general visitor" also an inspection of the collection will be found most interesting :—

"The art of the armourer can hardly be better shown than in these objects, ranging from the quiver and severely undecorated implements of death to the highly decorated, often over-ornamented pieces of 200 or 300 years later. Such specimens of decorated armour are to be seen in the sixteenth century inlaid arquebuses and the superb morion helmets (without beaver or visor), embossed, of the same or slightly earlier date. During the long period when armour was worn for the fight or for ceremonial there was a time when the armourer was artist too, and produced works of the highest beauty; so that these galleries have as much interest and attraction for the lover of art as for the antiquary or the devotee of sword-play. It is of interest that when the South Kensington Museum acquired the MS. book of drawings of Jacob, Queen Elizabeth's armourer, the designs were found in it for some of the finest examples now to be seen in the Wallace Collection." (Spielmann). Some idea of the value of the collection may be had from the fact that for one section of it alone, the series of early swords, Sir Richard Wallace paid £73,000 (Laking).

In Room V., many pieces of historical interest may be noticed:—Suit of Alfonso II., Duke of Ferrara (1164), damascened (that is, inlaid with designs characteristic of Damascus blades). Equestrian suit in black and gold (1199), which belonged to the Elector Joseph of Bavaria. The suit, in russet and gold (864) made for Sir Thomas Sackville, is one of those for which Jacob's designs have been found. In Case 12 are the sword and gauntlet (1302, 1303) of Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I.; the dagger of King Henry IV. of France (1306), given to him by the City of Paris on the occasion of his marriage with Marie de Medici; and the embossed and damascened shield, bearing at the top the monogram and insignia of Diane de Poitiers (1308). The subject of the design is the meeting of Coriolanus with his mother Volumnia and his wife Vergilia outside the walls of Rome. This beautiful shield of Italian workmanship is one of the finest in existence, and the most important piece of armour in the Wallace Collection.

In addition to the armour in Room V., the visitor should notice the admirable bronze bust of the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV. by Girardon.

In *Room VI.* the most striking piece of armour is the complete *war harness* for man and horse (564), decorated in what is called the Gothic style of the 15th century—an example of the greatest rarity.

The arms and armour which cover the walls are of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Case 6 contains armour of the Italian *renaissance*, unsurpassed for simplicity of form and beauty of design. In the same room is a bronze bust of Charles IX., King of France.

The armour in *Room VII.* is of earlier date, and includes the collection of swords mentioned above. Among the helmets (Case 4), the tilting-helmet (267) is of interest as being of English make.

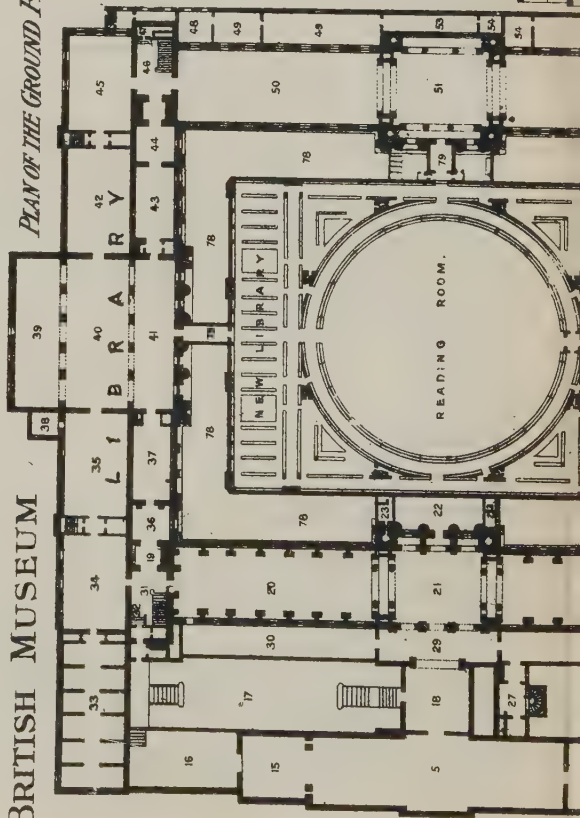
*Room VIII.* contains *Oriental Arms and Armour*, with regard to which Mr. Laking bids us note that "costliness of material is ever uppermost over fertility of design and fitness of workmanship." In the same room is a collection of *tobacco pipes*.

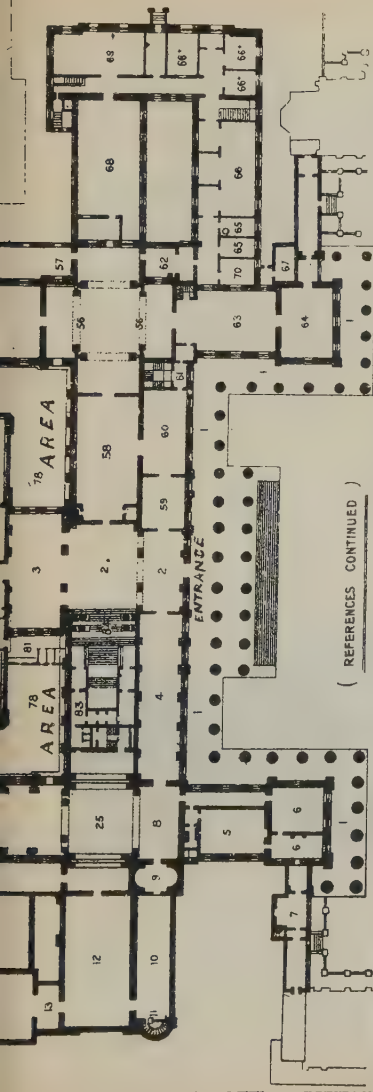
There still remain three galleries—*Rooms IX. and X.*—to be visited, containing further pictures, furniture, etc. :—

# BRITISH MUSEUM

## PLAN OF THE GROUND FLOOR

1. Front Colonnade
2. Entrance Hall
3. Room of Inscriptions
4. Roman Gallery
5. Trustees' Room
6. Director's Office
7. Study
8. First Græco-Roman Rm.
9. Second Græco-Roman Room
10. Third Græco-Roman Rm.
11. Staircase to Græco-Roman Basement
12. Archaic Greek Sculpture Room
13. Ante-Room
14. Ephesus Room
15. Elgin Room
16. Phigaleian Room, with Basement Room of Græco-Roman Monuments beneath
17. Mausoleum Room
18. Nereid Room
19. Northern Egyptian Vestibule
20. Northern Egyptian Gallery
21. Egyptian Central Saloon





( REFERENCES CONTINUED )

- |                            |  |                                  |   |   |
|----------------------------|--|----------------------------------|---|---|
| 22. Refreshment Room       | 54. Second Supplementary Room            | 58. Grenville Library            | 68. Newspaper Room                      | 76. Studies                               |
| 23. Lavatories [Gallery    | 45. Catalogue Room                       | 59. Egerton Room                 | 69. Newspaper Reading Room              | 77. Oriental Library                      |
| 24. Southern Egyptian Room | 46. North East Staircase                 | 60. Manuscript Map Room          | 70. Staircase to Manuscript Department  | 78. Area                                  |
| 25. Assyrian Transept      | 47. Lavatories                           | 61. Passage                      | 71 & 72. Studies, Manuscript Department | 79. Passages                              |
| 26. Nimroud Gallery        | 48. Study                                | 62. Study                        | 73. Work Room, Manuscript Department    | 80. Reading-Room Corridor                 |
| 27 & 28. Assyrian Saloon   | 49. Sorting Room                         | 63. Middle Room of MSS.          | 74. Mounters' Room, Prints              | 81. Female Readers' Cloak-Room & Lavatory |
| 29. Nimroud Central Saloon | 50 to 52. King's Library                 | 64. South Room of MSS.           | 75. Assistants' Room, Prints            | 82. Male Readers' Cloak-Room, etc.        |
| 30. Nineveh Gallery        | 53. Hebrew Library                       | 65. Sorting and Attendants Rooms | 83. Female Students' Lavatory           | 84. Principal Staircase                   |
| 31. North West Staircase   | 54. Studies Chinese and Japanese Library | 66. Students' Room for MSS.      |   |   |
| 32. Ladies' Lavatory       | 55. Library                              | 67. Copyright Office             |   |   |
| 33. Arch Room              | 56. Manuscript Saloon                    | 68. Study                        |   |   |
|                            | 44. North East Room                      |                                  |   |   |

The British Museum; plan of the Ground Floor.



In Room IX. we may notice a portrait of *Sir Richard Wallace* (578) and an excellent portrait by *Heilbuth* (576), known as "the painter of Cardinals." The ebony cabinet (4) is an early piece by *Boulle*.

In Room X. the pictures are not very noteworthy; but the *illuminations* in the show-case are admirable, as also are the *box-wood statuettes* above; the one of "*Hercules swinging his club*" (35), done at Padua in 1521, is a very celebrated work.

In Room XI., there are also some celebrated objects. One is a *miniature of Holbein*, by himself (Case B., 93)—"scarcely bigger than the Queen's head on a five-shilling piece, yet as firm and full of character and almost of detail as one of his life-size portraits." Many other miniatures will repay careful study; and the *Italian bronzes* (Case A) should not be passed over.

We have now completed a tour of Hertford House which, though necessarily brief, can hardly have failed to impress the reader with the desirability of coming again and again, and with grateful admiration for the founders and the donor of this superb collection.



Victoria Embankment from Waterloo Bridge.

## CHAPTER XII.

## The British Museum.

The British Museum, in Great Russell Street, is a few minutes north of Holborn. All omnibuses going along either that thoroughfare or up Tottenham Court Road pass close to it. The Museum Station on the Central London Tube, and the Tottenham Court Road Station on the Hampstead Tube are both within a few minutes' walk.

" In our museum galleries  
 " To-day I lingered o'er the prize  
 " Dead Greece vouchsafes to living eyes—  
 " Her Art for ever in fresh wise  
 " From hour to hour rejoicing me.  
 " Sighing, I turned at last to win  
 " Once more the London dirt and din;  
 " And as I made the swing-door spin,  
 " And issued, they were hoisting in  
 " A wingèd beast from Nineveh.  
 " Deemed they of his, those worshippers,  
 " When in some mythic chain of verse  
 " Which man shall not again rehearse,  
 " The faces of thy ministers  
 " Yearned pale with bitter ecstasy?  
 " Greece, Egypt, Rome—did any god  
 " Before whose feet men knelt unshod  
 " Deem that in this unblest abode  
 " Another scarce more unknown god  
 " Should house with him from Nineveh."

—D. G. Rossetti.

" As the light streamed across the room and died away into obscurity, " there was something awful and solemn in the grand forms and heads " and trunks and fragments of mighty temples and columns that lay " scattered about in sublime insensibility—the remains, the only actual " remains, of a mighty people."—B. R. Haydon.

The British Museum is, said Ruskin, " the best ordered and pleasantest institution in all London, and the grandest concentration of the means of human knowledge in the world." Like so many British institutions, it arose from small beginnings and has been gradually developed by a combination of private munificence and State enterprise. The nucleus of it was the library and collections of Sir Hans Sloane (*see* page 226), who by his will offered them at less than half their value to the State. The Museum was first opened to the public in 1759 in the old Montague House (*see* Chap. XXVII.) Since then it has been enriched by innumerable hands and from every quarter of the globe. By 1823 the old house had become inadequate; the main portion of the present building, designed by Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., was erected during the years 1823-45.

The Reading-Room was erected in 1857, and since 1879 an entire new wing on the east side has been added from a bequest by Mr. W. White. A great extension of the Museum is now in progress. The Government a few years ago bought from the Duke of Bedford all the land, lying behind the Museum, bounded by Gower Street on the west, Montague Place on the north, and Montague Street on the east; and in course of time, the whole of this large plot will be built upon. The part now in hand is a new series of rooms, to be called "The King Edward VII. Galleries," facing Montague Place; the memorial stone was laid by His Majesty on June 27, 1907. In order to form a worthy approach to this new façade, a wide new street is being constructed from Torrington Square. The present building, the most successful imitation of the Greek in this country, is of Ionic architecture. The sculptures above the portico, by Sir R. Westmacott, R.A., represent, on the west side, man emerging from the savage state through the influence of religion; on the east, the diffusion of the arts.

The Exhibition Galleries of the Museum are open free, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. on every week-day throughout the year (except Good Friday and Christmas Day); but after 4 p.m. in January, February, November and December, and after 5 p.m. in March, September and October, only certain of the Galleries remain open, *viz.*:—On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, MSS., Books, Drawings, Porcelain, Glass, Prehistoric, Mediæval and Ethnographical Collections on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek and Roman Galleries (exclusive of Vases and Bronzes), Gold Ornaments, American Room and Waddesdon Room. The whole Galleries are open on Sunday afternoons, from 2 p.m. to 4, 5 or 6 p.m., according to the season. The Exhibition Galleries contain only a portion of the collections. Students are admitted to copy in the Galleries and to study the reserved collections under regulations to be obtained from the Principal Librarian, British Museum, W.C.—The Reading-Room is open on all days when the Museum is open (except Sundays and on the first four days of March and October), from 9 a.m. to 7 or 8 p.m., according to the season (electric light when necessary). Tickets, not transferable, and subject to withdrawal, admitting to the use of this room and of the Newspaper Room (*see* p. 194), are given on written application to the Principal Librarian. This must specify name, occupation and address, and enclose a recommendation from some known householder in London. Applicants must be over 21; if under that age, a personal application, which may or may not be granted, is necessary. Permission to use the room for a single day may generally be obtained by personal application at the office of the Principal Librarian, which is to the left of the first Græco-Roman Room. Tickets admitting visitors to inspect the Reading-Room only are obtained at the desk on the right of the entrance hall. For *guides*, catalogues and photographs, *see* below. There is a good *refreshment room* within the Museum, opening out of the Egyptian Central Saloon. The Museum and Reading-room are well warmed in winter.

The contents of the Museum are so numerous and multifarious that nobody can expect to acquire even a

superficial acquaintance with them except by repeated visits. In the following pages we conduct the reader on a continuous tour of the galleries; and on the occasion of a first visit, it is not a bad plan to cover the whole ground, in order to obtain some idea of the vast extent of the things to be seen. On subsequent occasions the visitor should concentrate his attention on particular departments. These may be grouped as follows:

On the ground floor:—(1) The Reading Room, in the centre of the building; and the Libraries of books and manuscripts, in the east wing. (2) The Greek and Roman Marbles, in the west wing. (3) Adjoining these, the Egyptian and Assyrian Galleries. On the upper floor, along the north



*York & Son.*

The British Museum.

*London*

extent of the Museum, (4) the Egyptian and Assyrian Rooms, containing mummies and other smaller antiquities; the Semitic and Cyprian antiquities and the Galleries of Religions. Along the entire west length, (5) the Greek, Roman, and Etruscan antiquities—vases, bronzes, terra cottas, curios. Along the south range of galleries, (6) the Mediæval Collections—gems and gold ornaments, glass and pottery, prints and drawings. (7) Partly in adjacent rooms and then down the whole length of the east galleries, Pre-historic and Early British Antiquities, and collections illustrating Savage Tribes.

It will be a good day's work to see any one of these seven divisions on a single visit. The natural history collections are now at South Kensington (*see* Chap. XIII).

For a thorough study of the Museum the official *catalogues* are indispensable. The cheaper guides are obtainable at a counter on the right as you enter. To obtain all the official publications would require a small fortune and a large library. For casual visitors the general Guide "to the Exhibition Galleries of the British Museum" (price 2d., pp. 126), may be sufficient. At the end of it is a list of all the other official catalogues. These, as well as *photographs*, autotypes, etc., may be purchased in the Librarian's office. (Messrs. Macmillan have published a *Popular Handbook to the Greek and Roman Antiquities*, on the lines of their Handbook to the National Gallery). In this chapter it will readily be understood that any detailed catalogue is impossible; an attempt is made, instead, to direct special attention to a few of the more important objects and in each department to suggest points of interest.

### The Reading-Room and Library.

We now begin our tour of the entire Museum. On entering, sticks and umbrellas must be deposited at the counter (no gratuities); readers deposit theirs within the Reading-room vestibule. In the entrance hall are some pieces of modern sculpture, of benefactors to the Museum, etc. Between this hall and the glass-doors leading to the Reading-Room is the **Room of Inscriptions**; containing, besides the Greek and Latin inscriptions, several Greek and Roman sculptures. On the left is a fine figure of the Emperor Hadrian. We now come to the glass-doors admitting to the **Reading-Room**; tickets must be shown here. If you are a *visitor*, an attendant will conduct you to the door of the room (visitors not allowed to walk about inside), and then take you behind the scenes to show the arrangement of the miles of books. This room has the largest covered dome in the world; the diameter is one foot longer than that of St. Peter's, at Rome. It is built mainly of iron, the dome being of copper. In 1907, the room was closed for several months, in order to undergo its first complete "spring cleaning" after fifty years' continuous use. The roof was found to be entirely free from structural defects; the re-painting and decoration have much improved the light. The number of books in the room is 80,000. Behind the shelves that one sees, is an inner circle on the different levels. If you are armed with a *reader's ticket*, umbrellas, hats, cloaks, and parcels must be deposited. (Lady's cloak-room and lavatory to

the left ; gentlemen's lavatory downstairs to the right). You now have access to all the books belonging to the Museum.

The Library consists of more than 2,000,000 volumes, occupying more than 43 miles of shelving. Since 1814, the Museum has had, by statute, a right to a copy of every book published in the United Kingdom. There are also public funds provided for the purchase of select foreign works, old books, and literary curiosities, etc., so that the Library increases by about 50,000 volumes a year. In extent it is second only to the National Library at Paris ; while in facility of use, it is superior to any in the world. " There alone, the Englishman may say," remarks Kingsley, " whatever my coat or my purse, I am an Englishman, and therefore I have a right." The most diverse, and often very eccentric, types of readers will be discovered. The first thing to do is to secure a seat (in the afternoons, the room, though it accommodates 360 workers, is often full). The most desirable seats are at the larger desks, radiating from the centre of the room like the spokes of a wheel. Here every reader is accommodated with a chair, a folding desk, a small hinged shelf for books, pens, ink, a blotting pad, and a hat peg. (If you want a new pen, ask at the central counter). Each seat is numbered ; and the reader, having secured his place by leaving some object on it, and bearing his number well in mind, is ready to get the books he wants. If you want an ordinary book of reference or standard work, it is probably on the ground floor of the reading room itself, and in that case may be used without any formality. About 20,000 volumes are on these shelves, systematically arranged. Plans showing the arrangement (which was revised in 1907) hang about the room. The attendants will also readily give information. If the book you want is not there accessible, the catalogue must be consulted. This is arranged in circular cases around the superintendents who occupy raised seats in the centre of the room. The catalogue is of *authors* only ; but various subject catalogues and bibliographical indices are also available. The attendants too are most obliging ; and if you are engaged in any special research, the superintendents will assist you from their wide knowledge of books. Having found the book you want in the catalogue, you take one of the printed forms which lie about and fill it up according to the printed instructions (the " press mark " means the reference—indicated in the catalogue by letter and numerals, e.g., 126,452 g 6—to its position in the bookcases). The form when filled up is placed in one of the little baskets which stand on the central counter, and you return to your seat. In due course (generally about fifteen or twenty minutes) the attendant brings you the book. In the case of some specially rare books, you will be escorted to an inner library and required to read there. There is no limitation to the number of books you may ask for, but modern novels are not supplied, except for special reasons. When you are leaving, you take your books to the central counter, give your name, and the attendant returns the tickets which are now done with. But if you are coming again next day and want any of the same books, they will be reserved for you. Such is the procedure in what all who have used it will admit to be the most convenient literary workshop in the world.

*For the books and manuscripts on exhibition, see p. 192 ; for the Newspaper Room, p. 194.*

### The Greek and Roman Marbles.

Leaving the Reading-Room and regaining the entrance hall, we turn to the west into the **Roman Gallery**, continued in the same line by three Græco-Roman rooms. On



the south side under the windows are Roman antiquities discovered in this country—tesselated pavements, sarcophagi, etc. Along the opposite wall are *portrait statues of Roman emperors* and others, arranged chronologically. They begin at the far end with Julius Cæsar, whose refined features, high forehead and thick and sinewy neck will be observed. The head of Augustus is full of dignity. Afterwards come, among others, Nero, whose features were “more handsome than engaging”; Trajan, in whom the old, hardy Roman type is prominent; Hadrian, whose strong physiognomy once seen will never be forgotten; his favourite, Antinous, a very fine head, peculiar in its soft and sensuous beauty, with a certain melancholy in the full lips; Antoninus Pius, in whose features, it has been said, “quiet and gentle strength of much will shines forth”; his adopted son, Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher king, whose face seems ever to wear an expression of “pontifical collectedness”; the handsome, careless Lucius Verus; Commodus, Caracalla, and Septimius Severus.

The **Græco-Roman Rooms** contain works of art found elsewhere than in Greece, mostly executed in Italy in imitation of Greek models. In the first room note (against the wall on the left) the *bust of Homer*. This is one of those imaginary portraits, which (Pliny tells us) were in great demand for Roman libraries “when desire of possession gives birth to unrecorded features.” The “*Apollon Citharoedus*” (harp-player) is among the finest of the statues here. The “*Venus*” preparing for the bath is perhaps a replica of a famous statue by Praxiteles. The “*Canephora*” (basket-bearer), opposite, is interesting. It should be compared with the “*Caryatid*” in the Elgin room (*see* p. 170); “a comparison of the two gives a clear idea of the difference between Greek and Græco-Roman art.” In the next room are some very beautiful works. In an alcove stands the lovely “*Townley Venus*” (found at Ostia), part of the collection formed by Mr. Townley at the end of the 18th century, which was purchased by the Museum for £20,000. The statue is of two pieces of marble joined in the middle of the body. The *Discobolus* (quoit-thrower) is a copy of a work by Myron, a contemporary of the great Phidias. He was famous for representing violent action, vividly but gracefully; here every muscle is set in motion. On the right is a very beautiful head of Apollo, supposed to represent the God under the influence of music, as Musagetes (leader of the choir of the Muses).

In the next room, on the right, is a beautiful female bust commonly called "*Clytie*" (the Latin for the sun-flower), because it rests on the calyx of that flower. This was the most cherished possession of Mr. Townley, who escaped with it in his arms when he was expecting his house to be sacked during the Gordon riots. Emerson once said that the two things which fixed themselves most deeply in his mind after a visit to England were "the conversation of Carlyle and the Townley bust of *Clytie*." Further on, is a relief of "the Apotheosis of Homer"; and the noble head of a "Barbarian" whom some have identified with the British chief, Caractacus. At the west end is a beautiful "*Mercury*." The messenger of the gods carries his caduceus (wand), and on his feet are winged sandals. Close by is a boy extracting a thorn from his foot, another favourite subject in ancient sculpture. The staircase here leads down to the **Græco-Roman Basement Room**, in which the most interesting object is a tessellated pavement, from a Roman villa discovered by Sir Charles Newton at Halicarnassos in 1857.

We ascend the staircase and by the door on the left enter the **Room of Archaic Greek Sculpture**. The works here exhibited in originals or in casts, belong mostly to the 6th century B.C.; and the visitor will find it interesting to trace various characteristics of archaic art.

On the east wall, high up, is a cast of a sculptured panel from the temple of Selinus in Sicily, representing Perseus cutting off the head of the Gorgon Medusa. The attempt to copy nature is very grotesque; "The artist has tried hard to make the faces live; he only succeeds in producing a friendly grin." In imitating the forms of animals, the old sculptors were more successful; see, on the north wall, the frieze of cocks and hens, from Xanthos.

The casts from the temple of Aegina show an attempt to avoid such grossness as we have seen in earlier work, but "in aiming at truth in his study of the figure, the sculptor makes his work too pronouncedly anatomical." Notice too the monotony and want of expression in the faces; all inflict and suffer, conquer or expire, with the same smile. Among the other sculptures in this room are:

Along the length of the room, on either side, are seated figures hewn out of large blocks of stone, brought from the sacred way leading to the temple of Apollo at Branchidæ, near Miletus. One has an inscription which shows that it was meant as a portrait: "I am Chares, son of Cleisis, ruler of Teichioussa; an offering to Apollo."

On the floor is the "*Harpy Tomb*," which stood on the Acropolis of Xanthos in Lycia. The Harpies are seen carrying off diminutive figures representing the souls of mortals snatched away by death.

On the next wall, at the end, are fragments from Mycenæ, dating back before the 8th century B.C. Two columns have been reconstructed which once formed the doorway of a famous tomb, commonly known as "The Treasury of Athens." The fragments were excavated by the Turkish Governor of the Peloponnesus in 1810, and presented by him to the second Marquis of Sligo, who conveyed them to his Irish home in Co. Mayo. The present Marquis gave them to the Museum in 1904.

In the north-east corner are casts from recent excavations of the "Palace of King Minos" in Crete—relics of a comparatively advanced state of civilization in some very remote period.

We next enter the **Greek Ante-Room**, containing one of the most beautiful and celebrated works in the Museum—the seated "*Demeter*," found by Sir C. Newton at Cnidos. Demeter, the universal mother by whose bounty all men are nourished, was bereft of her daughter Proserpine by Pluto, King of Hades; and here the sculptor seeks to combine the sorrow of a mother with the dignity of a goddess.

We now pass into the **Ephesus Room**, containing remains of the great Temple of Diana at Ephesus, built (on the ruins of an earlier one) in the time of Alexander the Great, and ranked for its splendour among the wonders of the world.

" 'This Paul hath persuaded and turned away many people, saying 'that there be no gods which are made with hands; so that the temple of 'the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should 'be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth.' And when 'they heard these sayings, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' "

And now this very temple has been excavated by Christian hands (1869-74), and its stones set up one upon the other in our Museum gallery. A conjectural restoration of part of the temple, on the west side of the room, should first be studied. The peculiarity of the temple is its sculptured columns, a feature which appears also in the earlier temple, of which some remains are shown on the opposite side of the room.

The next room—the **Elgin Room**—contains some of the greatest treasures of the Museum; namely, original marbles from the Parthenon (or Temple of Athene, the Virgin Goddess) still standing on the Acropolis of Athens.

This temple—built by the architect, Ictinus, and adorned with sculptures by Phidias—was consecrated in B.C. 438, and its noble ruins are still standing. For more than two thousand years it remained intact, having been remodelled successively as a Christian church, and a Mohammedan mosque. During the siege of Athens by the Venetians in 1687, a bomb ignited a powder magazine in the Parthenon, and the centre of the building was thrown down. In subsequent years the sculptures were exposed to much injury and in 1801-3, Lord Elgin, then British Ambassador at Constantinople, obtained leave from the Sultan to remove many of the

marbles. After many adventures (including a shipwreck) the marbles were landed in England, and in 1816 were purchased from Lord Elgin by the Government for £35,000—a sum considerably less than their removal had cost him.\* Some of the sculptures still remain in their original place; others are exhibited in a museum on the Acropolis. But the marbles in this room are perhaps the most precious. They show us Greek art as it was in its brief poise of perfection. “Complete technical mastery has been acquired, and sculpture is freed from its archaic fetters. It is, however, still pervaded by a certain grave dignity and simplicity which is wanting in the more serious, more florid, or more conventional works of a later time.” Many aids to the study of the Parthenon are exhibited in this room, models, drawings, etc., and the visitor will find a preliminary mastery of these add greatly to his enjoyment.

The principal marbles in the room are (1) fragments from the Eastern Pediment, and (2) from the Western (3) several of the metopes; (4) and the frieze from the *cella* or interior chamber of the temple; We take these in turn:

(1) The group on the west side of the room, placed on a long marble pedestal, belonged to the east pediment of the Temple, and represented when complete, the Birth of Athena. Of the fragments here shown, the most famous is the reclining male figure, commonly known as “Theseus,” but more probably a personification of a mountain-god. The nude forms are “ideal, yet true”; they seem studied after nature, but nature in a heroic mould. “I prefer the Theseus,” said Flaxman, “to the Apollo Belvedere, it has more ideal beauty than any male statue I know.” A horse’s head from the same pediment is another wonderful union of natural truth with idealisation. The other fragments represent Demeter and Persephone, Iris, Victory and the Fates. Notice especially the rich and varied draperies. (2) On the opposite side of the room, are fragments from the west pediment which represented the strife of Athena with Poseidon, for the soil of Attica. The most famous is the recumbent statue personifying one of the river-gods of Attica, generally called the Ilissos. The attitude expresses the moment of sudden change from repose to action, and the figure has been long celebrated for the perfection of its anatomy. Note too that in the undulating lines of the drapery, the sculptor has succeeded in suggesting the idea of flowing water without having recourse to direct or conventional imitation. Notice further how carefully the backs of all these sculptures are finished, though as they were set against the wall they could not be seen. (3) Attached to the west wall (above the frieze) are fifteen of the metopes, or sculptured blocks inserted in the spaces left between the ends of the beams of the roof. They represent the contest between the Centaurs (half men and half bulls) and Lapithae. Notice especially, Nos. 316 and 317, for dramatic power and vigour. (4) Lastly around the room, in continuous line, are the beautiful slabs removed by Lord Elgin from the frieze of the *cella*. The subject of these bas-reliefs is the Panathenaic Procession, which took place every four years and in which all the principal classes of citizens were represented. “Animation and grace pervade the whole, but each part seems to have a special character impressed on it. We are struck by the dignity of the gods and ‘magistrates, the devout bearing of the maidens, the vigour of the herds-men,’ the impetuous and spirited advance of chariots and horses.” The

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\* Lord Elgin’s action was denounced by Byron as vandalism—“the last poor plunder of a bleeding land,” and an agitation for restoring the marbles is occasionally started in the newspapers now. On the other hand, it is claimed that the removal saved the sculptures from possible destruction or mutilation.

slabs are arranged as far as possible in their original order ; where the originals are missing, casts (often distinguishable by their bright colour) are inserted. Of the west frieze (on the west wall of this room) only two slabs are original ; the remainder are casts from the original slabs which are still in position on the temple. " Two sets of casts of this part of the " frieze are exhibited in parallel lines. The upper series is taken from " moulds made from the original marble in 1872 ; the lower series from " moulds made at Athens for Lord Elgin. A comparison of these two sets " of casts shows how much the frieze has suffered from exposure to weather " during seventy years."

Among the numerous other sculptures in the Elgin room, the most remarkable is one of the beautiful Caryatids—" calm as a grand, far-looking Caryatid, holding the roof that covers in a world"—from the Erechtheum on the Acropolis at Athens, a building imitated in St. Pancras Church (*see* Chap. XXVII.).

The door at the north end of the Elgin Room leads into the **Phigaleian Room**. This contains marbles from the Temple of Apollo Epicurius (the healer), near Phigalia, in Arcadia, the columns and architraves of which still stand. Views and plans are exhibited in a table case.

It was built by the Phigaleians in gratitude for their relief from the plague (B.C. 430) ; the architect was Ictinus, one of the builders of the Parthenon. The frieze exhibited in this room was dug out in 1812. Two sides of it represent the contest between the Centaurs and Lapithæ ; the other two, the invasion of Greece by the Amazons. " The chief merit of " the sculptures lies in the inexhaustible variety shown in the composition " of the groups. The movement everywhere displays a bold and excited " fancy, which at times degenerates into violence, as where a wild Centaur " has seized his adversary in front by his teeth, and kicks with his hind " legs against a foe behind him."—*Upcott*.

The Greek *stelæ* or tombstones in this room are beautiful and characteristic. There is no violence, no despair, no extravagance. The dead are represented in some simple attitude of domestic life or love. In one a lady puts on her bracelet. In another is the figure of a mother who died, leaving a young baby to the care of a nurse. It seems as if the Greek sculptors spoke to us in the words of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* :—

" No longer caring to embalm  
 " In dying songs a dead regret,  
 " But like a statue solid set,  
 " And moulded in colossal calm."

Another type of Greek tombstones—the marble vase—is also well represented in this room. How different they are in their grace and delicacy from the use of the same ornament in modern tombstones ! In the centre of the room is a beautiful statue of a Mourning Woman, acquired in 1907 from the Duke of Sutherland (Trentham

Hall); it is believed to have surmounted an altar tomb of the 4th century B.C.

Leaving by the door in the north-east angle, we descend into the **Mausoleum Room**, and find ourselves among the remains of the famous tomb of Mausolus, at Halicarnassos, which was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, and from which the word mausoleum was derived and applied to colossal tombs in general.

Mausolos, Prince of Caria, figures in Lucian's "Dialogues of the Dead" as the type of regal magnificence, and when he died (B.C. 350) his widow Artemisia, erected this monument to him, several of the best Athenian sculptors being engaged in the work. It was destroyed by an earthquake in the twelfth century. In 1522, the Knights of St. John occupied the Promontory of Budrum, near the ancient Halicarnassos, and built a great castle there. In 1846, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, English Ambassador to the Porte, obtained permission to carry off some slabs of the frieze of the mausoleum which had been built into the castle walls, and ten years later, Sir Charles Newton discovered and excavated the site of the mausoleum itself. "Strange as it may seem to you," he says, "the moment of making this great discovery was not at all one of great joy and exaltation. I cast a wistful eye on the site covered with houses and plots of garden land, each belonging to a separate proprietor, and asked myself how will be it possible to buy all these people out." It adds to the interest of contemplating these remains of ancient cities and vanished empires to remember the vast amount, not merely of money, but of ingenious scholarship, careful diplomacy, and mechanical contrivance, which has gone to the procuring of them for our museum.

At the south-west end of this room, is a conjectural restoration of the Mausoleum, and a beautiful water-colour drawing of it among its surroundings. A study of these is the best preparation for an inspection of the architectural and sculptural fragments. We must only call attention to a few of the most remarkable:—

The colossal statue of Mausolos himself, which stood in the chariot at the top of the pyramid. The majestic aspect of the figure accords very well with the description which Mausolos is made to give of himself by Lucian: "I was a tall, handsome man, and formidable in war." The figure as we see it was put together out of sixty-five fragments. Beside him is the figure of a goddess who acted as charioteer. Note the treatment of the drapery, in which a general breadth and grandeur of effect is combined with extraordinary refinement and delicacy of execution. In one of the fragments of the horses which draw the chariot, notice the original bronze bit and bridle attached to the marble, a method of decoration habitually employed by the ancients. The wheel of the chariot, though much restored, is of importance; it has enabled us to estimate the dimensions of the monument. The frieze on the walls illustrates the combat of the Greeks and Amazons. Some remains of colour were found which show that the ground was dark blue, the flesh a dull red, while various colours were employed on the drapery.

The stairs at the south-end of the Mausoleum Room lead up to the **Nereid Room**. Here are exhibited the sculptures, etc., discovered at Xanthos in Lycia by Sir C. Fellows. The conjectural restoration of the monument



should be consulted. The statues of the Nereids, from which the monument takes its name, rest on marine creatures, typifying the sea over which the Nereids are supposed to be moving.

### **Egyptian and Assyrian Galleries.**

Passing eastward from the Nereid Room, and traversing the Assyrian Central Saloon, the visitor enters the Egyptian Galleries. He should turn to the left, and, passing through the north door, first examine the antiquities in the **Northern Egyptian Vestibule**. The staircase here leads up into the Egyptian Rooms—mummies, etc. (see p. 180). The whole collection of Egyptian antiquities covers a period of nearly 4000 years; B.C. 3600 to A.D. 350. They are arranged in order, according to the succession of dynasties, by which Egyptian chronology was recorded. In the official guide a serviceable sketch of Egyptian history and ideas will be found. Here we can only incidentally refer to such points, as we call attention to a few of the more remarkable objects. In this vestibule are the most ancient of all the sculptures preserved in the Museum—most of them dating back to the Ancient Empire (Dynasties I.-XI. B.C. 4400-2466). We now enter the **North Egyptian Gallery**, comprising the more important sculptures, belonging to the latter part of the Middle Empire (Dynasties XII.-XIX., B.C. 2466-1200). The more important sculptures belong to the 18th and 19th Dynasties (B.C. 1700-1200). Notice especially:—

Black granite figures of the goddess Sekhet, or Pasht. They are both usually lioness-headed, though often they have the head of the cat, their sacred animal. The Egyptians believed at once in God, and in "gods" who were mythological personifications of natural phenomena, such as earth, sky, light, darkness. Furthermore every town had its sacred animals, but the animal worship was often associated with higher ideas by the uniting, in the figures of divinities, of an animal's head with human form. Sekhet typified the sun-flame, and therefore, wore on her head the sun's disc.

In the centre of the gallery, is the head from a colossal statue of Thotmes III., discovered at Karnac. This king (about 1600 B.C.) reigned more than fifty years, and made many conquests in Asia. He built several temples, and among the obelisks raised by him is the one known as "Cleopatra's Needle," now on the Thames Embankment. The king wears the *tasher*, the red cap or crown of Lower Egypt, and the *het* (a cap with a knob), the crown of Upper Egypt.

The sacred boat of Mutemaau, wife of Thotmes IV. and mother of Amenophis III. The head of the queen, in a glass case below, is an admirable specimen of sculpture.

Heads of Amenophis III. (B.C. 1500-1466), renowned for his foreign wars and buildings. He began one of the largest temples of Thebes, known as the Temple of Luxor, in front of which stood the obelisk now in the Place de la Concorde, Paris. He also erected the two colossal statues of himself, which the Greeks named the statues of Memnon.

In the recesses on the left wall, note especially a series of most admirable wall-paintings, from tombs at Thebes. These paintings, now some 3,500 years old, are still wonderfully fresh and bright, and give us a curious insight into the life of the old Egyptians. On the walls of the tombs, the Egyptians painted or graved scenes of daily life; of fishing and hunting, dancing and music. The whole activity of man displayed in miniature. For they held that when a man died, he did not wholly perish; there still survived his *ka*, or double, the half-etherialized counterpart of his body. By virtue of these scenes on the walls of the tombs it was believed that the life of the *ka* was supported. One of the most curious pictures is No. 170, representing a richly-attired lady and a scribe of the royal granaries fowling in a punt. Other interesting subjects are a musical entertainment by ladies, No. 175; a very pretty garden scene, No. 177; and dancing girls, etc., No. 179.

We now pass into the **Egyptian Central Saloon** (Refreshment room to the left), which is mainly occupied by monuments of the reign of Rameses II. (B.C. 1333-1300):—

This period has been described as the Augustan age of Egypt, when the arts attained their highest degree of perfection. It is Rameses II. who has been identified as the Pharaoh who oppressed the Children of Israel, and for whom they built the "treasure cities, Pithom and Rameses." The birth of Moses is dated in this reign. If so, Moses was adopted by the king's daughter, and may have beheld some of the very effigies now placed in this saloon.

In the **South Egyptian Gallery**, which we next enter, the monuments cover a period of nearly a thousand years, the periods of "The New Empire" (B.C. 1200-340). Some of the more interesting objects are:—

Wooden figures of kings, one of them Rameses II. Limestone seated figures of an officer and his sister or wife—very life-like and modern-looking. Gigantic scarabæus, or beetle; the beetle was the emblem of the god *Khepera*, the self-mated, and the origin and source whence sprang gods and men. This insect thus became the emblem of life, and a scarabæus amulet was worn as a charm against annihilation. It was commonly placed on the bodies of the dead. A collection of such scarabs will be found in the Fourth Egyptian Room upstairs (p. 180). On the left, protected by an iron bar, a beautifully preserved sarcophagus, which contained the body of the queen of Amasis II. (B.C. 538). Green basalt statue of Isis protecting Osiris with her wings. The myth of Osiris, in one phase, the male principle, in another the good principle—is a picture of the daily life of the sun, combating darkness, yet at last succumbing to it. Watched and protected by Isis, his consort, he appears again in renewed splendour. The myth is also a picture of human life, its perpetual conflict and final seeming destruction, to be restored in the new youth of a brighter existence. In the centre of the room, at the end, the famous *Rosetta Stone*. This stone, found by the French in 1798, among some ruins near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, first gave the key to the Egyptian hieroglyphics. It contains a decree of the priests of Memphis, conferring divine honours on Ptolemy V., King of Egypt, B.C. 195. The decree is written (1) in hieroglyphic writing, (2) in demotic, or people's style, a later development of cursive writing; and below (3) in Greek also. The probability that the Greek, and the hieroglyphic inscriptions were the same, set the archæologists to work. The words *Ptolemy* and *Cleopatra* were first detected in the hieroglyphics, and from these two names the whole decree was gradually deciphered, and the secret of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which had been insoluble for so many centuries, was thus unlocked.

**The Assyrian Galleries.**—Passing out of the South Egyptian Gallery, we find ourselves in the **Assyrian Transept**, and proceed on a tour of the Assyrian antiquities, which are amongst the most valuable and unique in the museum. The discovery of the buried cities of Nineveh and Babylon—for the most part by the late Sir Henry Layard, 1847-50—forms an exciting chapter in the romance of modern excavations. By these discoveries the history of an ancient and famous nation has been restored ; the finest known specimens of the art of the Assyrians—so important for its bearings both on that of Egypt and of Greece, are here before us ; the decorations of the palaces of their kings are arranged in their original order and almost every slab and monument will suggest points of interest to readers of Old Testament history. A brief *résumé* of Assyrian and Babylonian history, and of the modern excavations, is given in the Official Guide. Here, as in the case of the Egyptian antiquities, we can only attempt to suggest incidentally a few points of interest, in the course of a rapid survey of the several objects.

On the east side of the Assyrian Transept are monuments from the palace of Sargon, founder of the last Assyrian dynasty (B.C. 722-705), discovered at Khorsabad (above Nineveh).

The two colossal human-headed bulls are placed, as they originally stood, as at the entrance of a hall in the palace. On the west side are, colossal winged lions, similarly found in the palace of Ashur-nasir-pal, King of Assyria, B.C. 885-860, at Nimroud, the ancient Calah. Notice that the animals have five legs, so that they should appear perfect both from the front and side. Layard's account of his first discovery of these colossal figures (a sight of which may have suggested to Ezekiel his vision of the cherubim) is very interesting :—" I used to contemplate for hours " these mysterious emblems, and to muse over their real end and history. " What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temple " of their gods ? What more sublime images could have been borrowed " from nature by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed " religion, to embody their conception of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity " of a Supreme Being ? They could find no better type of intellect and " knowledge, than the head of a man ; of ubiquity, than the wings of a " bird ; of strength, than the body of a lion. These winged human- " headed lions had for twenty-five centuries been hidden from the eye of " man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty."

Turning to the right we enter the **Nimroud Gallery**, containing sculptures found in the same palace. Some showed traces of colour, and the slabs precisely recall the passage of Ezekiel, in which he describes " men of sculptured workmanship upon the wall, likenesses of the Chaldæans, portrayed with vermilion ; girdled with girdles on their loins, with coloured flowing head-dresses

upon their heads, with the aspect of princes, all of them ; the likeness of the sons of Babel-Chaldæa, the land of their nativity." Notice especially :—

No. 2. A small figure within a winged circle—one of the Assyrian symbols of divinity (*i.e.* the wheels in Ezekiel). Nos. 5a-15b. Full of details of military architecture, a battering ram, etc.; and note the men supported by inflated skins stretching across a river. Nos. 39, 40.—The King standing between two genii in the form of human beings, with eagle-head. At the extremity of the slab on the right is the sacred tree or tree of life.

In the centre of the room are smaller objects found in the palaces. Notice especially the engraved bronze bowls, and the ivory carvings (many of these, from Egyptian designs, prove an intimate connexion in very early times between Assyria and Egypt).

The door to the left leads into the **Assyrian Saloon**. The sculptures here belong to the reigns of Tiglath-Pileser (B.C. 745-725), Sennacherib (705-681), and Ashur-Bani-Pal (B.C. 668-626). The sculptures of the last-mentioned reigns were found at Nineveh. Those of the time of Ashur-Bani-Pal belong to the best period of Assyrian art and show more fidelity to nature and delicacy of modelling than the earlier sculptures. Turning to the left, on entering, and making the tour of the upper gallery, we come first to a series of hunting scenes, full of interesting detail, and containing some very fine work, especially in the renderings of horses and lions. The dogs held in leash by the keepers are also very fine. Observe too the wild goats on a slab in the cross gallery. On the other side of the gallery are representations of battles, sieges, etc. Descending the stairs, the visitor will find a further series of similar scenes. Perhaps the most interesting is on the left, No. 121, Ashur-Bani-Pal and his queen banqueting under a vine, with the head of Te-ummon, the conquered king of Elam, on a tree to the left. In a case are the bronze bands which ornamented the gates set up at Tell-Balawat, south-east of Nineveh, by Shalmaneser II. (860-825) to record his battles and conquests.

Leaving this gallery, and continuing our round, we enter the **Nimroud Central Saloon**. To the right is one of the most important historical monuments in the Museum, the celebrated "*Black Obelisk*," inscribed on the four sides with accounts of the triumphs of the same king. The most important side is that facing the light :—

In the upper panel is the payment of tribute by Sua. The King Shalmaneser stands with his left hand resting on the end of his bow, and the right holding two arrows. Immediately behind him are two attendants, and facing him is an ambassador kneeling. The second panel shows

the tribute of "Jehu, the son of Omri," which consisted of gold, silver cups, lead, a staff and a sceptre. The third represents two men leading Bactrian camels. Their presence proves that they come from the East, because this two-humped animal is unknown to the Arabs. The fourth panel exhibits a forest in a mountainous country, haunted by wild beasts which recall a passage in Daniel ii., 38: "And wheresoever the children of men dwell, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the heaven hath He given into thine hand, and hath made thee ruler over them all" The fifth panel contains the tribute bearers.

Against the pilaster in this saloon stand two statues of the Assyrian god Nebo ("Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth": *Isaiah*) each bearing an inscription to the effect that it was made for King Rammānu-nirari III., and his wife Sammuramat, who is supposed to be the original of the Semiramis of the Greek and Roman writers.

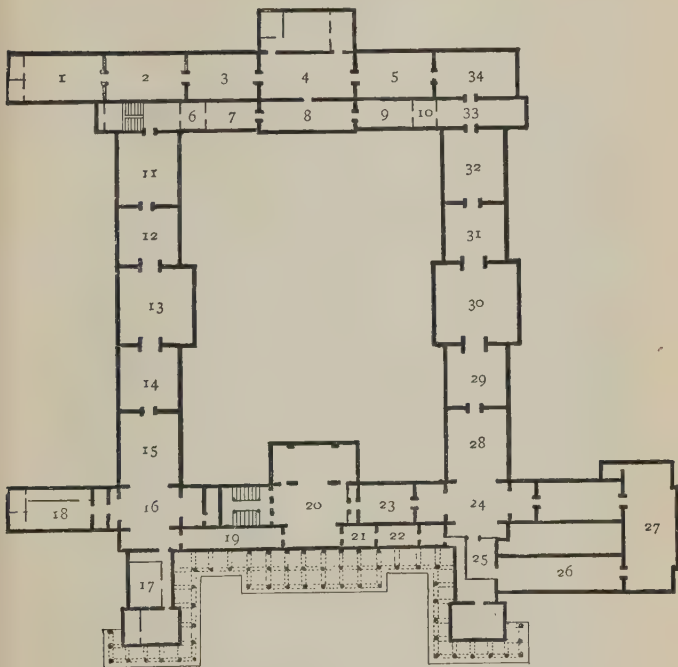
Passing, by the side of a colossal lion on the left, we enter the **Nineveh Gallery**, containing bas-reliefs, etc., excavated by Sir Henry Layard at Kouyunjik (Nineveh). They represent the wars of Sennacherib (705-681), his building operations, and the conquest of Elam by Ashur-Bani-Pal (668-628). Perhaps the most interesting are Nos. 51-56, on the left, for they show the processes of building and raising some of the very monuments which are now in our Museum galleries.

On Nos. 51 and 52, a human-headed colossal bull lying on a sledge is being moved into position by ropes and levers. On one side the construction of a mound or platform is shown, and the king himself is present to direct the operations. On No. 56 is the king in his chariot, with men carrying picks, saws, spades, etc. One of the inscriptions says:—"Sennacherib, King of Assyria the great figures of bulls sculptured in the city of Beladai for his royal palace he caused the inhabitants of foreign countries and the people of the forests to drag to the gates of his residence."

The cases in the centre of the room contain documents from the famous Royal Library, which was enlarged and completed by Ashur-Bani-Pal at Nineveh. They are written in cuneiform or arrow-headed characters. Some account of these tablets will be found in the official guide. The most interesting are those (table-case A.) which give the Assyrian and Babylonian stories of the Creation and the Flood.

### **Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities. (Upper Floor).**

We have now completed our survey of the west wing of the ground floor. We approach the upper floor at the end of the Egyptian Galleries by the north-west staircase (on which are hung some old Roman mosaics from Asia Minor and Africa), and find ourselves in the **Egyptian Rooms**. In the first room are arranged, in chronological



British Museum—Upper Floor.

- 1, 2. Egyptian Mummies.
- 3. Egyptian Sepulchral Furniture.
- 4. Egyptian Domestic Utensils.
- 5. Babylonian and Assyrian Room.
- 6. Cyprian Antiquities.
- 7. Phoenician Antiquities.
- 8, 9, 10. Eastern Religions.
- 11, 12, 13, 14. Vase Rooms.
- 15. Bronze Room.
- 16. Greek and Roman Life.
- 17. Gold Ornaments and Gems
- 18. Coin and Medal Room

- 19. Terra Cottas.
- 20. Prehistoric & Anglo-Roman Saloon.
- 21. Anglo-Saxon Room.
- 22. Waddesdon Bequest.
- 23. Mediæval Room.
- 24. Asiatic Saloon.
- 25. English Ceramic Room.
- 26. Glass and Ceramic Gallery.
- 27. Prints and Drawings.
- 28 to 32. Ethnographical Gallery
- 33. North-East Landing
- 34. American Antiquities



order, a very fine series of mummies and mummy-cases. In the second room the specimens are of a later period ; there are also figures, jars, and other objects connected with funeral rites.

The art of mummifying the dead was practised in Egypt as early as B.C. 4500, and was continued down to A.D. 500. The word is derived from the Arabic *mumia*, or bitumen ; the commonest method of preserving the body being to soak it in salt and hot bitumen, and to fill all the cavities with bitumen. After being washed and powdered with aromatic gums, the intestines were placed in jars (*see* Room II., wall-cases 73-76). The body was then filled up with myrrh and cassia and other fragrant substances, and wrapped up in strips of fine linen. The mummy was then placed in a wooden coffin ; in some instances two or three coffins, fitting into one another like a nest of boxes, were used. The bodies of kings were also deposited in massive sarcophagi, such as we have seen in the galleries below. Different kinds of coffins or mummy-cases, some of them beautifully painted, will be found in these rooms. Sometimes the mummies had casings, and portraits of the deceased were painted over the face (*see* Room II., and *cf.* National Gallery, p. 122). Some of the most handsome coffins are those of the priests of the god Amen-Ra (Room I., cases J, M). On the end wall of Room I. is a Judgment Scene in the "Book of the Dead," enlarged from a papyrus, showing the kind of scenes most frequently chosen for the ornament of coffins—the weighing of the conscience, etc. : the soul visiting the body, etc. The first coffin in Room I. is that of Men-kan-ra, the King Mycerinus, celebrated in Matthew Arnold's poem. In the chamber of the dead the mummy in its coffin was placed on a bier, with the jars near it. In the coffin or beside it on the ground were placed the Ushabti figures (Room II., cases 77-8). These "answerers" to the bidding of the deceased were deposited in the tomb to do the field-labour in the under world. There were also wooden figures of Ptah-Socharis-Osiris (Room II., cases 86-92) a triad of divinities connected with the resurrection. Papyri inscribed with religious compositions were often enclosed. Sepulchral Tablets were also common.

In Rooms III. and IV. are exhibited, besides mummies of sacred animals, various minor objects of domestic use or personal adornment.

To provide the dead with the means of refreshment and material for toilet, alabaster or other vessels filled with wine (Room IV., wall cases 137-142, 194-204), articles of food, unguents, etc., were placed on tables. On other tables were placed the instruments or objects which the deceased used or prized in life, together with gifts from friends. It is to these customs that we owe the possession of so many relics (such as are exhibited in these rooms) of the daily life and literature of the ancient world. We may notice especially in Room III. (table-case C) specimen of writing materials. Then pen was a reed ; the "paper" was made of plaited stalks of the papyrus plant. In Room IV. (standard-case C) is a collection of toys, wooden dolls, and even doll's-douses and toy-shops. Some of these were found by Lord Grenfell, at Assouan, in 1886 ; they are about 3,500 years old.

We next visit the **Babylonian and Assyrian Room**, which contains a large collection of smaller antiquities from Babylon, Nineveh, etc. Among the most interesting are the cylinder seals, which were rolled over the moist clay

of the tablets to affix the signature of the witness, or contracting party, or king. One of them (table-case D.) is the seal of Darius, inscribed "I am Darius, the great king."

### Gallery of Religions.

Retracing our steps through the Assyrian and Egyptian rooms, we must next make the tour of a smaller set of rooms, parallel to them, the so-called North Gallery, containing *Cyprian and Semitic Antiquities and Collections illustrating various Religions*. In the First Room are antiquities from the island of **Cyprus**. Many of the inscriptions here, in the Phœnician and Cyprian languages, are of historical or linguistic importance. The sculptures and terra-cottas show the effects of Egyptian, Assyrian, and Greek influence on Cyprian art. The specimens are arranged, as far as possible, in chronological order.

In Room II. are monuments chiefly from **Phœnicia**, the ancient land of Canaan, whose people were great traders and colonisers.

In the left-hand corner is a cast of the Phœnician inscription from the *Moabite Stone* (original in the Louvre). This dates to about 900 B.C., and gives an account of the war of Mesha, King of Moab, against Omri, Ahab and other Kings of Israel. A little further on is a cast of the inscription at the Pool of Siloam, describing the tunnelling made to feed the pool.

In the next three rooms are various objects illustrating **Eastern Religions** (the more primitive religions are illustrated in the Ethnographical collections). Room III. is devoted to Buddhism. There are a great many figures of Buddha, the prince, about 550 years before Christ, who turned ascetic, and who has now more votaries than any other creed except Christianity.

Among the most curious objects exhibited are the Buddhist Praying Mills in table-case D. These are cylinders containing copies of the sacred writings which revolve upon a pin passing through the centre. The instrument is held in the hand and whirled round by aid of the weight hanging at the side. These revolutions are equivalent to prayers—surely the *ne plus ultra* of formalism in religion. In the next case is another very curious object. This is an elaborate apparatus of a brazier etc., for exercising the 108 forms of wickedness (represented by that number of pieces of charcoal) that lead the heart of man to sin.

Room IV. illustrates Brahmanism, or Hindoo mythology; Jainism, with its twenty-four saints or Jins; the sacred books worshipped by the Sikhs; Judaism; Islamism; Shintoism (Japan); Confucianism; and other Eastern religions. Room V. contains early Christian remains from the catacombs, etc; "ikons" of the Greek

Church ; Abyssinian Church<sup>5</sup>utensils, etc., obtained during the war with Abyssinia, in 1868 ; and other similar objects.

Notice in the early Christian cases, a silver casket which belonged to a Roman bride named Projecta, who lived about A.D. 500. The reliefs chased on the sides of the casket illustrate Venus seated on a shell, Tritons, Amorini, etc., also Projecta being led to the palace of the bridegroom, whose name is Secundus. The inscription on the lid reads : *May you live in Christ, Secundus and Projecta.*

### Greek and Roman Antiquities.

Retracing our steps again, we find ourselves once more in the vestibule at the top of the north-west staircase. Turning to the left (opposite the entrance to the mummy-room), we come to the first of the **Vase Rooms**. The Greeks were in the habit of burying vases in the tombs : some of them were used for funeral purposes, and winners of the prize vases at the Panathenaic games had their trophies buried with them. It is to these customs that we owe the vast number of vases which have come down to us. The specimens in these four rooms are arranged so as to illustrate the development of this characteristic form of art-manufacture among the Greeks. Room I. covers the period from pre-historic times to about 600 B.C.

In this period the decoration was either geometric or confined to animal forms, with some very rude attempts at the human figure. The earliest specimens are in the cases on the left as we enter the room. Then come specimens of ware found at Mycenæ, or similar to it in character—including a large number excavated in Rhodes, at the expense of Mr Ruskin. The designs are largely derived from marine and vegetable forms. In the next stage, continuous friezes take the place of square panels. The use of raised patterns was subsequently introduced. Lastly, we find vases ornamented in the style of Oriental embroidery, with rosettes instead of geometric patterns.

Room II. contains specimens of the 6th century B.C. ;

In this period vase-painting developed in two directions :—(1) retaining the white ground, it showed greater skill in drawing, and introduced men or deities instead of animals ; (2) black figures were painted on red grounds. The finest specimens are in the middle of the room.

Room III., 5th century, shows an abrupt change to red figures on a black ground ;—

To this period the best examples of Greek vase-painting belong—severe and pure in the drawing, and simple in design. Among the best specimens in the room are, on Pedestal 4, a fine *hydria* (or vessel for carrying water), signed by the artist, Medias ; and on Pedestal 3, an *amphora* (or vase with two handles for carrying wine) from Camirus, in Rhodes, representing the surprise of Thetis by Peleus while bathing on the sea shore. On Table-case F is a Rhodian drinking-cup, famous for its refined drawing, showing Venus riding on a swan. In cases 41 and 42 are some very good specimens of *rhytons* (drinking-horns) moulded in human and animal shapes.

Room IV. (4th and 3rd centuries B.C.) contains later examples of the red figure style, in which mythological subjects give place to scenes of ordinary life ;—

The collection includes a fine series of Panathenaic amphoræ, or prize vases (*see above*). On one side of such vases is always a figure of Athenê drawn in the archaic style ; on the other the artist draws in the free style of his own time.

We now enter the **Bronze Room**, which contains a fine collection of Greek and Roman bronzes.

In the centre of the room stands a noble head of Venus—supposed to have belonged to a bronze copied from the famous statue of the goddess by Praxiteles, which was the glory of Cnidus. The eyes had been inlaid with some material imitating their natural colours. "When the eyes are blank," says a Greek poet, "all the love has gone." Notice also the right leg of a statue, wearing a grieve on which is a Gorgon's head in relief—a noble piece of ancient sculpture ; and a statuette of Hercules, carrying the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides ; the serpent which guarded them hangs dead on the tree. Especially beautiful is the head, life size, winged and bound with a diadem, supposed to represent Hypnos, the personification of sleep.

We now pass into what used to be the **Etruscan Saloon**, containing memorials of a once famous and powerful nation, the neighbour, the forerunner, and, in part, the rulers of Rome, but whose language and literature have never been recovered, and whose history is to be discovered only in buried cities and subterranean tombs. The Etruscan antiquities are grouped on the left (on entering from the Bronze Room), but the most interesting objects—two sarcophagi—have now been moved into another room (*see p. 186*). The central part of the saloon is devoted to a most interesting exhibition illustrating **Greek and Roman life**.

Visitors who are not already familiar with museums are often surprised and interested at finding how well equipped were the ancient Greeks and Romans in many of our modern conveniences and appliances, and how many specimens of such things have survived the lapse of centuries. In table-case H, for instance, is a large collection of *surgical instruments*, such as tweezers, spatulæ, probes, forceps. Although the identification of some of these objects is doubtful, enough is clear to show that the Greeks and Romans had attained to considerable skill in medical science. In many cases the patterns of the instruments are the same as those now employed. There are *toilet requisites*, ear-picks, depilatories, and other implements of the "manicure" (Table-case F).

Another case (J) shows us education, toys and games. "Two small terra-cotta groups show as the Athenian child at lessons ; the old dominie stout and kindly—very different from Horace's pedagogue, or from the Lampriscus of Herondas's mime who flogs to order—sits holding the papyrus roll or the tablets, while his little pupil, standing at his side struggles, not too enthusiastically, with his reading or writing. Hard by are the lessons which he may have learned—a wax tablet inscribed with a multiplication table from  $1 \times 1$  to  $3 \times 10$  ; a potsherd painted with a spelling exercise, combinations of each consonant with each of the vowel sounds arranged in order ; and a recitation-board with six lines

of the Iliad, set out probably for the pupils to recite in unison after the master, just as the Koran is recited in Moslem schools to-day. Then we have specimens of writings on papyrus, of styli, pens of reed and metal, and inkpots; painters' palettes and colours, and a portrait framed in a wooden 'Oxford' frame." (*Times*).

A sad interest attaches to the objects in case K, which illustrate *Slavery*. There is a scourge and a pair of iron fetters; also a slave's badge. "It was hung round his neck as a warrant for his arrest if he ran away. 'Keep me,' says the badge, 'and do not let me run away, and bring me back to my master Viventius on the estate of Callistus.' So runs the inscription, preserved for these many centuries and now stored in 'this northern island, sundered once from all the human race. But the Rome of slaves has perished, and the Rome of freemen takes her place.'" (*Popular Handbook*).

This whole collection, which repays long study, ought to be of great educational value.

On the right of this Room is the entrance to the Department of **Coins and Medals**. These collections, containing 250,000 specimens, are not open for public exhibition: but admission can be obtained by special order, and any student desiring to see any particular coins will have every facility given to him. On either side of the entrance is a collection of representative Greek and Roman coins, in electrotypes:—

These are arranged vertically into seven historical compartments (B.C. 700 to the birth of Christ), and horizontally into geographical. Each of the seven historical compartments thus offers in its three geographical sections—Asia Minor, Greece and Italy—a complete view of coins current throughout the civilized world during the particular century or period, the whole forming a series of historically successive tableaux. It is very interesting thus to trace the gradual development—from rudeness to the finest art, and thence to decadence—in these memorials of ancient civilizations. The earliest known coin is I.A.1 (electrum); the earliest which bears an inscription is I.A.7. In Compartment III. are specimens of the highest excellence which the art ever reached, the devices on the coins being marked by intensity of action, pathos, charm of bearing, finish of execution, and rich ornamentation. In the next period, true portraits first begin to appear. In VI. A. 31, note the oldest known Jewish coins—shekels, with the pot of manna and Aaron's rod. In VII. A. 19 is a portrait of the famous Cleopatra.

### Gems and Gold Ornaments.

On the south side of the Etruscan Saloon a doorway leads to this collection, which is probably the richest of its kind in the world. If the door is not open, ring the bell. In the vestibule is a collection of jewellery bequeathed by Sir A. W. Franks: the *finger-rings* of all times and nations are specially interesting. On the walls are mural paintings from a tomb discovered near Rome. The group of Pluto carrying off Proserpine is specially good. To the right end of the Gem Room, above table-case T., is the celebrated *Portland Vase*, deposited in the Museum by its owner, the Duke of Portland.

In 1845 it was broken to atoms by a lunatic, but has been successfully restored. It was made about 100 A.D. and was found in the 16th century in a tomb near Rome, and for long formed the chief ornament of the Barberini Palace there. The vase is made of dark blue glass. This was covered with a thin layer of opaque white glass; on this the design was engraved. The unengraved spaces of white glass were then ground away leaving the composition in sharp relief on the dark ground. The subject is the marriage of Thetis and Peleus. The recumbent Thetis gives her hand to Peleus, who is guided by love, while Neptune, who disposed of the hand of the bride, looks on. On the other side, Thetis holds an inverted torch, the emblem of sleep. On the left is Peleus, being instructed by Chiron; on the other side is the nymph of Mount Pelion holding a spear.

Immediately below this vase is a gold vase of the Roman period: this was found by sponge-fishers near the coast of Samos. In a corresponding position at the opposite end of the room is another celebrated object—the enamelled *Gold Cup of the Kings of France and England*—one of the finest specimens of translucent enamel in existence:—

It was made for Charles the Wise, of France, who was born in 1337 on St. Agnes Day (hence the subjects of the designs are taken from the life of that saint). It remained in the possession of the French Kings till it passed into that of our Henry VI. In 1604, it was given by James I. to the Spanish Ambassador, who in turn presented it to a nunnery at Burgos. The abbess sold it a few years since to a French collector.

The old Greek gold ornaments are arranged in table-case T (notice especially those found in an old Greek tomb, of the Mycenaean period). Next come wall-cases A-H, which follow a chronological order: the amateur will find it very interesting to trace the development of skill and taste. Above these cases are frescoes from houses in Pompeii. Cases J to L contain British and Irish specimens, and in M and P are specimens of Ashanti gold work, including the regalia of King Prempeh. O and P contain another collection of finger rings of all periods. R contains Roman silver work: in Q and S are mediæval drinking vessels: notice a small tankard of clear glass, with the arms of the great Lord Burleigh in enamel. Next come the engraved gems (cases U, X, W) including specimens from the earliest times. Among the later and finer specimens may be noticed: In case X 46, two heads of Julius Cæsar, and in X 53, a splendid head of Augustus. Lastly, in table-case W 15-20, will be found a large number of gems, etc., which have historical interest, such as: The signet ring of Mary Queen of Scots; a prayer-book in enamelled gold cover, which belonged to Queen Elizabeth; Gibbon's gold snuff-box and watch; two snuff-boxes which belonged to the great Napoleon; the ring of King Ethelwulf, father of Alfred



the Great. The frames in the windows contain a series of glass pastes, ancient and modern.

### The Room of Terracottas.

Leaving the Gem Department and turning to the right, we next enter the Room of Terracottas. Passing to the far end of it, we notice in the centre one of the **Etruscan sarcophagi** mentioned on page 183 :—

What visitor has not been startled on first entering, at the sight of a loving pair, as large as life, reclining on a couch ? The life-like character of the figures, who appear engaged in animated conversation, their strange costumes, and still stranger cast of features—differing widely both from the Greek and from the Egyptian, yet decidedly oriental and akin to the Calmuck ; the unusual material for statuary, which is soon recognised as burnt clay, cannot fail to call forth wonderment. What do they mean ? Whence do they come ? What people do they represent ? To what age do they belong ? The monument is one of the earliest known specimens of the fickle art of Etruria. It was found at Cervetri, an important city, mentioned by Pliny as having possessed a collection of paintings long before the foundation of Rome, and is at least 2,400 years old. The figures represent man and wife at a banqueting scene, probably the eternal banquet which was believed to be the lot of the blessed in the next world. The four scenes on the side of the coffin below, represent (1) the leave-taking of two warriors before going to single combat ; (2) the death of one of them ; (3) the mourning for that death ; and (4) the funeral feast.

The other sarcophagus is of a lady : her skeleton is inside : on the cover reclines her effigy, gazing into a mirror which lies within its open case.

Of the small terra-cottas, the most interesting are the statuettes, or *figurines*, from *Tanagra*, in cases 9-16.

These little figures, which have been discovered in very large numbers during recent years in tombs at Tanagra, are much sought after by museums and private collections for their graceful ingenuity, lively fancy and unexpectedly modern spirit. They mostly represent ordinary life and daily occupations—see, for instance, the nurse with a child in her lap, in case 16. Archæologists are much divided as to the meaning of these graceful and dainty little figures, with their piquant air, their gait now rapid and agile, now indolent and languishing, and their exquisitely graceful air ; “suspended between the ideal and the real world,” says a French critic, “many of the figures remain in an uncertainty which forms part of their grace.” The figures will repay attentive study, for the light they throw on the costume and occupations of the Greeks.

### Pre-Historic Remains and Early British Antiquities.

Leaving the Terra-cotta Room by the eastern doorway, the visitor finds himself in an irregularly shaped room known as the **Central Saloon**, mainly devoted to pre-historic and Early British antiquities. On the left is the *principal staircase*, leading down to the Entrance Hall. On this staircase are sculptures from the Buddhist shrine, or tope, at Amaravati in South India, supposed to have been

erected about A.D. 300. At the head of the staircase is a remarkable clock, made in 1589 by Habrecht, the maker the celebrated Strasburg clock. The remains of the *Palæolithic Stone Period*, the most ancient remains of man hitherto discovered, found in river gravels (drift) or in caves, are arranged in the gallery of the room. The stone implements, it will be observed, are never ground or polished; and the remains found in the diverse parts of the world, ranging from England to South Africa, are all similar in character. The cave remains show the first dawn of art, in the form of drawings of animals scratched on bone, deer's horn, or stone. Some of these drawings may be seen in cases 114, 115 containing remains from French caves. Observe specially two representations of reindeer on mammoth ivory. In the succeeding *Neolithic Stone Period*, the stone implements are ground, and ornamented pottery occurs, represented in the first cases in the north wing of the saloon. On the floor of the room are antiquities of the *Bronze Period*, in which the pottery is finer, the use of stone for arrow-heads, etc., is more developed, and bronze weapons are found. Some of the bronze antiquities found in the Thames are very fine. In cases 12-30 are *British Sepulchral Antiquities*, belonging partly to the Neolithic, but mostly to the Bronze Period; in the former the bodies were sometimes burnt, in the latter nearly always. Hence a great many urns, in which the burnt bones were deposited, have been discovered.—In the centre of the saloon, case S contains antiquities from the *Lake Dwellings* of Switzerland, “of great interest from the light they have thrown on the life of the early inhabitants of Europe. We find here their stone axes with horn sockets, and models of wooden handles, fishing nets, woven stuffs, numerous implements; the baked clay with which the huts were lined, and many remains of the cereals and fruits in use, all of which have been preserved by the mud of the lakes.”—In wall-cases 51-60 are remains of the fourth, or *Iron Period*, in which the pottery is better made, but less ornamented; bronze gives place to iron, but is still used for ornaments and shields; and decoration, probably derived from the Greeks through the Etruscans, is found.

The **Anglo-Roman** collection, in the same room, shows remains of the Roman occupation of Britain (A.D. 43-410). In the centre of the room is a very fine bust of the Emperor Hadrian, who visited Britain about A.D. 120. This was found in the Thames. A great many of the other

antiquities exhibited were found in London. In one of the cases (D.) is a collection of military objects, including certificates of service given to soldiers on their discharge; in another case (E.) is a curious set of clay moulds for casting false coins.

Leaving the Pre-historic Saloon by the door on the east, we enter the **Anglo-Saxon Room**, containing Saxon antiquities, found in "barrows" (graves) in this country. Much of the jewellery is very handsome; as, for instance, a gold buckle set with garnets and glass. Under a glass case is a remarkable casket carved out of a whale's bone.

### The Waddesdon Bequest Room.

The next room contains the collection of arms, jewels, plate, enamels, carvings and other works of art which was bequeathed to the Museum in 1898 by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild. They formed part of the artistic treasures which he had accumulated at Waddesdon Manor, his country house near Aylesbury. The value of the collection has been estimated at £300,000:—

If we could trace the domestic history of some of these precious things, what romance, what stories would they yield! Many of them must have been the eye's delight of great Princes, of great dames who lived and loved, and gave fine dinner parties, balls, receptions, three or four hundred years ago. Then their proud possessors went the way of all flesh, and the heirloom descended, and adorned the person, the house, the dinner table, the salons of somebody else. Then came the luckless spendthrift, who went the pace, had the brokers in, and the household gods which had been the pride of his forbears, themselves in some dim curio shop in Venice, Amsterdam, Paris, London, Vienna. We wonder how many prayers this portable altar (case K, 232) with its rich carving, has heard? How many stiff knees have bent before it and begged God to listen? These majolica vases, lamps and goblets—surely not even a Prince would dare to use them.

The objects belong mainly to the *cinque-cento* period, but in case A. there are some exquisite Greek bronzes; these circular medallions, with loose rings, formed the handles of litters. Among the jewels (case H.), one of the most valuable and important is the famous "Lyte Jewel," given by James I. to Thomas Lyte, and containing a portrait of the king.

### Mediæval Curiosities.

Returning to the Pre-historic Saloon and turning to the right, we come to the **Mediæval Room**, in which, beautifully displayed, are some of the most interesting objects in the Museum.

First comes a fine collection of armour and metal work. Next, a collection of clocks, astrolabes (instruments for taking altitudes) and watches. This collection has been formed so as to illustrate the

historical development of clocks—from the weights which set in motion the wheel-work, to coiled springs in lieu thereof (about A.D. 1500); catgut and the hair-spring watch-glasses did not come into vogue till about 1620; the striking-clock was invented in 1676. The whole history may be studied in the specimens here exhibited, which are all labelled. In this room also are some fine Limoges enamels and ivory-carvings; a series of elaborate keys worn as badges of office by chamberlains in the various European courts; and a collection of objects used in games (case L), including a set of chessmen, made of walrus tusk and found in the Island of Lewis. But perhaps the most interesting collection in the room is that of historical relics (table-case A). These include an ivory hat which belonged to Queen Elizabeth; the punch-bowl, of Inverary marble, of Robert Burns; an astrolabe of Henry VIII., and a casket, carved from Shakespeare's mulberry tree, which was presented to David Garrick.

### Glass and Pottery.

We next visit the collections of glass and pottery, which are very rich and valuable: First comes the **Asiatic Saloon**, containing the ceramic collection from Japan and China.

The earliest specimens—some more than 1,200 years old—will be found in wall-cases 1-9. Observe a curious terra-cotta figure of a woman "supposed to have been buried at the funeral of a chieftian as a substitute for a living retainer, who in earlier times would have been interred with his or her lord." In cases 27 to 32 is a series of jars for holding powdered tea, dating from A.D. 1200 onwards. The Japanese pottery and porcelain (cases 10-38) is arranged according to the locality of manufacture. Some of the Kiôto ware is very quaint. Note some specimens of the much-prized old Satsuma. The Chinese porcelain (on which local marks are rarely placed) is arranged (in wall-cases 42 onward, and cases D, E, I, K, L) according to the mode of decoration. In the centre-case K, are some fine specimens of porcelain painted in blue; in I, single-coloured vases, showing most of the tints which the Chinese potters have produced. On the two pilasters are some Chinese drawings, showing the various stages of the manufacture, from the digging of the clay to the packing for export. Some of the choicest and most beautiful specimens in the collection will be found in table-case E. In cases 71-77 are specimens made for the European market, often with the arms of English and foreign families. China-ware (hence the generic term china) was, it will be remembered, first introduced in Europe in the sixteenth century.

Among other objects of Oriental fine art in this Saloon, special attention should be given to the case containing Japanese *Netsukés*, or buttons, principally of ivory carved with various subjects. Another case contains Japanese *sword-guards*.

The doorway on the south of the Asiatic Saloon takes us into the **English Ceramic Ante-Room**.

The earliest specimens, dating from Norman times to 1500 A.D., are in cases 1-8. Next (cases 9-20) comes slip-ware, so called because the ornamentation is applied in liquid clay, technically known as a *slip*. The glaze on the white salt-glazed pottery (cases 21-26), produced by the fumes of the salt in the kiln, is said to have been discovered by the accidental boiling over of an earthen pot full of brine which was found to have glazed the ware. In case 33, are some excellent specimens of the Fulham ware made by John Dwight, an Oxford graduate. The remaining cases contain specimens of all the English factories up to the beginning of the present century. Some of the pieces have a personal interest, e.g., a Bristol cup and saucer, part of a set presented to Mr. Edmund Burke.

In the beautiful **Glass and Ceramic Gallery**, which we next enter, will be found first, on either side of the door, some further specimens of English pottery.

On the left is the so-called English Delft, made at Lambeth. Notice the wine pots inscribed "Sack," "Rhenish," etc., and some plates on which are inscribed—(1) What is a merry man? ; (2) Let him do what he can ; (3) To entertain his guests ; (4) With wine and merry jests ; (5) But if his wife do frown ; (6) All merriment goes down. On the right, and in the adjoining table-case O, is a fine collection of the celebrated *Wedgwood ware*. The best specimens are a vase representing the Apotheosis of Homer, copied from a Greek vase in the Museum, and a copy of the Portland Vase (*see p. 184*).

Returning to the left wall, we have next to survey a historical collection of foreign pottery, thus arranged :—

Dutch and German delft (case 3) ; German pottery and stone-ware (cases 4-7) ; Italian pottery (case 8) ; and Italian majolica (cases 9-23). In case 11, is "a small vase of rare perfection, on which is represented "a combat of naked warriors, after Barthel Beham, 1502-1540 ; painted "at Pesaro about 1540." In the next century majolica almost entirely disappears, having been driven out of esteem by Oriental porcelain. We next come to Spanish pottery (cases 24-25), chiefly decorated in metallic lustre and probably derived from the Arabs ; Rhodian and Damascus ware (cases 27-31), with their bold floral decoration ; Persian pottery (cases 32-33), including some beautiful bowls ; and a small collection of French (cases 34-35).

The collection of glass which follows is exceedingly fine. An interesting historical survey of the manufacture will be found in the official guide.

The Egyptians are supposed to have been the first makers of it Egyptian specimens—including an elegant vase and a remarkable amulet—are in case B. By the Egyptians the manufacture was introduced to Rome, "where the processes seem to have been quite as varied and as well understood as in later times." This antique glass is in cases 37-45, and adjoining table-cases. The beautiful iridescence which will be noticed in many specimens is not intentionally produced, but is the effect of time which has partially decomposed the surface of the glass. In case D, is the famous Auldjo vase, bequeathed by Miss Auldjo, of similar workmanship to the Portland vase (*see p. 184*). Notice also some variegated saucers (*millefiori*) and "fragments illustrating the variety of designs employed by the ancients, of which an idea can only be formed by studying "these fragments, the complete vessels being generally perished." The fame of Venetian glass, which comes next (cases 46-54, and H, in the centre of the room), has survived to this day, though the older specimens, such as are here exhibited, are unrivalled for delicacy and elegance. In the central case are some specially fine examples of the beautiful "lace glass." In the German collection (cases 55-58), notice the winged glass (*flügelgläser*) on the upper shelves, derived from Venetian models. Spanish, Flemish and Dutch follow (cases 57, 58 and M). In the Oriental section (cases 59-61), we may notice, especially in case 59, the small Chinese snuff-bottles (a favourite New Year's gift in that country), and in case 60, the set of Mosque lamps, made in Damascus about A.D. 1350. The specimens of French and English glass (cases 62-63), complete the collection.

### Prints and Drawings.

We now enter the exhibition gallery of the Department

of Prints and Drawings (keeper, Sidney Colvin). This department contains a collection probably unrivalled in the world of original drawings, engravings and etchings of all periods and schools; also playing cards, Oriental paintings, painted fans, etc. Catalogues of most of these collections are obtainable, but are very costly. The greater part of the collection is restricted to students (for tickets apply to the principal librarian, p. 164); but foreigners, travellers, or occasional visitors desiring to see particular objects are generally admitted. Different exhibitions from the innumerable treasures of the department have been made at different times. A few years ago, for instance, there was an exhibition from the Museum's very extensive collection of Japanese and Chinese paintings. When the last edition of the handbook was issued, the exhibition was of drawings by the old masters; and this has been followed by one illustrating the history of the Mezzotint engraving from the invention in 1642 onwards. "All the prints are picked impressions, chosen with a view first to their technical quality, so as to represent the art in its several stages at its best and most effective, and, secondly, to their historical interest, so as to form a full and varied gallery of national portraiture from the Restoration to the Regency." An excellent official guide (generally priced at 3d.) is published of the successive exhibitions in this department.

### **Ethnographical Gallery.**

We must now retrace our steps through the Glass and Ceramic Galleries into the Asiatic Saloon. The north doorway will then take us into the long Ethnographical Gallery, which contains one of the most extensive collections in the world of objects illustrating the habits, dress, warfare, handicrafts, religions, etc., of the less civilized inhabitants of the globe. The collections are arranged geographically in a succession of divisions, each division occupying, first, cases on the left side, and then, corresponding cases on the right. The cases in the centre of the gallery are largely devoted to articles of personal adornment, and will be found very curious and interesting:

*Asia* occupies the first compartment, which is sub-divided into various groups. Under the head of Ceylon, case 155, notice a remarkable series of painted wooden masks, used by the Devil-dancers to cure various diseases, each shape being considered effectual for some particular complaint. The *Asiatic Islands* come next. Notice from Borneo the skulls of captured enemies preserved as trophies by the head-hunters. The large collections from *Oceania* follow. Notice a series of boomerangs. In central case (F), notice the curious series of masks of tortoiseshell, the



largest in the form of an alligator. From New Zealand come some elaborately carved and pencilled wooden figures and masks. Readers of the new popular South Sea stories will find much to interest them in these collections of cocoa-nut scrapers, spoons for the lime chewed with the areca nuts, canoes, cannibal forks, a model of a Samoan house, etc. From the Sandwich Islands come some very quaint idols of wicker-work covered with feathers. In one of the New Zealand cases is a European iron axe, given by Captain Cook to the natives, which has been mounted in a native handle and preserved as a relic. Table-case 202 contains a selection of native weapons and ornaments presented by the Maoris to the Prince of Wales during his visit to New Zealand in 1901. In other cases are a number of native gods sent home by the early pioneers of the London Missionary Society from the Eastern Pacific Islands. *Africa* is the next compartment; many of the collections in it have been formed and presented by recent explorers and administrators, e.g., by Sir H. H. Johnston, in Nyassaland; quiver and arrows from the Pigmies by Surgeon Parke; musical instruments from the Niger, by Sir Claude Macdonald. Some curious fetishes are from the same region; whilst in case S. and T. are life-size models of South African natives. The last compartment is devoted to *America*. We may notice weapons, clubs and dresses worn by the continental Indians of North America; a collection of bows, arrows and utensils formed during Captain Vancouver's voyage; and illustrations of the Arctic expeditions.

The **American Room** (on the other side of the landing) contains the more ancient remains from that continent.

"They are mostly, in one sense, pre-historic, as they are probably anterior to the Spanish Conquest. It will be noticed how closely the stone implements and weapons resemble those of the old world."—C. H. R.

Of a different and more civilized type are the remarkable relics from Mexico. Notice the specimens of mosaic, including a human skull, two wooden masks, a sacrificial knife, a two-headed snake, a centre of a shield, a wooden stand in the form of a jaguar, and an animal's head. These are encrusted with turquoise of various colours, malachite, and shell, and the eyes are set with pyrites. Some large sculptures from Mexico are exhibited on the landing.

We have now completed our tour of the upper floor of the Museum and must descend the staircase (on the walls of which is a Roman pavement from Hampshire).

### Books and Manuscripts.

We now enter the splendid gallery, known as **The King's Library**, which was built in 1827 to receive the admirable collection of books formed by George III., and made over to the nation by George IV. A copy of his letter of presentation stands in the centre of the gallery. In the show-cases in this gallery are arranged a few of the innumerable treasures of the Museum Libraries. The visitor should begin his inspection at the far end (S).

First come four cases containing a selection of *Oriental Manuscripts*. In case A is the oldest dated MS. extant (in Syriac, A.D. 411); in another case notice the handsome Burmese official documents in gold on ivory; the Tibetan version of a Buddhist work, with a picture of the quaint tutelary demons of the Church. The next cases illustrate the Origin and Progress of Printing. Case I. contains *Block-books*, i.e., books prepared by impressing sheets of paper upon wooden blocks carved in relief. There is an original block of this kind, about 500 years old; it was discovered 50 years ago in a house near Lincoln's Inn. The most famous Block-books was the "*Biblia Pauperum*," the Bible of the Poor, and the object of them was by means of engraved delineation to bring sacred history to the knowledge of those unable to read costly manuscripts. Case II. contains the earliest examples of *printing with movable types*. Block-books had been in use for fifty years, when suddenly in 1454, the art of printing from movable types appeared at Mainz, Gutenberg being the inventor. Among the specimens the bull of Pope Nicholas V. conceding indulgence to those who should aid the King of Cyprus against the Turks (1454), and the Mazarin Bible (1456), so-called because the first copy to attract attention in modern times was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. Observe in these earliest books "the magnificence of the types and stately regularity of the printing." Cases III.-V. contain early German printed books, in which fine illustrations were produced. Case VI. is devoted to *Early Italian Printing*; in which "the age will exchange with pleasure the rugged though magnificent Gothic characters of the fathers of printing for the clear and exquisitely elegant Roman letter." In the next case, VII., we find specimens of the *Later Italian Printing* of the fifteenth century, of which the most characteristic representative was Aldus Minutius, "whose introduction of italic type (1501), bringing the octavo in its train, contributed more than anything else to popularise learning." Cases VIII.-X. contain specimens of early printing in France the Low Countries and Spain, including a beautiful first edition of the Salisbury Missal, printed at Rouen in 1492. Specimens of the *earliest Production of Caxton* and of the printing press in England are exhibited in the next case, XI. "These," says Dr. Garnett, "compare unfavourably with the contents of the preceding cases as examples of beautiful printing." They include the first books printed in English (by Caxton, 1475), and the first edition of "Britain's first poet, famous old Chaucer," (by Caxton, 1478). The work of other British presses is illustrated in cases XII.-XIV.; whilst in cases XV.-XVI. are some *famous English Books*—including the first editions of the Prayer Book and Authorised Versions of the Bible; two plays of Shakespeare, and the "first folio" of 1623. Selections, periodically changed, from the stamp collection, probably the best in the world, bequeathed to the nation by Mr. Tapling, M.P., follow. In cases XXI.-XXII. are examples of the earliest *printed music*. In other cases temporary exhibitions are arranged as occasion may suggest; as, for instance, a Milton exhibition in connexion with his Tercentenary. At the north end of the Library are six cases containing an exhibition of bindings, from about 1470 to the middle of the last century. The Museum is very rich in fine bindings, both English and foreign. The kings and queens of England have been great admirers of bookbinding, and many handsome examples which belonged to them will be found in these cases. The earliest specimens are stamped leather. Then gold tooling was invented in Italy, and introduced by the celebrated collector, Jean Grolier, into France, where the art reached its highest perfection. In England, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, Roger Payne was a famous binder.

Retracing our steps and leaving the King's Library by the south door, we enter the **Manuscript Saloon**, in which are exhibited some of the more interesting treasures of the Manuscript Department.

Advancing into the centre of the room, the visitor will find five cases (A-E). These contain a series of Manuscripts in Greek, Latin and modern languages, which, apart from the interest of their subject-matter, illustrate the progress of writing from the second century before Christ to the fifteenth century of our era. Printed labels with full particulars are attached to all the MSS. exhibited in this room, so that we may be content here with brief indications. In case A is a portion of the papyrus containing Aristotle's lost treatise "On the Constitution of Athens," which was discovered in the course of some excavations in Egypt a few years ago. On the other side of the papyrus a farm-bailiff had written his account 1900 years ago. Many of the ancient papyri exhibited—e.g., the only extant MS. of the Mimes of Herondas (case A.)—owe their preservation to Egyptian mummies. They had been abandoned by their owners as waste paper, and then had been pasted together to make mummy-cases. Egyptian tombs have in this way, of late years, yielded a rich crop of classical MSS. The earliest characters were *uncials*, showing a rounded form; then come *half-uncials*, or mixed large and small letters; and lastly, *minuscules*, the common hand-writing which survives to the present day. In these cases, the progress of the hand-writings of the different nations may be traced. The octagonal case F., in the centre of the room, containing manuscript chronicles of England, is of further interest as illustrating the manner in which our national history was recorded before the invention of printing. Elsewhere, in a frame fixed against the wainscot, is a photograph of one of the copies of the Magna Charta of King John, which is in the possession of the Museum. In cases G. and H., against the pilasters, is a selection of Biblical MSS., illustrating the history of the text of the Holy Scriptures. Of special interest are a volume of the celebrated "Codex Alexandrinus," containing the Greek text of the Scriptures on vellum—one of the three earliest documents extant of any entire book or copy of the Bible, A.D. 464; the Latin Bible of St. Jerome (the Vulgate), and the English Bible of Wycliffe. In the east section of the room are two table-cases (L. and M.), containing a collection of royal, ecclesiastical, monastic, and baronial seals. The door here leads into the Newspaper Reading Room (for rules and regulations, see p. 164), where readers have access to files of all newspapers published in London. Country newspapers are now consigned to a Museum store-house at Hendon; and notice has to be given a week in advance of any particular paper that a student may require. On either side of the doorway in the corresponding west section of the room, is an exhibition of what we may call English History in Autograph. It begins with a complete series of autographs of English sovereigns from Richard II. (no signature or other handwriting of any earlier sovereign is known to exist) down to Victoria, whose pencilled signature at the age of four is given. There are also the autographs of six famous foreign sovereigns, Henry IV. of France, the Emperor Charles V., Louis XIV., Frederick the Great, Peter the Great, and Napoleon. Then comes a series of autograph papers illustrating the course of English history. Among the later papers are Nelson's last letter to Lady Hamilton, written two days before Trafalgar, with her note at the end: "Oh, miserable wretched Emma: Oh, glorious and happy Nelson!"; the Duke of Wellington's enumeration of the cavalry under his command at the Battle of Waterloo; the last page of General Gordon's diary at Khartoum ("I have done the best for the honour of our country. Good-bye!"); and a letter from Queen Victoria thanking Miss Gordon for the gift of a Bible which belonged to "your dear, heroic brother." These examples may serve to show how rich in interest is this section of the Museum's treasures. (A guide to all the MSS., with the text of the papers, may be obtained for 6d.) Of equal interest, in another sort, is the collection of Literary and Artistic Autographs. These are shown in cases in the south and north sections of the room. (The south door, opposite to that by which we entered, leads into the Students' Room). Here we may see the autographs—in many cases

on documents, otherwise of great interest also—of nearly all the famous English writers from Shakespeare and Milton to Macaulay and Dickens. Also, among many others, of Erasmus, Luther, Michael Angelo, Titian, Molière, Rousseau, Victor Hugo, Handel (portion of the original MS. of "As pants the hart"), Mozart, and Wagner. In the north cases (IX.-XI.), are several MSS. of personal interest—e.g., the manual of prayers, used by Lady Jane Grey on the scaffold; the draft will of Mary, Queen of Scots; Milton's Family Bible; and autograph literary works. Among these we may note the first two cantos of Byron's "Childe Harold"; Scott's "Kenilworth"; Coleridge's works; Keats's "Eve of St. Mark"; Macaulay's article on "Gladstone on Church and State" ("we believe that we do him no more than justice when we say that his abilities and his demcanour have obtained for him the respect and good will of all "parties"); Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius"; and George Eliot's "Adam Bede" (with dedication "To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes, I give this MS. of a work which would never have been "written but for the happiness which his love has conferred on my life").

We now pass into the last room which we have still to visit. This is the famous **Grenville Library**, a collection of 20,000 volumes of the greatest rarity bequeathed by the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, who died in 1846. In the show-cases in this room is a magnificent series of illuminated manuscripts, arranged chronologically so as to show the progress of illumination and miniature painting from the 10th to the 16th century.

The earliest examples are those of the Byzantine school, "characterised by a rigid conventionalism. The colours are opaque and "sombre, and the backgrounds are of gold or in monochrome." (Case 1) "In the thirteenth century a minuter and more refined style came into "use. The features, hair, and drapery are more carefully treated, and "latterly the body becomes more flexible; delicate little miniatures "occupy the interior of the initials, and plain gold grounds begin to give "place to diapers and other patterns in gold and colours." The last case, (No. 8) contains a selection of bindings of manuscripts.

Leaving this room we find ourselves again in the entrance hall, and our tour of the British Museum is ended.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## South Kensington.

## I.—THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

(Officially the Victoria and Albert Museum.)

(*The "Underground" and the Piccadilly Tube have adjoining stations at South Kensington, within four minutes' walk of the Museum. Omnibuses from Piccadilly also pass close by.*)

"Every man of taste has, it has been said, two countries—Italy and his own. In the South Kensington Museum, more than elsewhere in London, one may live and move among things Italian, and I love to pass from the noise and bustle of the nineteenth century into the cool courts of the Museum, where among its priceless collections of Renaissance and Early Italian treasures a man may refresh himself with memories of his other country."—*Anon.*

"At South Kensington, where I lost myself in a Cretan labyrinth of military ironmongery, advertisements of spring blinds, model fish-farming, and plaster bathing nymphs with a year's smut on the noses of them; and had to put myself in charge of a policeman to get out again."—*Ruskin.*

THE passages quoted above express two aspects of this Museum. It contains magnificent collections, but for many years they were over-crowded, and therefore in part ill-arranged. This is why a visit to "the *omnium-gatherum* of South Kensington" (as someone has called it), so often results in weariness of the flesh, vexation of spirit, and confusion of mind. The proper way to see the Museum is to decide beforehand what department one wishes to see, and to see it thoroughly, without attempting on one afternoon to penetrate the whole of the maze and look at all the objects, more than 50,000 in number, which it contains. The plan and arrangement of the Museum have been very irregular owing to the haphazard way in which it has come together. It grew out of the Great Exhibition of 1851, in a desire to preserve for public inspection some of the objects then collected, and stands on a portion of the estate purchased by Her Majesty's Commissioners for that undertaking. The formation of the Science and Art Department a year or two later led to fuller development of the Museum. The increasing scope of that department (now merged in the Board of Education) during the last forty years has been accompanied by a corresponding growth in the Museum, which has been further added to by private bequests and by transfers of collections from other institutions. It is in



the main a treasure-house of really valuable things, but to some extent it has also been a sort of receptacle into which all kinds of miscellaneous objects have been shot. At first, a temporary iron building, nicknamed 'The Brompton Boilers,' was erected. Most of this was removed in 1868, and the Science Schools, entered from Exhibition Road, showed the kind of design—note the successful use of terra-cotta ornament—intended for the whole exhibition.

The enlargement of the Museum and the erection of the façade on the Cromwell Road, for years and years were "under the serious consideration of H.M. Government," and at last in 1899 the work was put in hand. Queen Victoria laid the foundation stone, and commanded on the occasion that the Museum should henceforth be known as "The Victoria and Albert," but popular use and wont are sometimes stronger than royal decrees. The façade (designed by Sir Aston Webb), with its lofty tower and pavilions, is a considerable addition to the architecture of London, and the new buildings nearly double the space at the disposal of the Museum. Its contents are accordingly in course of complete rearrangement. This being so, we shall not attempt to give *topographical* indications, but shall direct the visitor's attention to some of the more interesting groups of objects arranged according to their *character*.

The institution known as "South Kensington" comprises the following branches:—

1. The Museum proper of miscellaneous works illustrating the arts and sciences.
2. The Picture Gallery, mainly of water-colours, and known as "The National Gallery of British Art."
3. The Art Library (For admission, see below).
4. The National Art Training School.
5. The Royal College of Science (at South Kensington itself), with Science Library and Royal School of Mines (in Jermyn Street, *see* Chap. XXIII.). The new buildings of the College of Science (designed by Sir Aston Webb), opened in 1905, are in Imperial Institute Road, facing the Imperial Institute.
6. The Indian section.
7. The Branch Museum at Bethnal Green (*see* Chap. XXVIII.).

We shall here briefly describe in order all the collections at South Kensington. They are at present located in four different buildings;—

1. The principal Museum building, devoted mainly to the art collections.
2. The Southern Galleries (entered from Exhibition Road), containing machinery.
3. The Eastern and Cross Galleries (entered from Imperial Institute Road), containing science collections, etc., and



Façade of Victoria and Albert Museum.

## 4. The India Museum (entered from Imperial Institute Road).

The Museum is open daily—free: on Sunday afternoons from 2 p.m. (closing time according to season); on Monday, Thursday and Saturday from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. By payment of 6d. on Students' day (Tuesday), Wednesday and Friday, from 10 a.m. to 4, 5, or 6 p.m., according to season. Tickets (including use of the Art, Science, Dyce and Forster Libraries) cost weekly 6d., monthly 1s. 6d., quarterly 3s., half-yearly 6s., yearly 10s. In the winter months, go in the morning, or choose a bright afternoon, or wait till the evening; some of the galleries are very dark, and the electric light is not always turned on as soon as it should be. It should be remembered that science and art schools throughout the country are affiliated to "South Kensington," and one of the most important duties of the central department is the circulation of books, casts and works of art among provincial schools and museums. Hence the Museum, though in the case of its chief treasures stationary, is also to a large extent peripatetic. No detailed account of the objects in the collection is possible here, nor is it necessary, for it is one of the most excellent features of the Museum that every object bears a printed label fully descriptive of it. Excellent catalogues and handbooks, of all kinds and prices, as also photographs, may be purchased within the Museum at a stall close to the main entrance.

## ARCHITECTURE AND SCULPTURE.

Among the works of art in the Museum, some are to be found in the *decoration of the building* itself. Thus, in the "South Court," on the upper portion of the side-walls, in sunken panels, are portraits in mosaic of thirty-six famous artists. Two of these were designed by Leighton (N. Pisano and Cimabue): Titian by Watts: Leonardo da Vinci by Sir John Tenniel. In the lunettes of the gallery overlooking the court are Leighton's *frescoes* of the arts of peace and of war—the former one of his finest works. The *Refreshment Rooms* (lavatories on either side) are also interesting. The Green Dining-room was decorated by Morris & Co.: the Grill-room, or Dutch Kitchen, by Sir Edward Poynter. The windows in the Ceramic Gallery are noticed below (*see* p. 200).

The **Architectural Court** (divided by a central passage and gallery) is the largest of the courts in the Museum, and contains full-size reproductions, in plaster, of large architectural works, in many styles and of many different centuries. Some of the specimens are, however, the original works, and among the latter is a *rood-loft* of alabaster and coloured marbles;—

This fine specimen of Flemish architecture once ornamented the Church of St. John at Bois-le-Duc, North Brabant. Many years ago, the authorities of the Church, in a rage for repairs, pulled it down, and it lay as rubbish in a corner of the yard, where an English traveller espied it. He purchased it "for an old song," and afterwards it was bought for the Museum.

The cathedral architecture of the middle ages is illustrated

by numerous specimens, and an interesting bit of old London should not be missed—the carved oak front of Sir Paul Pindar's house in Bishopsgate (*see* p. 266), presented by the Great Eastern Railway. But the most conspicuous object is a copy (in two parts) of the *Trajan Column*, erected at Rome in A.D. 106-114 to commemorate that Emperor's victories over the Dacians (a full description is placed on a desk near the model). In the other part of the Architectural Court, none of the examples are more interesting than the casts of the famous *pulpits of Pisa*. One, erected in the cathedral by Giovanni Pisano in the years 1302-1311, suffered great damage from a fire which destroyed the roof of the cathedral in the year 1596. The panels were then deposited in the crypt: many other portions were removed to the arcades of the Campo Santo, and the remainder were incorporated into the new pulpit, a much smaller and plainer structure, which is still in the cathedral. Casts of the various portions were taken for the Museum in 1864 and 1865, and thus, more than 250 years after its destruction, a partial reproduction of the pulpit was set up in this Museum. The pulpit in the Baptistery of Pisa by Giovanni's father, Niccola, is also reproduced.

**Sculpture.** In the middle ages there was no sharp distinction between the arts: the architects were sculptors and the sculptors architects. To the lover of Italian art, the North Court will probably be the most attractive place in the Museum, for there are collected examples of many of the most famous artists. Several of the most beautiful objects are incorporated into the building itself.

Thus over the entrance to the Court is fixed the marble *Cantoria*, or Singing Gallery, the work of Baccio d' Agnolo, which was originally set up in the Church of S. Maria Novella in Florence more than 400 years ago. Against the east wall is another, and yet more beautiful *Cantoria*, the work of Luca della Robbia—with carvings of youths and maidens; but this is only a cast. From a church at Fiesole, near Florence, come two fine examples of the great artists of that hill-city, Andrea Ferrucci and Andrea da Fiesole; one is an altar-piece, the other a very beautiful tabernacle. Among other spoils from Italian churches is the Sanctuary from Santa Chiara at Florence, the frieze of enamelled terra-cotta being the work of Andrea della Robbia.

Among the treasures which come from civic buildings, some fine *gateways* should be noticed. One, dated 1515, from a palace at Brescia encloses a mosaic of the Birth of the Virgin by Orcagna (dated 1360). Two doorways of "*Pietra Serena*" come from the Palace of the Duke of Urbino, at Gubbio. Very fine are some of the *carved chimney-pieces*—especially one from a villa at San Miniato (attributed to Desiderio da Settignano) and another from the kitchen of the Lord of Como.

In works by the great *Italian sculptors* in the Renaissance, the Museum may be accounted most fortunately rich, when we remember how late in the day it was founded. It is very strong in works by *Donatello* (1386-1468), of whom Vasari said that he revived the beauties of Greek design, and made all subsequent workers in bas-relief his scholars.

To him and his school belongs the "sarcophagus of St. Justina"—a work of exquisite refinement which was found at Padua, serving as a drinking-trough for horses when it was bought for our Museum. Even finer is the "Dead Christ mourned by angels"—an ideal conception of great charm and pathos. Donatello worked in many materials; his terra-cotta portrait bust (called "St. Cecilia") and the celebrated "Martelli bronze" should specially be noticed.

Of *Michael Angelo* (1475-1564), the culminating master of the Renaissance, the Museum contains a very characteristic, though an early, work—the statuette of "Cupid";—

"The sculpture is executed in Michael Angelo's proudest, most dramatic manner. The muscular young man, a model of superb adolescence, kneels upon his right knee, while the right hand is lowered to lift an arrow from the ground. The left hand is raised above the head, and holds the bow, while the left leg is so placed, with the foot firmly pressed upon the ground, as to indicate that in a moment the youth will rise, fit its shaft to the string and send it whirling at his adversary. For the austere and melancholy nature of Michael Angelo, love was no tender or light-winged youngling, but a masculine tyrant, the tamer of male spirits. Therefore this Cupid, adorable in the power and beauty of his vigorous manhood, may well remain for us the myth or symbol of love, as Michael Angelo imagined that emotion."—(*Symonds*.)

This admirable and famous marble—one of the principal art-treasures of London—stood for some 200 years exposed to the air, was at one time used as a mark for pistol-shooting, and, when secured for the Museum, was stowed away, neglected, in the cellars of the Rucellai Gardens at Florence.

In the enamelled terra-cotta, known after the most famous artist in this sort as *Della Robbia Ware*, the Museum is particularly rich, containing more than fifty examples. Among them the following should specially be noticed;—

A large medallion, 11 feet in diameter, bearing the arms and emblems of *King René of Anjou*, and surrounded by a border of fruit and foliage, a splendidly modelled wreath of fruit and flowers—apples, lemons, oranges, fir-cones, etc., all brilliantly coloured. It was made in 1453, and affixed to the exterior wall of a Florentine villa in memory of a visit of the King. After undergoing the weather for more than four centuries, its colours are as brilliant and its finest mouldings as clear as if it had been made this year.

An altar-piece, probably by *Andrea della Robbia*, representing the *Adoration of the Magi*, containing some twenty figures in relief—each face with its own physiognomical distinctiveness, each head with its

phrenological peculiarities. They are believed to be portraits of the sculptor's contemporaries.

A full-length figure of the *Virgin*, with the child on her lap ; beautiful in colour, and fine in expression.

### FURNITURE, PANELLING AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

This to many visitors forms one of the most interesting divisions of the Museum : the collection is very rich, and only a few can here be indicated.

Among the pieces of *Italian furniture*, few are more interesting than the Cassoni or wedding chests of carved and gilt wood, with painted panels. Several panels now in the National Gallery originally decorated marriage coffers of this kind. One of the best of them here is the Dini Cassone, painted by Dello Delli (*circa* 1440).

The choicest examples of *French furniture* are in the " Jones Collection "—bequeathed by Mr. John Jones (1882)—an army clothier and contractor who made a fortune during the Crimean War—and valued at £250,000. The French furniture is mostly of the second half of the 18th century, now keenly sought for by collectors. Many of the pieces have a past which gives them historical interest, in addition to their beauty of design and perfection of workmanship. Thus, there is an *escritoire à toilette* (of tulip and sycamore), which, together with a circular double table (inlaid with Sèvres plaques), belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette. The large and beautiful cabinet in Boule work was made for Louis XIV. by Boule, the Court cabinetmaker. The same collection contains Sèvres, Oriental, Dresden, and Chelsea *porcelain*. In one case is a vase made for Catherine of Russia as a present to Gustavus of Sweden. There are also many historical miniatures, and a fine collection of snuff-boxes.

Pieces of furniture arranged in rows in galleries convey little sense of " the real thing." Here and there, accordingly, in corners of the Museum *furnished or panelled rooms* are shown—there is, for instance, a reproduction of a 16th-century room, in oak and holly wood, with an old bed, spinet, etc. Elsewhere there is a Parisian boudoir of the time of Louis XVI. ; a toy house, showing an old German interior is also interesting.

The collection of *Musical Instruments* is very interesting. Notice the spinet, dated 1557, which belonged to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, and Handel's harpsichord. There are also several specimens of old stage-carriages and sedan-chairs, some very ornate.



### IVORIES, JEWELLERY AND PLATE.

Carving on **Ivory** is one of the most ancient of human arts, and it may be well studied in the Museum. The ivories are arranged historically and the collection is very complete (being supplemented, where necessary, by *facsimiles* in "fictile" ivory"), so that the whole development of this charming art, from the second century onwards, may be traced (the Nineveh ivories in the British Museum date back to 900 B.C.). Perhaps the most beautiful early ivory now extant is the third-century plaque representing a Roman priestess standing before an altar: this was purchased by the Museum for £400. An inscription shows that it was a wedding-present. In the Middle Ages, illustrations of old romances were frequently used to decorate mirror cases: see, for instance, the circular ivory (fourteenth century, French) illustrating the Storming of the Castle of Love.

The collection of *jewellery* and personal ornaments is very large. Among the ancient jewellery is a very curious gold bracelet from "the Treasure of the Oxus" (a "find" of Greek ornaments, coins, etc., made in Afghanistan, other pieces from which are in the British Museum). Some Roman ear-rings "show the use of flagrees and twisted wire and simple methods of using rough-cut precious stones." One of the most beautiful objects in the Museum is the *gold missal-case*, which belonged to Queen Henrietta Maria, and the workmanship of which is sometimes ascribed to Benvenuto Cellini.

Among the gold and silver *plate*, the ecclesiastical vessels present perhaps the finest examples of the silver-smith's art. The exquisitely finished cross, attributed to Hugh of Oignies, the "Gloucester candlestick," and a chalice (with tabernacle work on the stem) are especially fine.

### MAJOLICA, PORCELAIN AND CHINA.

The **Keramic Gallery** should first be visited, for in its coloured windows (executed in *grisaille* by W. B. Scott), the history of the potter's art, from the most ancient times in the East down to our own Wedgwood, is pictured. (The reader will find a full description of the windows in M. D. Conway's *Travels in South Kensington*). Among specimens in the Museum (not all contained in this Gallery) we may notice first the *Hispano-Moresque lustre-ware* (the manufacture of which is illustrated in the 5th window).

A two-handled vase, made at Malaga in the 15th century, is especially beautiful. There is also a copy of the famous "Alhambra Vase," 4 ft. 5½ in. high by 8 ft. 3½ in. in circumference: it is decorated with two antelopes, and foliations covering the body of the vase, intermingled with which are African characters whose meaning is "Felicity and Fortune": the colours are brown and blue on a yellow ground, the lustre being of a mother-of-pearl tint.

**Italian Majolica.** The name, supposed to be derived from the island of Majorca, is applied to a fine kind of Italian pottery coloured with an opaque white enamel ornamented with metallic colours: and more generally to all kinds of glazed Italian ware, richly ornamented and coloured. In this beautiful art of the Italian Renaissance, the Museum is again extraordinarily rich, many of the specimens being of European reputation:—

The "Caffaggiola Plate" is specially interesting as showing a majolica painter at work. A Gubbio plate, with a woman's portrait, in ruby lustre and blue outline is a fine example. There are also lusted plates of Gubbio signed and dated by Maestro Giorgio (sixteenth century). A plate, with a portrait of the painter Perugino, is celebrated; and there are some fine specimens from Faenza.

In the Ceramic Gallery itself, the collection of earthenware, porcelain and stoneware is magnificent. Part of this was given by Lady Charlotte Schreiber (special catalogue obtainable). The amateur will here find examples of all the famous makes, English and foreign. First comes English pottery of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—Wedgwood, Fulham, Plymouth, Swansea, Nantgarw, Bow, Chelsea, Bristol, Worcester, Derby. Then some old German stoves (1578): Palissy, Delft, Dresden, Vienna, Sèvres. The manufactures of Venice, Florence, Spain, Mexico and Peru are also well represented.

Among the great rarities in the collection are five examples of the celebrated *Henry II. ware*, made at Oiron in France in the earlier part of the 16th century for Henry II. and his queen, whose initials or monograms are on several of the pieces. The candlestick here, less than a foot high, cost £750, and so rare are specimens that this must be accounted remarkably cheap.

Elsewhere in the Museum is a splendid collection of Chinese and Japanese porcelain, majolica, Damascus, Rhodian and Persian ware, lent by Mr. George Salting.

### TAPESTRY, LACE, NEEDLEWORK.

There are many fine **Tapestries** in the Museum—one of the most beautiful (Flemish, early 16th century) representing, appropriately enough for a piece of weaver's art, the three Fates with the thread of human life. Other Flemish tapestries represent the Triumphs of Chastity, Fame and Death: whilst another is worked with subjects from the Siege of Troy. This latter specimen was originally in the Chateau of the Chevalier Bayard, whence it was removed in 1807.

William Morris, who did so much to revive this art in England, gave to the Museum a small model of a tapestry loom, which well illustrates the process. In the same case is shown a basket with spindles, etc., excavated by Captain Symonds, R.N., in Peru.

Among other textile works, the famous *Syon Cope* should be noticed:—

This piece of English embroidery of the thirteenth century once belonged to the monastery of Syon, near Isleworth, and was, at the period of the English Reformation, carried to Portugal. It returned to England in the beginning of the last century, in the possession of some poor nuns to whom one of the Earls of Shrewsbury gave an asylum. They bequeathed to him their few possessions, and in 1864 the Cope, which had attracted great attention in the Loan Exhibition of 1862, was secured for the Museum at the cost of £110.

The collection of **Lace** (of which an interesting illustrated catalogue is sold) comprises all the finest kinds—"needlepoint" (notice a very beautiful *alb*); pillow-lace; Venetian, Alençon, Brussels, and so forth.

### PICTURES, CARTOONS, Etc.

The most famous treasures of the Museum under this heading are to be found in the large **Raphael Room** (on the first floor). Here are hung the famous Raphael cartoons, being the original designs drawn with chalk upon strong paper, by Raphael and his pupils for the tapestries ordered by Pope Leo X. to cover the lower walls of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican (another set of tapestries worked from the same cartoons is now in the Berlin Museum). Seven of the original cartoons are here; the other three are represented by copies from the tapestries.

The cartoons remained neglected in the warehouse of the manufacturer at Arras, and were seen there by Rubens, who advised Charles I. to purchase them for the use of a Tapestry Manufactory which was then established at Mortlake. On the death of Charles I., Cromwell bought them for £300. They remained for a long time in a lumber-room at Whitehall, till, by command of William III., Sir Christopher Wren erected a room for them at Hampton Court, in which they hung till Her Majesty premittted them to be removed to South Kensington in 1865.

The cartoons are thus arranged :—

- |                              |   |
|------------------------------|---|
| 1. Christ's charge to Peter. | 3. Peter and John healing the lame man. |
| 2. The death of Ananias.     | 4. Paul and Barnabas at Lystra.         |

And then, turning to the opposite wall, follow

- |                                      |                                      |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 5. Elymas the Sorcerer struck blind. | 6. Paul preaching at Athens.         |
|                                      | 7. The miraculous draught of fishes. |

The reader may like to have before him, while in the presence of these famous works, the descriptions contributed by Steele to "The Spectator" (No. 226, Nov. 19, 1711);—

"As I now sit and recollect the warm images which the admirable Raphael has raised, it is impossible even from the faint traces in one's memory to be unmoved at the honour and reverence which appear in the whole assembly when the mercenary man fell down dead (No. 2); or at the graceless indignation of the sorcerer when he is struck blind (No. 5). The lame when they first find strength in their feet, stand doubtful of their new vigour (No. 3). The heavenly apostles appear, acting these things, great with a deep sense of the infirmities which they relieve, but no value of themselves who administer to their weakness. They know themselves to be but instruments, and the generous distress they are painted in when divine honours are offered to them, is a representation in the most exquisite degree of the beauty of holiness. When St. Paul is preaching to the Athenians (No. 6), with what wonderful art are almost all the different tempers of mankind represented in that elegant audience. You see one credulous of all that is said; another wrapt up in deep suspense; another saying, there is some reason in what he says; another angry that the apostle destroys a favourite opinion which he is unwilling to give up; another wholly convinced and holding out his hands in rapture; while the generality attend and wait for the opinion of those who are of leading characters in the assembly. I will not pretend so much as to mention that chart on which is drawn the appearance of our blessed Lord after his resurrection (No. 1). Present authority, late sufferings, humility, and majesty, despotic command, and divine love, are at once seated in his celestial aspect. The figures of the eleven apostles are all in the same passion of admiration, but discover it differently according to their character. Peter receives his master's orders on his knees with an admiration mixed with a more particular attention; the two next with a more open ecstasy, though still constrained by an awe of the divine presence. The beloved disciple, whom I take to be the right of the two figures, has in his countenance wonder drowned in love; and the last personage, whose back is toward the spectator, and his side towards the presence, one would fancy to be St. Thomas, as abashed by the conscience of his former diffidence; which perplexed concern it is possible Raphael thought too hard a task to draw, but by this acknowledgment of the difficulty to describe it."

The next collection to be noticed is that of **Oil Paintings by Modern British Artists**, given to the Museum in 1857 by Mr. Sheepshanks, a cloth merchant. Portraits of him by Mulready are Nos. 142 and 152. This collection, formed for the most part between 1830 and 1850, includes many of the best-known pictures exhibited at the Academy during that period. Mr. Sheepshanks never possessed an income of more than £1500 a year, and out of that, to use

his own words, "I have always paid my way, and paid for my pictures too," an interesting testimony to the comparatively modest prices then asked by popular painters, for (Mr. Sheepshanks used to say) "I always give what is asked for a picture—never beat a man down in my life." The visitor is recommended to obtain the official catalogue (6d.), in which popular descriptions of all the pictures are given. Here we can only note a few of the more celebrated.

No. 114. *C. R. Leslie, R.A.*: "Florizel and Perdita" (Perdita in the shepherd's cottage presenting flowers; "O Proserpina, for the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall from Dis's waggon")

No. 226. *David Wilkie, R.A.*: "The Refusal," illustrating Burns's "Duncan Gray." "Shall I like a fool, quoth he, for a haughty hizzie die? She may gae to—France for me! ha, ha! the wooing o't."

No. 208. *J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*: "Venice"—one of the painter's later and more gorgeous effects of sunlight.

No. 74. *W. P. Frith, R.A.*: "Honeywood" Scene from Goldsmith's "Good-natured man." Mr. Honeywood introducing the two bailiffs to his *fiancée* as his friends, and vainly endeavouring to make them conduct themselves as gentlemen;

No. 136. *T. Gainsborough, R.A.*: Group of the Princesses Charlotte, Augusta and Elizabeth, elder daughters of George III.

No. 91. *The same*: Queen Charlotte.

No. 138. *W. Mulready, R.A.*: "The Seven Ages," illustrating Shakespeare's "All the world's a stage." (The frames in the centre of this room contain many hundred drawings and sketches by this artist.)

Some of *Landseer's* most popular pictures:—

No. 88. "The Drover's Departure." Full of incidents arising out of the departure of the herds from the Highlands to the South. (This celebrated picture was a commission from the then Duke of Bedford for £500. When it was finished, the Duke said he was very poor and wished the artist could find another purchaser. Mr. Sheepshanks always chuckled when he told how, having heard of this, he took immediate steps to gratify the Duke's wish).

No. 93. "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner." "One of the most perfect poems or pictures which modern times have seen. The exquisite execution of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin and the folds of the blanket, are language—language clear and expressive in the highest degree. The close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle, the total powerlessness of the head laid close and motionless upon its folds, the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness, the rigidity of repose which marks that there has been no motion nor change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin lid, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life; how unwatched the departure of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep; these are all thoughts, thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit, as far as mere painting goes, by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author, not as the neat imitation of the texture of a skin, or the fold of a drapery, but as the man of mind."—*Ruskin*.

No. 94. "A Jack in Office" (1833). This picture was treated as a caricature by "H. B." as clever as the work which originated it. The dog on the barrow became Lord John Russell; the lean hound, Lord

Brougham, hungering for the Chancellor's wig ; the lean dog on its hind legs, O'Connell ; and the terrier behind, Lord Durham.

Paintings and studies by *J. Constable, R.A.* No 33 (Salisbury Cathedral) is one of the painter's best works. The sketches in oil were presented by Miss Isabel Constable, his daughter.

A third, and very important, department of the Museum's pictures is the historical collection of **English Water-Colours**, not inaptly called "The National Gallery of British Art," for the art of water-colour has been developed in a pre-eminent degree by English artists. There are good examples of the art in the other museums and galleries in London : but here better than anywhere else its historical development may be studied—from the tinted drawings and conventional "neutral tints" of the early masters to the glorious perfection of Turner. The visitor will notice how in the more modern examples a wider range of subject, and (in some cases) almost a rivalry with oils, are attempted.

Another series of paintings which the visitor should not miss is the **Ionides Collection** of pictures, prints and etchings, recently bequeathed by Mr. Constantine A. Ionides. The Italian pictures (though some are fine) are not specially noticeable, but the collection is strong in one department where the National Gallery is weak—namely, in French pictures, of the *Barbizon School*. There are forest scenes by Rousseau and Diaz, and here too is a characteristic example ("The Wood-sawyers") of J. F. Millet, the interpreter of the beauty of rustic labour. By way of sharp contrast, we may notice Degas's "Ballet Scene," a piece of modern French *impressionsism*. Mr. Ionides was catholic in his tastes. In the pictures by Burne-Jones and Rossetti we are taken far away from the stage and the forest and placed in a region of romance. "The Day-Dream" by Rossetti is a beautiful portrait of Mrs. William Morris in a sycamore tree, and is the subject of a sonnet by the painter ;—

Within the branching shade of Reverie

Dreams even may spring till autumn ; yet none be

Like woman's budding day-dream spirit-fann'd.

Lo ! tow'rd deep skies, not deeper than her look,

She dreams ; till now on her forgotten book

Drops the forgotten blossom from her hand.

Among the etchings, those of London by Whistler should particularly be noticed.

The **Dyce and Forster Collection** include several paintings which are of literary, as well as artistic, interest. Here, for instance, is the admirable *portrait of Carlyle*, by G. F. Watts. The Forster collection is of special



interest also to lovers of *Dickens*, by whose friend and biographer it was formed. There is Frith's portrait of the novelist, and there are the original MSS. of several of his novels, including "Edwin Drood," with the last words he wrote. To this collection Sir Squire Bancroft has recently added Dickens's desk. The Dyce collection, bequeathed by the Rev. A. Dyce (eminent as a Shakespeare scholar), is rich in objects of various kinds pertaining to the drama. The theatrical portraits—including Kean as Richard III.—are specially interesting.

There are many other groups of specimens in the Museum which, owing to reasons of space, we have not yet named—such as Book-binding, Fancy Watches and Clocks, Illumination, Press-work. The Museum is in short an almost inexhaustible treasure-house of the applied arts. The visitor who is interested must come and come again: but here we must stop, leaving him to his well-earned chop or cup of tea.

### The Southern Galleries.

#### *(Machinery Models in Motion).*

The next portion of the Museum to be visited is entered from Exhibition Road, on the left or west side, just past the Post Office. If you are coming by underground, take the subway at South Kensington Station: this will bring you out at the Post Office. The so-called "Exhibition Galleries," which we are now to visit, are remains of the various exhibitions—Fisheries, Healtheries, Inventories, etc.,—which used to be held in the Gardens of the Horticultural Society, once on this site. The building of the Imperial Institute necessitated the removal of the Gardens, and has greatly altered this region. In the Southern Galleries, we find ourselves among examples of *early engines* and other machinery, together with the later developments at present employed in various branches of applied science. The exhibit of *electric light apparatus* is a good instance of the latter. To all who are versed in mechanical inventions, the beautiful models here shown will be of absorbing interest. The early examples and historical development of machinery are very instructive. "Why, I declare," said one mechanic to another, in going round the galleries the other day, "they knew a thing or two in old times, after all." To intelligent children, we may add, the machinery in motion is a great delight. Among the more interesting objects (including many from

the *Patent Office Museum*, now incorporated with South Kensington) are the following:—

An early wooden sewing-machine (1842).

The printing-press used by Benjamin Franklin.

The engine of Bell's "Comet," the first steamboat that ever plied on European waters (1812).

Stephenson's first locomotive, the "Rocket," (1829)

"Puffing Billy," the first locomotive ever constructed (1813).

The first hydraulic press, constructed by Bramah (1795).

Original reaping machine (Bell, 1826).

Watt's experiments in steam engines.

Ascending the stairs at the end of the Machinery Galleries, we reach the collections of *Marine and Naval Models*—ironclads, American liners, lighthouses, etc. Next comes a room devoted to reproductions by the electrotypes process, of tankards, etc., and finally a very interesting historical collection of telegraphic apparatus, from 1846 onwards.

Retracing our steps, or descending the stairs and going again through the Machinery Galleries, we find on the ground floor, beyond the machinery, the *Museum of Economic Fish Culture* (bequeathed by Frank Buckland), where also an old state barge and a Venetian gondola are exhibited. We now go out by the turnstile, and crossing the new "Imperial Institute Road" enter the remaining portion of the South Kensington Museum.

### The Western and Cross Galleries.

(*Science Collections and Eastern Ware*).

Except to science teachers or students, the Western Exhibition Gallery is not of much interest. It contains the collections of scientific apparatus used in education and research. On the ground floor are standard weights and measures, clocks, globes, telescopes, barometers, and geological models. The *Geological Libraries* of the College of Science are beyond. On the first floor are drawing instruments, geometrical models, appliances for physics, apparatus required for South Kensington examinations, some historic microscopes, specimens of metals, etc.

The Cross Gallery, which has recently been erected, connecting the Western Gallery and the Indian Museum, runs behind the Imperial Institute. Only the upper floor is occupied. Here are exhibited the Saracenic and Persian collections, formerly shown in the North Corridor of the main Museum. There are many casts from Saracenic ornament in Egypt, and a fine collection of Persian ware metal-work, and carpets.

## II.—THE INDIAN MUSEUM.

“The wealth of Ormus and of Ind.”

This Museum—comprising objects formerly in the possession of the East India Company, many of them gifts, bequests and loans, with objects from the South Kensington Museum—is now very interesting, and serves as an excellent introduction to the life and wealth of our great Eastern dependency. Its future is in debate, as it is proposed to merge it in the general Museum. In the *Entrance Hall* are examples (original and reproduced) of Hindoo architecture. In the *Lower Gallery* are plaster casts of architectural details; figure-models of Indian divinities, and scenes illustrating customs and crafts; a magnificent collection of rich brocades and shawls, characteristic of “the gorgeous East.” The staircase at the end (with Indian sketches by George Landseer on the wall) leads to the *Upper Gallery* (there is another staircase close to the entrance turnstile), in which are displayed the collection of furniture, carvings, lacquer work, arms, pottery, jewellery, and bronzes. Among the more interesting objects may be mentioned:

A figure of Buddha as Siddhartha before his conversion, taking part in a grand procession.

“Ankus,” or elephant-goad, of gold, ornamented with a spiral band of diamonds and set with rubies.

The treasure from the King of Burmah’s Palace, Mandalay, captured during the Burmese campaign, 1885-6.

Arms and armour arranged according to the different races to which they belong, commencing with the rude weapons of the aboriginal tribes of India, the hill tribes of Assam, the Malay Peninsula, and Nepal. Next follow the more finished arms of the Mahrattas, and the Mahomedans of the Deccan; then the arms of the Punjab and Sind highly ornamented with gold, enamelled and jewelled and lastly the fine watered blades of Afghanistan.

The banner of Prince Ayoub Khan, Governor of Herat, who commanded the Afghan army which was defeated at Candahar in September, 1880.

Organ formerly belonging to Tippoo Sahib, taken at Seringapatam. A tiger is devouring a British officer; the tiger was made to growl by clockwork and the officer to scream for Tippoo’s amusement.

The upper floor of the Indian Museum is connected, as already explained, with the western gallery (science collections).

## III.—THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

(Including the University of London).

This stately building was erected by subscription as a memorial of the Queen’s Jubilee. The foundation stone was laid by Her Majesty with great pomp in 1887, and the

building was opened in 1893. Tennyson's Jubilee Ode thus referred to it;—

' You the Patriot Architect,  
 " You that shape for Eternity,  
 " Raise a stately memorial,  
 " Make it regally gorgeous,  
 " Some Imperial Institute,  
 " Rich in symbol, in ornament,  
 " Which may speak to the centuries,  
 " All the centuries after us,  
 " Of this great Ceremonial,  
 " And this year of her Jubilee."

The architect (Mr. T. E. Colcutt) may fairly be credited with having carried out the poet's suggestions, for the



The Imperial Institute.

building, both inside and out, is certainly one of the finest in London. The central tower, rising to a height of 300 feet above the great portal, without being fantastic, is safely removed from the commonplace. It looks light and yet the walls are 9 ft. thick. It commands a magnificent view, extending on clear days to the Surrey hills. From one end of the building to the other, stone, brick, and marble are all carefully interchanged, so as to form an effective colour scheme. Next to the colour it is the varied surfaces of the building, and the consequent changes of light and shade, that give the façade its peculiarly rich effect. Almost every flat surface is occupied by

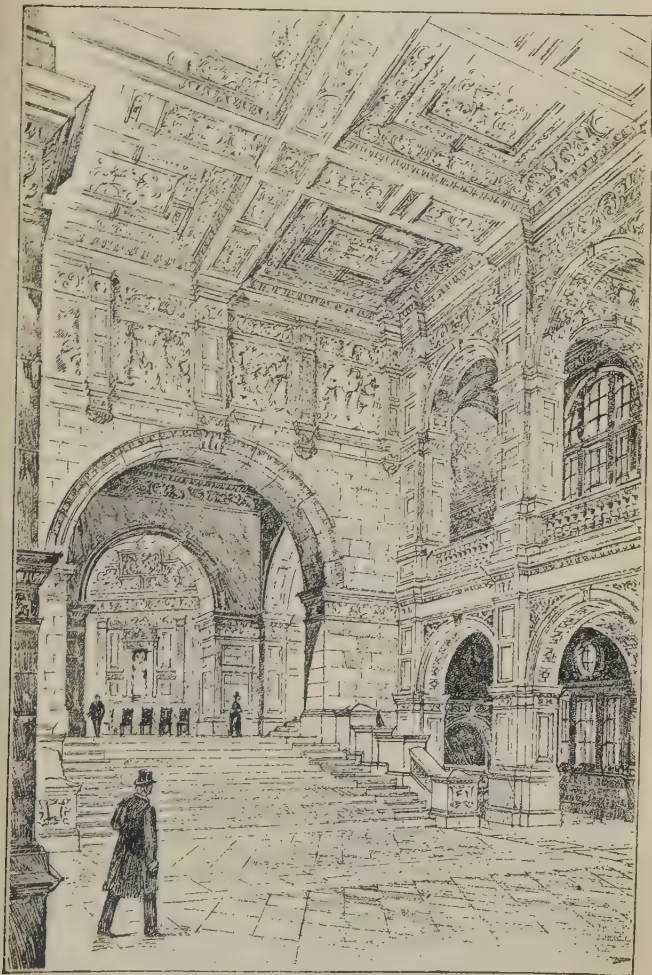
sculpture, and all the details are worth study. The reliefs to right and left of the principal entrance are by Mr. Pegram. "The prevailing style of the building," says the architect, "is a free rendering of the Renaissance: and as the amplitude of mouldings and the abundance of Arabesque carvings show a decided relationship to early Italian Renaissance, it may be said that the Imperial Institute affords a characteristic example of the gradual movement towards the Renaissance as practised in this country during the last two decades." The interior is very rich, especially in the staircases. The Institute, which at first combined the functions of a *club* and an *exhibition*, has recently been reorganized, part of the building having been made over to the University of London, and the remainder being controlled by the Board of Trade (Director, Prof. Dunstan, F.R.S.). The object of the Institute is to organize and illustrate the industrial and commercial resources of the Empire. Visitors are admitted to the Exhibition Galleries (from 11 a.m. to dusk), which contain collections of the national products of different parts of the Empire.

The **University of London**, formerly located in Burlington Gardens, was re-organized in 1900 as a teaching body (instead of, as previously, an examining board) only. The various colleges, medical schools, etc., are now "Schools of the University." To the University thus reconstituted, the E. main wing and the central block of the Imperial Institute were assigned as the headquarters of its central organization.

#### IV.—THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

(Facing Cromwell Road.)

This magnificent building, in the Romanesque style, which prevailed in Lombardy from the tenth to the twelfth century, was erected from the designs of Mr. A. Waterhouse, R.A., during the years 1873-80, at a cost of over £350,000, to contain the natural history collections of the British Museum, for which there was no longer room at Bloomsbury. The collections were gradually moved here during 1881-86. The Museum is built on the site of the International Exhibition of 1862. On looking at the exterior of the building, one of the first points which strikes a spectator is that the site is lower than the street. This arises from the fact that the whole surface of the ground between the three roads was excavated for the



Imperial Institute, Grand Staircase.



Exhibition building of 1862, and it was not thought desirable, for economical considerations, to refill the space. In judging the appearance of the exterior, it should be remembered that the return fronts, east and west, are required to complete the design, as the externally unsightly brick galleries which run back from the main front, and are now conspicuous when the Museum is seen from either west or east, are intended to be concealed by them. The Museum is the largest, if not, indeed, the only, modern building in which terra-cotta has been exclusively used for external façades and interior wall-surfaces. The varied decoration inside is especially interesting. On the western side of the building, where the Zoological collection is placed, the ornamentation of the terra-cotta has been based exclusively on living organisms. On the east side, where Geology and Palæontology find a home, the ornamentation has been derived from extinct specimens.

The Museum (entered from the Cromwell Road) is open, free, every day in the year (except Good Friday and Christmas Day) on week-days, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., 4-30 p.m., 5 p.m., 5-30 p.m., or 6 p.m., according to the season. On Mondays and Saturdays in the summer it is also open till 7 p.m. or 8 p.m. On Sundays, from 2-30 till dusk.

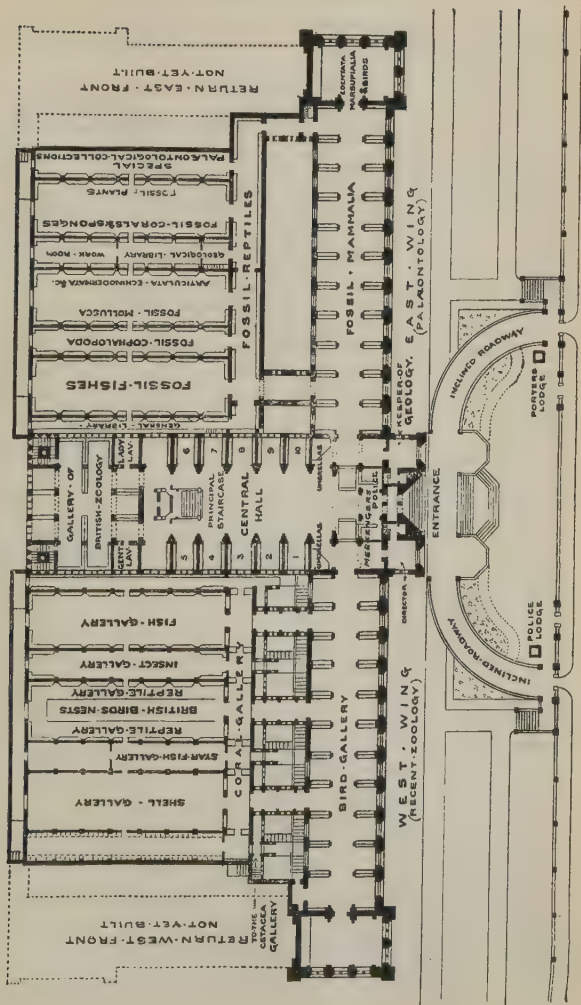
The collection is one of the finest in the world, and is beautifully arranged. We need not attempt any detailed description here, for the official "General Guide" (price 3d.) is perhaps the best thing of the kind ever published. It is most interesting throughout, and serves as a popular introduction to natural history, besides being itself a lesson in the principles of scientific classification. An appendix to it gives a list of the more elaborate guide-books and other publications to which students and specialists are referred.

On entering, we find ourselves in the Great Hall, with an imposing staircase facing us, surmounted by a statue of Darwin:—

"The Natural History Museum at Kensington—a colossal building, "in which is to be found one of the most extraordinary collections in the "world—combines the aspects of a cathedral, a strong place of arms, a "railway station and an exhibition. The enormous towers of antique "design which flank the entrance, and the ornamental character of the "whole façade, combine to produce a sensation as of something strange "and gigantic. In the interior the latest developments of iron architec- "ture are seen side by side with the most archaic formulas which "governed the great civil or religious edifices of the Middle Ages. From "heavy pillars, relieved by grouped columns in the Gothic style, the ribs, "at once frail and strong, shoot up to support the vault of the immense "Hall. It is in truth a temple into which one penetrates—a temple "raised to the glory of Darwin, whose statue, in white marble, stands on "the first landing of the great stone staircase. There he sits in triumph

BRITISH MUSEUM. (NATURAL HISTORY)

GROUND FLOOR



"the patient destroyer of so many illusions, in a serene pose, amid the "sombre light which falls from the lofty windows, like a god in the apse "of a basilica."—*Gabriel Mourey*.

On a first visit to the Museum, the visitor will do well to confine himself to the **Great Hall**, for here are exhibited (1) *the introductory series to the zoological and botanical collections*, "by which the study of every group should commence, in which the leading features of the structure, and, as far as may be, the development of the various parts of some of its most typical members, are demonstrated in a clear and simple manner, and the terms used in describing and defining them explained by means of illustrative examples." And (2), in the cases on the floor of the hall, illustrations of general laws in natural history. These latter are of great interest. One group shows "variation under domestication"—examples of various breeds of pigeons all derived by selection from the wild rock dove. Another case shows "external variation according to sex and season." On the same side of the hall follow two cases which illustrate the adaptation of the colour of animals to their natural surroundings, by means of which they are rendered less conspicuous to their enemies or their prey. Other cases illustrate "albinism" and "melanism." But the most interesting case of all is that which illustrates "Protective Resemblances and Mimicry" (see Drummond's "*Tropical Africa*" for a curiously interesting chapter on this subject). Some of the imitations, here shown, of dead leaves, etc., by butterflies, are most extraordinary.

At the north end of the Central Hall, with entrances on either side of the great staircase, is the *Gallery of British Zoology*, containing a collection of animals of all classes, which are, or have been in recent times found in the British Isles, either as permanent residents, or as regular migrants or occasional visitors.

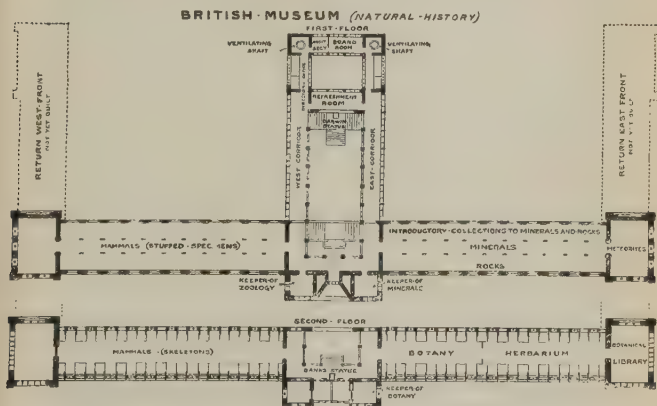
Retracing our steps to the entrance, and facing the entrance, on our left is the *Bird Gallery*. From this passages lead to the *Coral Gallery*, from which again we approach the *Shell, Reptile, Insect and Fish Galleries*.

In the basement, approached by a staircase, leading from the last (or western-most) of the passages which connect the bird gallery with the coral gallery, is a room in which the specimens of *whale-like animals* are placed. On the right at the entrance are the collections of *Palæontology* (fossils). The collection of birds are especially

beautiful, both in themselves and for the charming way in which they are mounted.

We now ascend to the **First Floor**. The upper floors of the wings of the Museum consist only of single galleries extending along the whole front of the building: the galleries which run backwards on the ground floor containing only a single storey.

On the left or west wing are *Stuffed Mammals*. The series of Gorillas, Chimpanzees, and Orang-Outangs will attract special attention. On the second floor above these are *Skeletons* and skulls of mammals. Very curious is the



skeleton of a full-grown Akka, only four feet high, which appears to be the usual size of this pygmy tribe of Negroes from Central Africa.

The East Wing, first floor, contains the extensive *Mineral Collection*. The visitor should first examine the window cases on the left-hand side. These contain the introductory collections to the study of minerals. Beginning with a definition of what is meant by a *Mineral*, it is there shown how essential characters were gradually recognised, and how minerals have been distributed into kinds and classified. In the next three window-cases specimens are arranged to illustrate the various terms which have been found useful in the description of minerals.

The table-cases contain the general collection, comprising specimens of every mineral species and variety. The precious stones will be found specially attractive. In case 1G is a large symmetrical crystal of diamond, weighing 130 carats. This is "The Colenso Diamond, presented in 1887 by John Ruskin in honour of his friend, the loyal and patiently adamantine First Bishop of Natal." Another gift from the same donor is thus inscribed: "The Edwardes Ruby, presented in 1887 by John Ruskin in honour of the invincible soldiership and loving equity of Sir Herbert Edwardes' rule by the shores of Indus." Next to diamond, corundum (9 H) is the most precious of stones. When it is a colourless variety it is known to jewellers as the Lux-sapphire: but with very minute traces of colouring ingredient it assumes the richest and most varied hues; when red it is the true Ruby; when azure it is the Sapphire; while the yellow, green and purple varieties are known respectively to jewellers as the Oriental Topaz, Emerald and Amethyst. The topazes (25 D) are specially fine. In case 13 is a piece of jasper, the veining in which bears a singular resemblance to a well-known portrait of Chaucer. In the Pavilion at the east end of the gallery the visitor will find many specimens which, owing to their size, cannot be satisfactorily exhibited in the table-cases. In the window is a set of specimens arranged (and in many cases presented by Mr. Ruskin) to illustrate some varieties of silica.

The second floor of the East Wing is devoted entirely to the Department of *Botany*. These collections consist of two portions, the one open to the public and consisting of specimens suitable for exhibition, and intended to illustrate the various groups of the vegetable kingdom and the broad facts on which the natural system of the classification of plants is based: the other (comprising some splendid herbaria) set apart for the use of persons engaged in the scientific study of plants.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## From Chelsea to Charing Cross (by River).

"I send, I send, here my supremest kiss

"To thee, my silver-footed Tamasis ;

"No more shall I re-iterate thy Strand,

"Whereon so many goodly structures stand."

—*R. Herrick.*

"Such a stream doth run

"By lovely London as beneath the sun

"There's no such like."

—*Old Ballad.*

ONLY second in interest to the Charing Cross and Greenwich expedition, is that from Chelsea to Charing Cross. If we take the excursion in the reverse order, it will give us an opportunity of visiting Chelsea first, and returning to London by river in the evening, than which, on a summer afternoon, nothing can be more delightful. Chelsea (anciently Chelchith, Chalk-hythe, then Chelsey), which only some fifty odd years ago was "a rustic and retired village, far from London," is now altogether one with the metropolis: for along the Buckingham Palace Road and the King's Road (so named by Charles II. when he had it constructed in order to drive safely to Hampton Court with his ladies—through a footpad infested tract), the houses stretch in one unbroken line to Chelsea and beyond it. This was a pretty village in days gone by, and even now, though much spoiled by slums and jerry-builders, it has many attractions, for, in its brick houses and rows of trees like those in Dutch towns, it recalls, more than any place outside Hampton Court and Kensington Palace, the time of William and Mary. Though the Goths who pull down antiquities have been more busy here than elsewhere, yet they cannot altogether "abolish or destroy" the charm of Chelsea. Here you see model lodging-houses—hideous otherwise—adorned by an Elizabethan door; there, an ancient red-tiled roof with dormer windows; or an old ivy-covered monument of the past, amid its new stucco surroundings. But the builders who run up "Queen Anne" houses are not all devoid of taste, while the old houses on the river, with their framework of green foliage, are delightful indeed. In old days, when the Thames was as yet the aristocratic highway, many great nobles had residences here. Chelsea—of old the dwelling-place of Sir Thomas More, and later of Carlyle and Rossetti;



—still attracts many literary men who like to feel that they can here possess their calm of soul even “among the city’s jar.”

About these red brick houses on the river front, under the trees of Cheyne walk, the classic shades yet linger. Also, Chelsea is a very convenient residence: for, by steamer, underground, tube or omnibus, Charing Cross—the centre of London—some three or four miles away, can be reached in half-an-hour or less.

Nearly all the objects of principal interest in Chelsea being close to the river, they fit in well with our steamer excursion: and first, at the foot of Church Street, near Chelsea (now Carlyle) Pier, stands **Chelsea Old Church** (St. Luke’s), with 400 years of monuments and memories. Indeed, it is one of the most interesting churches in London. Having never been restored, it is now very much as when it was first built, its escutcheons, its memorial tablets, its battle flags, all combining to make it the quaintest and most delightful spot. Dean Stanley used to call this church “one of the chapters of his Abbey.” Sir Thomas More’s two wives were buried here, as well as the Duchess of Northumberland (grandmother of Sir Philip Sidney), and many other persons of distinction, some lying, with dogs at their feet, under Gothic canopies. Among the monuments is one to *Sir Hans Sloane*, died 1753. Here also are some curious “chained books,” fastened to an ancient lectern. The church itself is of red brick much darkened with age, and is picturesque with a charming simplicity. Henry Kingsley, whose old home was in Chelsea (with his brothers Charles and George, he lived in the delightful old rectory close by), commemorates it lovingly in his well-known story, “The Hillyars and the Burtons.” The river, before the embankment was made, flowed close by it. In Beaufort House (a mansion which has now disappeared, on the site of the present Beaufort Row), lived Sir Thomas More, and here he was visited by his friend Erasmus, and by Henry VIII. himself, in the days of that monarch’s favour, who, in the “fair garden,” walked with his arm about More’s neck—that neck he was so soon to dis sever. Higher up the river, beyond Battersea Bridge, were the old Cremorne Gardens, formerly a very popular recreation ground, but closed since 1877, and now covered with buildings. Not far from the old site of Cremorne, at the extreme westernmost edge of Chelsea, near Sand’s End, Fulham (framed in by the ugly towers of the Imperial Gas Works), stands a

most interesting plaster-fronted house, *Sandford Manor House*. It is still inhabited, but, like most other historical and picturesque bits of old Chelsea, is, we fear, doomed to destruction. It is a piece of stranded antiquity, a "haunt of ancient peace," standing, with its green garden close and its old trees, among modern slums and model lodging-houses. Here Charles II. lodged his beloved Nell Gwynne, and here, according to tradition, he once rode his pony up the broad staircase as a freak. The square hall retains its old wainscoting. A hundred years later, Joseph Addison lived in this house—Thackeray alludes to it in his "Esmond" as "the cottage which Mr. Addison had at Fulham." The manufacture of the well-known "Chelsea China" was carried on in a pottery near Church Street, long since removed. Just before Carlyle Pier begins the pretty riverside terrace, planted with trees called "**Cheyne Walk**" (pronounced *Chainie*), so-named from Charles, Lord Cheyne, once lord of the manor. This ancient row of irregular houses, built in 1708, is distinguished for the many celebrated people who have from time to time lived here. Turner, the great landscape painter, died here in obscure lodgings (No. 119, marked by a tablet designed by Mr. Walter Crane) in 1851. The house, fallen into decay and ivy-covered, stands between two hideous modern erections, which obstruct the view of what is perhaps the prettiest "reach" on the river. A little balcony on the roof was put up by him for his own convenience, and to that upper window, too feeble to paint or to walk, he was wheeled every day, to look at the sun he so loved. Turner, escaping in old age from his house in Queen Anne Street (*see* Chap. XXI.), lived here during some years in retreat, his identity quite lost, painting sunsets and river "effects," tended by the old landlady, Mrs. Booth, and known to the small boys of the neighbourhood as "Puggy Booth." The secret of his hiding was so well kept, that it was only two days before he died that his old housekeeper from Queen Anne Street discovered where he was. Maclise, the painter, lived and died at No. 4; and here, later, died also George Eliot. Cecil Lawson, the landscape painter, who died in the fullness of promise, lived at No. 15; indeed, this place was favoured by painters, and no wonder, for Chelsea Reach is a beautiful spot, when the sun floods it with gold or the moon with silver, or more splendid still, on an evening of lurid sunset, against which rise the black barges and shipping. And Cecil Lawson and other

painters have preserved the look of the old weed-grown river wall of Chelsea, a picturesqueness that was lost when



Carlyle's House, 24, Cheyne Row.

the new Embankment was begun in 1872. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the poet-painter, lived for eighteen years at No. 16 (a fountain with a relief by Madox Brown in the garden opposite, commemorates the fact). This, the most charming abode of all, with its picturesque garden, is built on the site of the old "Queen's House," a manor where Queen Katherine Parr once lived with her young step-daughter, Princess Elizabeth. "Queen's House" it is still called. Near by, in quiet Cheyne Row (now darkened by an ugly overshadowing wall) at No. 5 (now 24) lived Carlyle for nearly fifty years of his busy life: and near him, in the same row, lived his friend, Leigh Hunt. **Carlyle's**

**house**, for long given over to ruin and cats, has now been bought by private subscription, and is used as a museum for relics of the "sage of Chelsea."

The "Carlyle House"—which, after the final removal of the hordes of many cats and dogs that had long desecrated it, was set in order (as much as possible) as it was in the sage's time—was opened to the public in 1805 (open from 10 till sunset, admission 1s.; Saturdays 6d.; illustrated catalogue, 6d.). Americans form a large proportion of the visitors; these have been known to sit in Carlyle's study chair for an hour at a time, such reverent disciples are they. In the dining-room are some interesting pictures and sketches; some of them by Mrs. Allingham represent the rooms as they looked a day or two after Carlyle's death. In the drawing-room are several portraits of Mrs. Carlyle—which will attract scarcely less interest than those of her husband—and many of Carlyle's books, glazed doors having been added to the original bookcases to prevent visitors turning over the volumes. The corner by the window is the spot where Carlyle died, and through the folding door from this room is Mrs. Carlyle's bedroom, where she was carried on that terrible day when they found her dead in her carriage. At the top of the house is the famous "sound-proof study," that Carlyle built, of which so much is heard in his wife's "Letters," and here he wrote his "Terrible Frederic." Portraits of Carlyle, with maps, etc., still adorn the walls. The chief article of furniture here now is Carlyle's writing-chair, of black horse-hair, with arms; his famous table, at which he wrote "all his books except Schiller," and which for fifty years he prized so much, was bequeathed to Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen. In Carlyle's bedroom below is all the

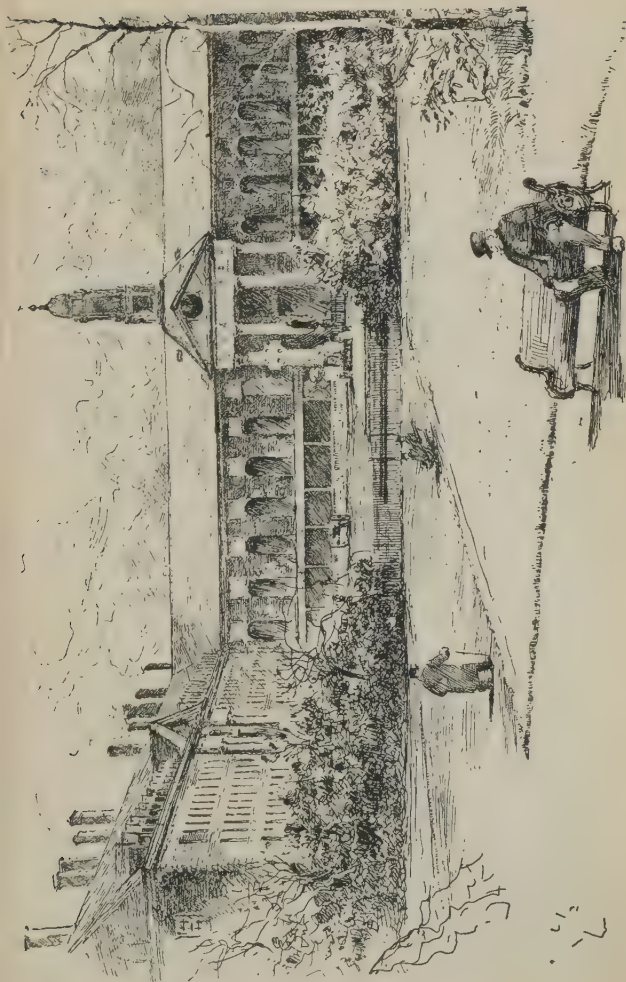
furniture as he left it ; his " four-poster " with red curtains, washstand, table, etc. Here is the plaster cast of his head, taken after death by the late Sir J. E. Boehm, and here also, on the occasion of the centenary, stood his enormous beaver hat, which, alas for human nature ! was protected by a glass case, to prevent visitors trying it on ! " Queer 'at ? " said an omnibus conductor of Carlyle's time to one of his passengers, who had commented on the sage's head-gear, " it may be a queer 'at, but what would you give for the 'ed-piece that's inside of it ? "

A memorial tablet with his portrait (alto relievô by Woolner), marks the house ; and close by, on the Chelsea Embankment, is his statue, by Boehm—a work of considerable merit. Blackened and weather-stained, it faces the river for ever, like a weary, wrinkled Tithonus. Another historic spot was the *Old Chelsea Bun House* (now removed) in Jews' Row, where George II. and Queen Caroline used to drive out to fetch home their buns on Good-Friday, thus setting the fashion, and rendering the sale enormous. A kind of rivalry existed once between this house and the equally famous Don Saltero's Coffee House (now pulled down) in Cheyne Walk close by, where there was also a " museum of curiosities," and where Steele, Swift, and other wits resorted. " Don Saltero " (really a barber, named Salter) is mentioned in the " Tatler."

And now, leaving *Carlyle Pier* by steamer, we skirt the **Chelsea Embankment** of the Thames, extending from Battersea Bridge to Grosvenor Road. Lovers of the picturesque regret the old wooden-bridge and the pretty river shore at Chelsea, with its wharves and water-stairs, and the painter's " bits " now destroyed : but after all, river mud, however delightful to the artist, is insanitary, and the Embankment was badly needed. Chelsea is connected with Battersea by three bridges : first, Battersea Bridge (1891), secondly, the Albert Bridge : and, nearest to London, Chelsea Bridge. Albert Bridge, a continuation of the wide, airy Oakley Street, crosses the river from Cheyne Walk to Battersea Park. It is a handsome suspension bridge, airy and elegant, built in 1873. **Battersea Park**, 180 acres in extent, is one of the most frequented " open spaces " for Londoners. It was formerly a marshy meadow, and has only comparatively recently been drained and laid out as a pleasure garden. Its *Sub-tropical Garden* is worth a visit, all sorts of half-hardy plants being grown there by skilful gardeners. But the riverside walks are its great attraction, and it is quite a sight, on Saturday afternoons in summer, to see people enjoying their weekly holiday. The fitful tide of fashion has also favoured Battersea Park, which for a time was as celebrated in its

way as were Cremorne and Ranelagh—for here the ardent votaries of the bicycle came to take their morning spin. The very “tip-top” of fashion might be seen struggling with their “bikes,” and their “assistant boys,” in varying stages of proficiency. Opposite, on the Chelsea Embankment, opens **Tite Street**, a somewhat pretentious, but not unpleasing street of red-brick mansions, much frequented by the artistic world. Here is the small “Shelley Theatre” built by the poet’s son, Sir Percy, and used chiefly for amateur performances. A little westward of Tite Street is a large garden, “*The Physic Garden*,” open daily to students of botany, from 1 to 5, April to October. Sir Hans Sloane, a London physician (*see* p. 163), who lived at Chelsea Manor House close by (his name survives in Sloane Street), gave this garden to the Apothecaries’ Company, and his statue stands in the grounds. Here were some water-stairs, abolished by the building of the Embankment. The grounds are picturesque, but a fine old cedar, dating from 1683, was blown down a few years ago. All the herbs of the *Materia Medica* that can grow in the open air are cultivated here for the use of medical students. Again a little westward is “*Swan House*,” a more or less modern mansion, built on the site of the old “Swan Tavern,” which once stood right over the river, with picturesque wooden balconies. (This was the site of Old Chelsea Ferry, of which the song “Then farewell, my trim-built wherry,” was written, referring to an annual race of six young watermen from the “Old Swan,” London Bridge, to the “Swan” at Chelsea.)

Just eastward of Tite Street is **Chelsea Hospital** (celebrated in Herkomer’s pathetic picture, called “Chelsea Pensioners”), of which the gardens spread down to the Thames Embankment. It is a handsome, solid old red-brick building, and we get the finest view of it from the river. It is an institution for old and invalid soldiers, built by Wren for Charles II. (some say at the instigation of Nell Gwynne, who lived, as we have said, at Sandford Manor House, and whom popular tradition still regards as Chelsea’s patron saint). In addition to 540 pensioners, this establishment gives relief to 85,000 out-pensioners. In the centre of the court in front of the hospital is a bronze statue of Charles II. by Grinling Gibbons. The hospital, the hall of which is hung with colours and French eagles captured by the army, can be seen by the donation of a small fee to the pensioner who acts as guide. Visitors may attend services in the chapel on Sundays at 11 a.m.



Chelsea Hospital.

From a sketch by

Herbert Kailton.



and 8.30 p.m. The gardens are open free. While at Chelsea Hospital, we may remark that the once fashionable *Ranelagh Gardens* and *Rotunda* occupied a site just east of it. Here was the centre of life, nay, of wild excitement in Grandisonian days: and from here, according to novelists of the time, beautiful young ladies were continually run away with by wicked "rakes" of the Lovelace type. Dibdin, the songster, makes his "Jolly Young Waterman":

"Always 'first oars' when the fine city ladies  
"In parties to Ranelagh went or Vauxhall."

North of the Hospital is the Royal Military Asylum, or "*Duke of York's Military School*," for the maintenance and education of 550 soldiers' sons; the school is being moved to Dover. Also near here, in Chelsea Bridge Road, are very fine barracks for Foot-guards. At the back of Chelsea Hospital, a little westward, is *Paradise Row*, a most picturesque line of old red brick decayed cottages, with little front gardens and clinging vines. Once they looked out on pleasant river terraces, but now they are half hidden by bigger buildings. Many important historical personages have lived in these unpretending houses, which are almost the most perfect bit of "old Chelsea." Across the road is a great square house, standing in large grounds; this, formerly "Gough House," is a historic mansion two centuries old, formerly associated with roystering and conviviality, but now the "*Victoria Hospital for Sick Children*," a most beneficial and well-managed institution, with big oak staircases and stately wainscoted rooms.

But we must return to our steamer. Leaving the Chelsea Embankment, with its new and still newer Queen Anne mansions behind us (some of them most sumptuous palaces), we touch first at *Battersea Park Pier* opposite; then, crossing again, at *Victoria Pier*, close to large public gardens, where the Naval Exhibition took place a few years ago. Passing *Chelsea Suspension Bridge*, we come to the big *Grosvenor Road Railway Bridge*, the widest in the world, conveying trains to the neighbouring terminus of Victoria. Here, on the north, is the entrance to the Grosvenor Canal, a little below which is the *Low Level Pumping House* of the new system of Main Metropolitan Drainage. The Thames, at London itself, used to be the main sewer; but now the sewage of the vast city is conveyed through many miles of sewers to Barking Creek and Crossness at the mouth of the Thames.

where it is chemically treated by precipitation. An instructive journey may be made, by those bold enough and interested enough to undertake it through the *London Sewers*. As to the *London Canals*, of which there are many, we believe that to be a fairly easy, and picturesque if slimy expedition, and probably to be easily enough arranged by a tip of half-a-crown to some friendly bargee. But now the steamer touches at *Pimlico Pier*, on the Grosvenor Road, which extends by the river from Chelsea Bridge nearly to Westminster, an embankment occasionally broken by wharves and stone-cutters' sheds, with picturesque figure-heads of ships for sale. *Nine Elms Pier*, for South Lambeth, comes next: and the steamer now shoots through *Vauxhall Bridge* (newly built in 1906), which connects Vauxhall with Millbank. The well-known Vauxhall Gardens, described in the old "*Spectator*" and in Fielding's "*Amelia*," which were closed in 1859, were situated near Vauxhall Bridge, on the Surrey side. *Doulton's Pottery Establishment* (well worth a visit) is a conspicuous object on this side, which does not at this spot present much attraction. These potteries are famous for their hardware art manufacture, especially known as "*Doulton ware*." Schools of china painting and design are attached to the establishment. Opposite, stood till 1893, Millbank Penitentiary Prison, now taken down, and replaced by the Tate Gallery (p. 140). Cardinal Manning for many years lived near here, in "*Archbishop's House*"; and here he died in January, 1892. From the river the towers of Westminster are now in sight, faintly gray in the distance. On the Surrey side extends the **Albert Embankment**, reaching as far as Westminster Bridge, and we approach the Lambeth Iron Suspension Bridge, connecting Lambeth with Horseferry Road, Westminster.

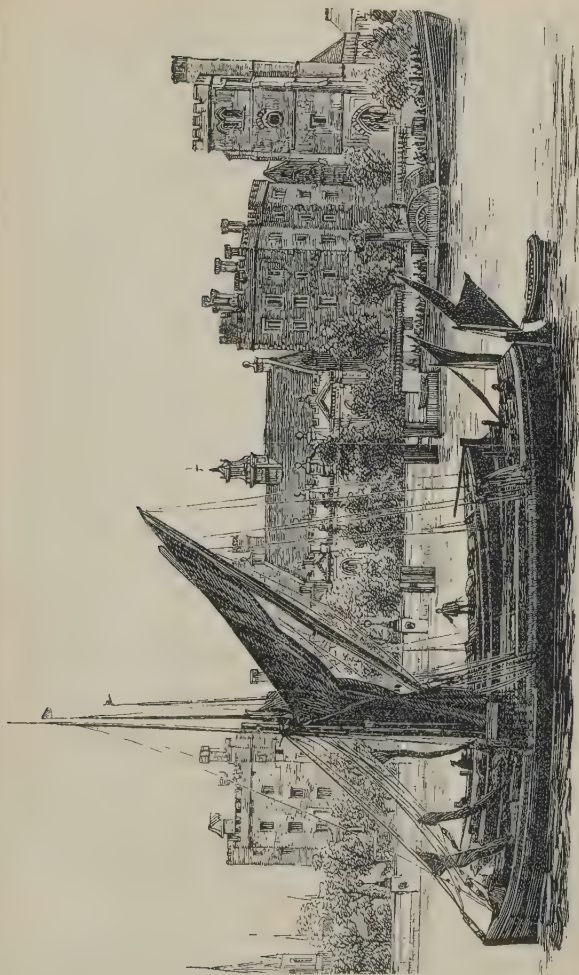
**Lambeth Palace** ("*Lambeth, envy of each band and gown*"), which now comes into view, is a fine old building, and from the river it shows up well. For 600 years it has been the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and can only be seen by special permission (apply to the chaplain). The *Picture Gallery* is interesting for its long line of portraits of archbishops, from the beginning of the sixteenth century down to our own day. Many of them are by noted artists, the last being that of Archbishop Tait, by Sant. Here in the delightful *Palace Garden* is given every year a large garden party, where all the distinguished people of London may be seen. The chapel, built in 1245, is the oldest part of the palace: Archbishop Laud placed

the oak screen here : and his arms, as well as those of Juxon and Cornwallis, are noticeable in the carvings. Archbishop Tait restored it recently, and filled its windows with stained glass (for all Laud's stained glass had been smashed by the Puritans). The *Gate House* entrance, which is very imposing, has two square towers of darkened red brick, and a large Tudor archway. The *Lollards' Tower*, really a water-tower, at the west end of the *chapel*, is so called because the Lollards, or followers of Wycliffe, were supposed to have been kept captive and tortured here. In a top room of the tower is a trap-door, through which, as the tide rose, bodies of secretly-condemned prisoners could be let down into the river, a sort of "oubliette." There are many inscriptions left by the Lollards and other prisoners. The rings by which the prisoners were fastened remain *in situ*, as also marks said to be burns from torture-irons. From the chapel-roof there is a fine view up the river, and of the towers of Westminster nearly opposite. **St. Mary's Church.** Lambeth, adjoining the Palace, is the mother-church of the parish, and was built in the fifteenth century. There is a curious "Pedlar's Window" here, with a romantic story attached to it. When the church was founded, it is said that a pedlar left an acre of land to the parish, on condition that a picture of himself, his pack and his dog, should be preserved in the church. This was accordingly done ; the pedlar was commemorated in the glass of the window, and the value of the acre, at first 2s. 8d., increased, till in our day it is worth £1,000 a year. In 1884, some local iconoclasts actually removed the pedlar from the window, to put up modern glass to the relatives of certain officials. Popular indignation, however, has since reinstated the injured pedlar, his pack and dog, in their place. Close under the church, at Lambeth Ferry, Mary, Queen of James II., hid trembling with her infant son,

"Crouching by the churchyard  
"From the bloodhound foe,"

on that memorable night of their secret flight from Whitehall. It was a wild rainy night ; they reached Lambeth by water, in an open skiff, but here, the coach that was to take them to Gravesend not being ready, the Queen in her terror dared not enter the inn for fear of recognition, and stood huddled up under the tower of Lambeth Church, holding her child close to her that it might not utter a cry.

And now, the tall Clock Tower of Westminster looms up still higher, and "Big Ben," striking with a loud, deep



Lambeth Palace.

tone, warns us that day is waning. The great building of the **Houses of Parliament** (see p. 66) as we steam past it, seems to cast a solemn shade over the whole river. The historic *Terrace of the House of Commons* (see p. 74) has a river parapet and grey wall of some height. The row of red brick buildings opposite, is *St. Thomas's Hospital*, a foundation dating from the year 1213, when it was an almshouse endowed by the Prior of Bermondsey. The hospital was formerly at Southwark, until in 1868 it was rebuilt on this site. The building, which accommodates about 600 beds, is much abused by Mr. Hare, who especially objects to "the row of hideous urns upon the parapet, " which seem waiting for the ashes of the patients inside." The Albert Embankment runs in front of the Hospital. In a line with St. Thomas's Hospital, beyond Westminster Bridge is the site of the new **County Hall**—a palatial building to house the offices of the London County Council. The competition for the design resulted in 1908 in a remarkable triumph for a young and hitherto unknown architect, Mr. Ralph Knott. The design, in the style vaguely called "the English Renaissance," somewhat recalls Somerset House. It provides a rotunda (for great receptions), a council chamber, some twenty committee rooms, and accommodation for an equal number of departments, with their staffs. We now pass **Westminster Bridge**, one of the finest bridges in London, and commanding a splendid view of the Houses of Parliament. It was the view from a former bridge here that inspired Wordsworth's sonnet, "Earth has not anything to show more fair." The present bridge was erected in 1856. At this point begins, on the north side, the **Victoria Embankment**, extending from here to Blackfriars Bridge. This is one of the most noble works of London, and is due to the Metropolitan Board of Works, and their Chief Engineer, Sir J. Bazalgette. It cost two millions, and consists of a solid granite wall, eight feet thick, forty feet high, and seven thousand feet long, providing a wide roadway, planted with trees, which afford in summer a delightful shade on the river side. The walk along the Victoria Embankment should on no account be omitted by the stranger—travel as he may by penny steamer. From it are to be seen the loveliest views and "effects" in all London.

Here, in the hard winter of 1894, when the Thames was all but frozen over, and enormous blocks of ice—icebergs, in fact—went floating down the river, the extraordinary sight was witnessed of thousands of

seagulls, who, almost as tame as the proverbially bold London sparrows, had for some reason or other made London their home, and sat all day on the icebergs, fed with crumbs and meat by the passers by.

The land reclaimed from the river amounts to thirty acres, part of which is laid out in pretty gardens, altogether affording a most delightful promenade for Londoners. It was finished in 1870. Under the Embankment goes the District Railway, and, at intervals on the promenade, are openings for the floating steamboat piers. Now we begin to pass stately mansions on the Embankment side—notably Norman Shaw's turreted red-brick building of *New Scotland Yard* (see p. 82) : *St. Stephen's Club House*, for Conservative politicians : the handsome *Whitehall Court*, of Jabez Balfour and "Liberator" fame : and *Montague House*, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, which contains fine pictures by Vandyck, and a statue of Robert Burns.

Evening is closing round as us we reach Charing Cross. The lamps are already lighted, and the "harmony in grey and silver" changes to a "nocturne in blue and gold." Even the ugly Charing Cross Terminus with its bridge becomes imposing, veiled in the mystery of night. The great palaces of Whitehall and Northumberland Avenue, the mansions of the Victoria Embankment, loom up above us as we draw near to Charing Cross Pier, where our day's journey ends. The moon shines on the waters, the lights twinkle above : and we feel that Pope was not so very fanciful after all when he wrote of his beloved river :—

" Her figur'd streams in waves of silver rolled,  
" And on her banks Augusta rose in gold."



## CHAPTER XV.

# From Charing Cross to Greenwich (by River).

" Dank and foul, dank and foul,  
 " By the smoky town in its murky cowl ;  
 " Foul and dank, foul and dank,  
 " By wharf and sewer and slimy bank ;  
 " Darker and darker the further I go,  
 " Baser and baser the richer I grow "

—*C. Kingsley.*

IT has been said with much truth, that the two best ways of seeing London are, either from the top of an omnibus, or from a penny steamer. Of these two ways—for the robust who can endure noise, heat, shrimps, accordions and braying bands—the steamer is undoubtedly the more satisfactory. The river, in old days, when streets were narrow and ill-paved, was the great highway of London: every merchant kept his boat: princes and grandes had their ornate barges, their private stairs, their watergates. Now-a-days the well-to-do among us no longer use it, but it is still a great thoroughfare and the river-trip should be undertaken by all visitors, though the service of steamers is now uncertain. From the river you get, not a bird's-eye view, which is an unpicturesque thing at best, but an artistic and comprehensive idea of London as a whole, from Chelsea to Greenwich. From the river you see London in all her moods, in the dazzling brightness, in her mysterious gloom, and in the vague blue-grey mist which is her most charming quality.

We will now suppose that we are going from Charing Cross to Greenwich by river, by one of the so-called " penny steamers." The river trip (one way) takes from half-an-hour to three-quarters, according to the state of the tide. We descend the Embankment steps to the Charing Cross floating pier, and await the little steamer; she puffs up, jerking and vibrating the landing-place. The passengers have barely had time to disembark, when you are hustled on board, and off she goes again. You meanwhile are lucky if you can find a seat among the motley crowd of passengers. Suppose that the day is cloudless, which is more often the case in London than is

popularly supposed, we steam past the gardens and glittering mansions of the great **Victoria Embankment**, observing in the distance the ancient *Watergate of York House*, showing the ancient level of the river (*see p. 299*), with the sunny Adelphi Terrace, looking over the Embankment gardens : and presently we come to the Egyptian obelisk **Cleopatra's Needle**, which was erected here, close to the water, in 1878.

This obelisk, of rose-coloured granite, is 3,000 years old, and has had a very eventful history. For the first 1,600 years of its existence it stood, with another obelisk, before the Temple of the Sun in *On* (Heliopolis), a "silent witness" of many kings and dynasties. It is said to have been brought to Alexandria by Cleopatra, just before the Christian era ; it was probably intended for the decoration of a palace there, but was never erected, and lay half buried for hundreds of years in the desert sands of Egypt. Its companion obelisk, erected at Alexandria, is now in New York. Mahomet Ali presented it to the British nation in 1820, but the difficulties of removal being great, no advantage was taken of the offer till, in 1877, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Erasmus Wilson gave the necessary funds, amounting to £10,000. A special cylinder boat was made for the obelisk ; but even with its removal its adventures were not ended, for, in the Bay of Biscay, it encountered a terrific storm, and the crew of the ship that towed it, in peril of their lives, cut it adrift. For days it was lost, till a passing steamer happened to sight the strange-looking object and picked it up, earning salvage on it. The hieroglyphics on the monolith tell of its erection by Thotmes III., a Pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty. He is represented as a sphinx with hands, offering wine and incense to the two principal gods of Heliopolis—Ra and Atum. The granite is said to be slowly disintegrating under the influence of London damp and smoke, and as the hieroglyphics are not cut very deeply, pessimists say that in time they will be altogether effaced. The square granite pedestal, 18½ feet high, bears four inscriptions on its faces, recording its strange story. The obelisk is 68 feet high, and weighs 180 tons. The two large bronze sphinxes at the base of the Needle were designed by Mr. G. Vulliamy.

Now we pass the large and magnificent *Hotel Cecil*, adjoining the smaller and more picturesque *Savoy Hotel*, the latter being so named from an ancient palace built here in 1245 by the Earl of Savoy and Richmond. The dining rooms of these hotels looking over the Embankment and the river are favourite resorts. The *Savoy Theatre* (*see p. 297*), of Gilbert and Sullivan Opera fame, is behind the hotel, and just east of it is the red brick *Medical Examination Hall*, built in the Italian style, in 1886 : it contains a statue of the Queen, by *Williamson*. We now come to **Waterloo Bridge**, considered by Canova the noblest in the world. It is of granite, with nine arches, and cost, with its approaches, over a million to build. It was built by Sir J. Rennie and opened in 1817, and the original intention was to call it the "Strand Bridge," but it was renamed after the battle of Waterloo, in honour of the victory. The bridge, which commands a splendid view,

was sold in 1878 to the Metropolitan Board of Works, who made it toll-free. There is a dark side to everything, and Waterloo Bridge has been called the "English Bridge of Sighs," from the number of suicides from it. As Hood wrote of his "Unfortunate";

"The bleak wind of March  
 "Made her tremble and shiver,  
 "But not the black arch  
 "Or the dark flowing river."

Waterloo Bridge connects the Strand with Waterloo Bridge Road on the south side of the River, leading to Waterloo Station (*see* p. 296). Samuel Butler (the author of "Erewhon") thus describes the view from the bridge:

"When . . . I think of Waterloo Bridge and the huge wide-opened jaws of those two Behemoths, the Cannon Street and Charing Cross railway stations, I am not sure that the prospect here is not even finer than in Fleet Street. See how they belch forth puffing trains as the breath of their nostrils, gorging and disgorging incessantly those human atoms whose movement is the life of the city. How like it all is to some great bodily mechanism. . . . And then . . . the ineffable St. Paul's. I was once on Waterloo Bridge after a heavy thunderstorm in summer. A thick darkness was upon the river and the buildings upon the north side, but just below, I could see the water hurrying onward as in an abyss, dark, gloomy and mysterious. On a level with the eye there was an absolute blank, but above, the sky was clear, and out of the gloom the dome and towers of St. Paul's rose up sharply, looking higher than they actually were, and as though they 'rested upon space.'

Close by Waterloo Bridge, and fronting the river, rises the imposing façade of **Somerset House** (*see* p. 295), one of the finest buildings in London. Nevertheless, M. Taine, who saw it on a wet day, and is apparently no admirer of "the artistic value of dirt," falls foul of it:

"Massive and heavy piece of architecture," he says, "of which the hollows are inked, the porticoes blackened with soot, where, in the cavity of the empty court, is a sham fountain without water, pools of water on the pavement, long rows of closed windows—what can they possibly do in these catacombs?"

Between Somerset House and the Temple (just beyond the "Temple" Station) are the fine offices, formerly of the *London School Board*, now of the Education Committee of the County Council. In front of these offices is a statue of *John Stuart Mill* by *Woolner*, erected 1878. In the gardens is a statue of *W. E. Forster*, and further west, near the Temple Station, another of *Isambard Brunel*, the engineer of the Thames Tunnel. On the east is the beautiful estate office of *W. W. Astor*, the Anglo-American millionaire. We now reach the Temple Pier, in front of the stately buildings of the *Temple* with



Waterloo Bridge.

From a sketch by

The Thames Embankment and Waterloo Bridge.

Herbert Railton.

the *Temple Gardens* (see Chap. XIX.). After the Temple comes **Whitefriars** (so named from an ancient convent of White Friars or Carmelites, founded 1244). Once it had the privileges of sanctuary and became therefore the haunt of thieves and debtors. Now it has become "news-paper land," being in the close vicinity of Fleet Street, and including Bouverie Street and Tudor Street. Now, at Blackfriars Bridge, is the end of the great Victoria Embankment: near its end is the new building of *Sion College* opened in 1886, moved hither from London Wall (see p. 274). The College, an old foundation, is for the use of the London clergy, and possesses a very fine theological library, with portraits of Laud and other bishops. The edifice, by *Bloomfield*, is in the *Late Gothic* style: it has a curious porch with a room above it: the reason for this was that the District Railway running underneath, it was not allowed to build on the tunnel, so a special arch had to be thrown over the railway. Behind the College is the *Guildhall School of Music*, in the Italian style, erected at great cost by the Corporation of London, in 1886: and behind this again is the *City of London School for Girls*. Adjoining the College, on the east is the handsome new *City of London School*, separated from the bridge by De Keyser's Royal Hotel. **Blackfriars Bridge** is a continuation of Farringdon Street, which it connects with Blackfriars Road, on the Surrey side. It was widened in 1907-8 to give accommodation for tramway-lines, which now run along the Victoria Embankment. The *Blackfriars Railway Bridge* (London, Chatham and Dover Railway), crosses the river just below it. From this bridge there is a magnificent view of St. Paul's (which has long been in sight in the misty distance), with its mighty, towering dome, sublime in its majesty. Thus far, we may, if we will, have come from Charing Cross by foot, and the walk along the Embankment is one of the finest in London. The crossing in front of Blackfriars Bridge is difficult for pedestrians to negotiate, and the City Corporation in 1909 undertook the construction of foot sub-ways.

Now the scene changes: the Embankment has ended, and in its place are wharves, shipping, and a sort of general picturesqueness of dirt. Just before we reach St. Paul's is *Castle Baynard Dock*, commemorating the feudal Norman house called Baynard's Castle, that stood here before the fire. The passengers bound for **St. Paul's** disembark at the pier of that name: we continue our journey, past

*Queenhithe*, so called from being the "hithe" or landing-place of Eleanor, queen of Henry II., which was once the chief water-gate of the city, and **Southwark Bridge**, built by Rennie at a cost of £800,000, and opened in 1819. The structure is of iron, with stone piers: it connects Upper Thames Street in the city, with Southwark Bridge Road on the Surrey side. The *Cannon Street Railway Bridge* crosses the river a little further down. **Bankside** close to the Bridge on the southern side, is the site of the *Old Globe Theatre* (see Chap. XXIX.). About here stood several theatres in old days—the Paris Garden Theatre, the Hope Theatre (known for its bull-baiting), the Rose Theatre, and the Swan Theatre. All were closed in



London Bridge.

1618. Messrs. Barclay, Perkins & Co.'s great Brewery occupies 12 acres on Bankside: indeed, it forms a small town of itself. On the opposite bank, just above London Bridge, is the large palace called *Fishmongers' Hall*, situated at the lower end of Upper Thames Street.

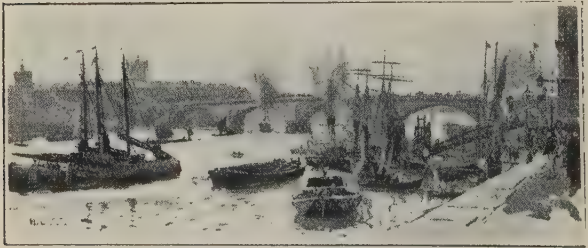
The building, which appropriately enough fronts the river, is imposing and solid rather than beautiful, and is very typical of the City halls in general. The great hall is rich in armorial bearings and wood-carvings. There is in one of the rooms a large chair made out of the first pile driven in the construction of Old London Bridge. The seat of the chair is the stone on which the pile rested—so that the two component parts of this curious relic have been under water for 650 years. They were "fished up" in 1832. The guild of the fishmongers is the richest of any; it is noted both for its charities and for its good dinners. The fishmongers must in old times have been formidable neighbours to Billingsgate, as they had power to "enter and seize bad fish"; and indeed they still employ inspectors, who report on the market. The Fishmongers' Hall boasts also some interesting pictures (mostly royal)



and relics; among the latter notably a carved and painted wooden statue of Sir William Walworth, once Lord Mayor and slayer of Wat Tyler, with the dagger that slew the rebel, and the magnificent pall, worked by nuns, said to have been used at Walworth's funeral.

Now we approach **London Bridge**, and in its vicinity, on the northern shore, the Monument (*see* p. 118) towers up immensely tall, behind **St. Magnus Church**. We lose sight of it as we come up close to the *Old Swan Pier*.

If we have a few minutes to wait here, it will not be amiss, for on a fine day the view is striking. London is just here almost Venetian. The mud-larks dipping their feet into the water from the embankment steps; the red sails of the fishing boats glistening in the "Pool" below the bridge; the dancing wavelets; the shouts of bargemen; and most Venetian-like of all, the dazzling white cupola and spire of **St. Magnus**, surmounting the near houses at the head of the bridge. This is one of Wren's beautiful churches, rebuilt by him after the great fire; the spire



London Bridge from Custom House.

is called by Mr. Hare, "perfectly faultless." There is a footway directly under the tower, a curious arrangement, made in 1760, to relieve the traffic to and from London Bridge. There has been a bridge here from time immemorial, as long indeed, as we know anything of London. For a long time it was a wooden bridge, with a fortified gate—one of the city gates. This first Saxon bridge was swept away by a storm, and a stone bridge was substituted in 1176. Up to a century ago London Bridge was the only bridge over the Thames in London, and the citizens were immensely proud of it, even making songs about it—"London Bridge is broken down, Dance over, my Lady Lee." Old London Bridge had stately and beautiful houses on each side, like one continuous street, a chapel in the middle, and shops like those of the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, or the Venetian Rialto, where the fashionable west-end ladies used to spend their "pin-money." Some of the houses had gardens on their flat roofs, whence the proverb: "As fine as London Bridge." The old bridge, however, was inconvenient; its narrow arches impeded navigation and made possible the freezing over of the river; the houses on each side of the bridge made its passage narrow and dark. The houses were removed in 1757 and the bridge altogether demolished in 1832. The present bridge was opened in 1831, thirty-eight yards higher up the river; in 1902-4 it was widened. The sixth picture in

Hogarth's "*Marriage à la Mode*," gives the appearance of the houses on Old London Bridge. At one time the booksellers' shops there were very much like what Paternoster Row is now. But if less picturesque, the present bridge is much more useful.

Large ships cannot pass beyond this point, so that below London Bridge begins the **Port of London**—from here to Limehouse Reach, more generally known as *London Pool*. Ruskin has told us how Turner, the painter, loved "that mysterious forest below London Bridge"—a forest of masts and shipping. Just below the bridge, on the left, is **Billingsgate** Fishmarket, a red brick building, which derives its name from one of the ancient city water-gates,



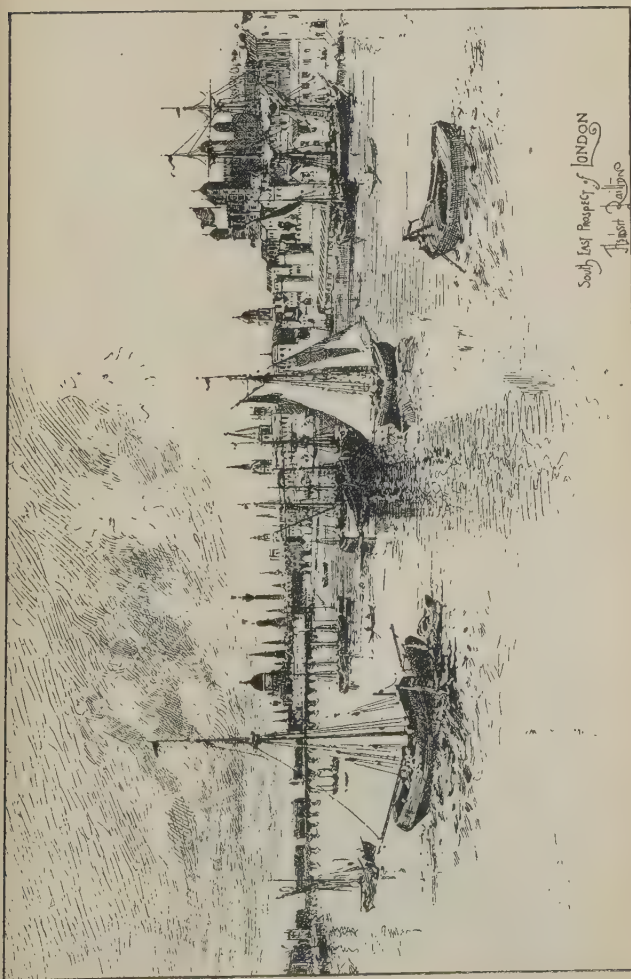
The Tower Bridge.

and is at present associated more or less with brawling fishwives, tubs of "winkles," and bad language. The market, however, which was rebuilt in 1876 and much improved, is well worth a visit at 5 a.m., when, like that of Covent Garden, it is seen at its best. Adjoining Billingsgate is the Custom-House, built in 1814, a long white imposing building facing the river. Here an enormous sum is levied annually, the principal duties being those on tea, tobacco, wine and spirits. The quay in front of it is a picturesque walk, with a fine view up the river. Now the great tall warehouses, with their numerous storeys, pulleys and cranes begin to line the broad stream ;

barges are to be seen unloading, and picturesque boats with red sails, from Ipswich, Rochester, Holland, from all parts, begin to dot the stream. Now the gigantic **Tower Bridge**, one of the best monuments of the nineteenth century, loses the greyness of distance and rises, giant-like, over our heads, quite dwarfing the ancient buildings of the "Tower," which, surrounded by their picturesque green moat, stand near it. The only drawback to the Tower Bridge is the way it overpowers the little **Tower of London** (*see* p. 104). Even the White Tower becomes insignificant beside those stupendous supports of the three iron bridges. The lower bridge is a drawbridge for ships passing through: the two higher, so completely railed in as to command no view, are therefore not worth the trouble of an ascent. The object of this railing-in is probably to avoid such tiresome suicides as those that took place in former years at the "Monument" (*see* p. 118).

The **Tower Bridge**, designed by Sir Horace Jones and Mr. Wolfe Barry, was begun by the Corporation of London in 1886, and opened by the Prince of Wales, on the 30th June, 1894; the cost (over a million sterling) being provided out of the London "Bridge House Estate." A bridge here was badly needed to connect Bermondsey and Tooley Street with the Minories, as well as to ease the terrible overcrowding of London Bridge. The difficulty was, of course, to build a bridge that should not block the passage for big ships up to the wharves and markets just below London Bridge. This difficulty has been nobly surmounted by the present structure. Two huge Gothic towers, which rise on piers from the river bed to a height of 246 feet and are capped by high-pitched pinnacled roofs to which some cavillers have taken exception, are approached from either shore by small iron suspension bridges, and pierced for a roadway by embattled arches. These towers, between which is a central space of 200 feet, are connected by two slender, lace-like iron bridges—the upper, a permanent footway, raised high above the masts of the tallest ships, 142 feet above high-water level, and reached by lifts and stairs in the supporting towers—and the lower or carriage-way 29½ feet above high-water mark, fitted with two "bascules" or drawbridges, which can be raised in the space of two minutes, to admit large vessels. The bascules are worked by hydraulic power, by means of a powerful counterpoise. A 21-inch steel bar, which bears the weight of a thousand tons without "turning a hair," is the pivot of the whole affair. To avoid any obstruction of traffic on the bridge approaches while ships are passing through, large electric bells are fixed at the entrance of each approach, to warn drivers when the bascules are being turned up.

The Tower Bridge has a mediæval look, as of some gigantic fortress of the sixteenth century. The stone facings of the twin towers add so wonderfully to their picturesqueness, that it seems sad that they should be so purely deceptive, the whole structure being really of iron trimmed with stone: and not, as appears to the uninitiated, of massive stone completed with connections of



South East Prospect of LONDON  
Great Railway

From a sketch by

The Tower and London Bridge.

Herbert Raiton.

iron. As compared with another great engineering work of the kind—that other great iron structure which one naturally thinks of in connection with this—the Forth Bridge—the Tower Bridge labours under the disadvantage of not being seen properly from anywhere as a whole—taking in, that is, both abutment towers with their pendant suspension chains, which give such a finish to the general effect. A very pretty view, however, may be obtained of it from the *Old Swan Pier* (see p. 240), close to London Bridge. Here the new bridge is seen, framed in an arch of the older one, with most picturesque effect. And there is no denying that the two great towers, flanked on either side by their graceful suspension chains, “spanned high overhead as with a lintel, and holding apart the great twin bascules, like a portcullis raised to give entry to a castle—there is no denying that all this must loom as an impressive watergate upon ships coming from over seas to the Port of London.” To quote an observant Frenchman, M. Gabriel Mourey :—

“ The Tower Bridge, the water-gate of the Capital, is a colossal symbol of the British genius. Like that genius, the Bridge struck me as built on lines of severe simplicity—harmonious, superbly balanced, without exaggeration or emphasis—sober architecture, yet with reasonable audacities—signifying its end with that clearness which is the hallmark of everything English. It wonderfully completes the seething landscape of quays and docks, and the infernal activity of the greatest port in the world. No waters in the world better reflect without deforming than the muddy waters of the Thames, never blue even under the blue skies of summer. Throw this bridge across the Seine or the Loire, and it would spoil the view, like a false note of colour. But here, on the contrary, its effect is prodigiously imposing. Look at its two towers, how square and solid they are. Their tips are crowned by steeples, the roofs are pointed, the windows straight, with pointed arches. It looks like the gate to some strong tower of the middle ages. The combinations of lines composing the bridge call up the idea of some heroic past time. They lift themselves above the river like some massive efflorescence of the past. But look again, and the impression becomes more complex. Light and airy, like clear lace, an iron foot-bridge joins the two towers, across the abyss. Another, lower down, on the level of the banks, lifts up to let big ships pass as under a triumphal arch. And all the audacity of the modern architects, which will create the works of the future, here bursts forth, suspended on the heavy foundations of the past ; with so much measure and proportion that nothing offends in the medley of archaism and modernity. There are few countries able to carry off such contrasts. But this country adjusts itself to them in perfection. It is because no other people know how to unite with the same harmonious force the cult of the past, the religion of tradition, to an unchecked love of progress, and a lively and insatiable passion for the future.”

The *Tower Subway*, which leads under the bed of the Thames from the Tower to Southwark is an iron tube 440 yards long, formerly a gloomy passage reached by



London from the Tower Bridge



ninety-six steps on each side, and used for foot passengers, now used only for gas and water mains.

Below the Tower Bridge the shipping and the wharves increase in size and number, and the **London Docks** come into sight. First, close to the Bridge, towers up *St. Katherine's Dock House*, an imposing white stone building, hiding the *Royal Mint*, which is just behind it. The bustle and activity on this part of the Thames are enormous. Ships from every nation discharge their cargoes, which are stored before sale in large warehouses in the docks. On both sides of the river the population is chiefly sailors, fishermen and shipbuilders: east of the Tower, it is more particularly called the Sailors' Town. The river teems with shipping, from enormous steamers to tiny fishing boats. The scene is so picturesque that it has been said that our painters might well devote themselves to home as well as to Venice, for where could be found worthier subjects for painting than outside the London Docks, with their giant shipping?

"These docks," says M. Taine, "are prodigious, overpowering; each of them is a vast port, and accommodates a multitude of three-masted vessels. There are ships everywhere, ships upon ships in rows . . . for the most part they are leviathans, magnificent . . . some of them hail from all parts of the world; this is the great trysting-place of the globe."

The Dock warehouses are well worth a visit, just to give an idea of the enormous wealth of London. The docks have been acquired by a public authority under the Port of London Act, 1908. Below the Tower Bridge our steamer touches at Wapping, Rotherhithe, Shadwell, Stepney, Deptford, and Limehouse, the extreme East End; all places of rather bad repute in fiction and history; not all, however, containing the worst slums, but mainly dull, ugly and squalid, comprising rows and rows of poor dwellings all exactly similar. The wharves and docks line the river banks, and continue to do so for a long distance. Near *Rotherhithe*—a dingy pier often infested by mudlarks—is *Jacob's Island*, rendered notorious by Dickens' description in "*Oliver Twist*." "It is surrounded," he says, "by a muddy ditch, six or eight feet deep, and fifteen or twenty wide when the tide is in . . . known in these days as Folly Ditch." By means of this ditch the murderer Sikes tries to escape from the infuriated crowd who clamour for his life, but he fails in the attempt and perishes miserably. From Rotherhithe to *Wapping*, on the opposite bank, goes the **Thames Tunnel**, made at great expense,

1825-1843. This passage was, in 1865, sold to the East London Railway Company, and is now used as a railway tunnel. A little lower down is the **Rotherhithe Tunnel**, an important highway, for vehicular and pedestrian traffic, connecting the south side with the Docks on the north. This important addition to cross-river communications was made by the London County Council at a cost of £1,000,000, and opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on June 12, 1908.

The history of **Thames Tunnelling** is curious and interesting. The earliest tunnel was the "Thames Tunnel," above-mentioned, and the construction of it had all the excitement both of novelty, and threatened failure. Tom Hood addressed an unkind ode to Brunel, the engineer, describing how, when the work was half done,

"Old Thames, through roof, not waterproof,  
 "Came, like 'a tide in the affairs of men,'  
 "And, with a mighty stormy kind of roar,  
 "Burst out in that old song  
 "Of Incledon's, beginning 'Cease, rude Bore.'"

Hood suggested that Brunel should convert the half-finished tunnel into wine vaults—the "Bore's Head." The Ettrick Shepherd, Hogg, also had his fling at the tunnel: "A tunnel, indeed, aneath the Thames! If there's no briggs aneaw, canna they bigg mair o' them? Nae tunnels, nor funnels—for I kenna which ye ca' them—aneath rivers for me! It's no verra pleasant passin' even under an aqueduct. But, Lord preserve us! think o' a street a-roarin' wi' passengers, and lighted wi' lamp-posts, half-a-mile lang, and after a' but a Tunnel!"

Considering the limited mechanical resources at his disposal, Brunel's tunnel was a remarkable feat, though it took eighteen years to make (1825-1843). The *Tower Subway* took only a year (1870). In later years improved driving facilities have simplified such works. The great improvement, which has made tunnelling comparatively easy, is the "Greathead shield," "with its cutting edge, its hydraulic rams, and its auxiliary grouting machine, which gives the tube an impenetrable covering and also fills in the danger-space created by the shield round the tube." The *tube railways* have made four tunnels, and when the *Rotherhithe tunnel* was constructed, a sort of "pilot" tube-tunnel was pushed forward in advance, to enable the strata to be tested. The Prince of Wales, in opening "this splendid engineering work," called attention to the facts "that it had been accomplished entirely by British minds, muscle and material," and that "the arduous, and at many times dangerous operations extended over four years, were marred by very few accidents."

The Surrey Docks and the Commercial Docks lie close to the Thames Tunnel pier. *Shadwell* is a little further on, and then comes *Stepney*, the parish to which all children born at sea were supposed to belong. *Deptford* on the south bank, and *Limehouse* on the north, next face one another. Deptford has a big cattle market and slaughter houses: indeed, the whole place seems one vast shambles. Nearly all the animals arriving here are from the United States and Canada—between two and three hundred thousand a year on an average. They are first inspected to see if they are free from disease, and then

wait in sheds till their time for pole-axing comes. No animal leaves Deptford alive, and all the meat goes up for consumption in London.

The **Feeding of London** would make of itself an interesting chapter, but space forbids us here to mention more than a few facts concerning it. "There are within the limits of the metropolis at least five million human beings, each of whom has every day to be provided with food. The difference between the plenty of one class and the pittance of another is no doubt very marked; but taking the rich and poor together, the quantity of food required is almost incredible." It has even been said that this great city would starve in three days if supplies by sea were cut off. This suggests horrid possibilities for some future siege of London. But as the trade and port of London have made its wealth, so they have also helped it to its present enormous dimensions; for though the country, by the railways, brings her share of London's sustenance, yet by far the larger proportion of it comes through the docks. Thus, frozen and living meat from the far colony of New Zealand, and also from the United States, Canada, the River Plate and Australia; potatoes from Malta, Portugal and Holland; tea from China and India; early vegetables from Madeira and the Canary Islands; spices from Ceylon; wines from France Portugal and Spain; oranges—from all parts of the tropical globe—far cheaper often than our home-grown fruits; all are swallowed by the capacious maw of London. It did not require the prophetic vision of an idealist to see

"The heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,

"Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales."

Such argosies, from every clime and country, have been seen for ages in the Port of London. Here, to these dingy docks, these blackened wharves, comes not only ivory and gold, but the produce of the entire world. To say nothing of food, a walk round the dock warehouses—stored with tobacco from old Virginia; ivory from the mysterious East; spices, etc., from many a "land of reef and palm"; bark from Peru; and every commercial product of the globe—would be a revelation to most people. The import of oranges alone reaches a total of 800 or 900 millions yearly; that of raisins and currants, some 12,000 tons; and other things are in proportion. The unloading of the ships is done by the casual helpers, called "dockers" or "dock-labourers," a rough class of workmen living in and around Wapping, Rotherhithe, and Stepney. Their employment—though paid at a fair rate for "unskilled" labour—is necessarily heavy while it lasts, and uncertain, though since the great "Dock strike" of twenty years ago, considerable efforts have been made to organize the work in a better way. Further improvements in this respect, as in increasing the efficiency of the Port generally, were promised by those responsible for the *Port of London Act*, already mentioned.

The Pool of London ends at **Limehouse Reach**, and here is the entrance to the West India Docks, extending to *Blackwall*, a distance of 300 acres. Close by are the East India Docks of 32 acres. Next, in the **Isle of Dogs** (as the loop of land formed by the river bend is called) lie Millwall Docks. Then come the Victoria and Albert Docks, below Blackwall, while the Tilbury Docks are yet further down.

*Apr**opos* of Dickens' account of Gaffer Hexham and his recovery of dead bodies from the Thames (*see* "Our Mutual Friend"), it is a fact that in 1881, 287 human

corpses were taken out of the river within the metropolitan area. Opposite to the Isle of Dogs, said to be a corruption of "Isle of Ducks," is **Greenwich** (see Chap. XXX.).

In this part of the river three new means of north to south communication have in recent years been made. At the south extremity of the Isle of Dogs is the North Greenwich Railway Station, from which there is a *railway steam-ferry* to Greenwich on the south bank of the river. The **Greenwich Tunnel**, opened in 1902, is for pedestrians only, electric lifts conveying passengers to and from the tunnel. The **Blackwall Tunnel**, a little lower down, which was opened in 1897 and cost £1,265,000, is a more important means of communication, being available for traffic of all kinds.

Notwithstanding that the work had to be carried on by compressed air, so great was the skill of the engineers that only five fatal accidents occurred during the six years' work, and these occurred *above ground*. The labour in the construction of the tunnel may be imagined from the fact that the bed of the river—actually composed of shifting sand—had to be covered with an artificial clay "blanket," to prevent the river breaking into the works. The tunnel is 6,200 feet long; only about a fifth part of it is under the actual bed of the river; the great approaches to it are driven under the watery sandy soil on each side for a long distance, the tunnel-cutting being done by means of the "shield" above mentioned. The tunnel is not perfectly straight; it makes a curve on the north side to avoid sewers. The roadway is wide enough for two vehicles to pass each other and there are footpaths on each side; the tunnel itself is constructed inside with great cast-iron plates and besides that its sides and roof are lined throughout with white glazed tiles a million of which have been used. A little extra expense in the interest of the public was incurred at the entrances to the tunnel on each side; the entrance arches being ornamental and surmounted also with residences for the tunnel officials. These arch-houses have inscribed on them "Blackwall Tunnel, 1897" with shields in relief supporting the arms of Middlesex and Kent, the counties into which the tunnel abuts.

The beautiful old *Hospital* at Greenwich on the river side, with its shining white frontage, and above, its green trees and glades, welcome the traveller. The old *Dreadnought*, a Seamen's Hospital, for many years moored here, used to be a picturesque feature. The hospital is now housed on shore. A fish dinner at the "Trafalgar" Tavern or a ramble in the beautiful park (where is the famous observatory) will amply repay the trouble of the excursion.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Through the Heart of the City: From  
Holborn Viaduct to Aldgate.

"I have seen the West End, the parks, the fine squares ; but I love the City far better. The City seems so much more in earnest ; its business, its rush, its roar, are such serious things, sights, sounds. The City is getting its living -the West End but enjoying its pleasure. At the West End you may be amused ; but in the City you are deeply excited."—*C. Brontë* : "*Villette*."

" . . . I confess that I never think of London, which I love, without thinking of that palace which David built for Bathsheba, sitting in hearing of one hundred streams—streams of thought, of intelligence, of activity. One other thing about London impresses me beyond any other sound I have ever heard, and that is the low, unceasing roar one hears always in the air ; it is not a mere accident like a tempest or a cataract, but it is impressive, because it always indicates human will and impulse, and conscious movement ; and I confess that when I hear it I almost feel as if I were listening to the roaring loom of time."—*Lowell*.

THE City is the pulse of the tremendous machine of London ; or rather, the aorta through which ceaselessly rushes the ebb and flow of the tides of human life and energy. The streets of the City are thronged at morning, evening, and noonday ; in the morning, by countless tribes of men of all sorts and conditions, but all in black, all in tall hats, and all hurrying to their respective offices or places of business, in the evening, by the same men returning, and at noonday, by the same men swarming like ants, out to lunch, at their particular club, restaurant or humble "aerated." We shall endeavour to take the places more or less in order, but the streets are here so labyrinthine and the interest so scattered among them, that it is impossible to pursue an entirely straight course.

We start from **Holborn Viaduct**, that mighty iron "Bridge of Sighs" (*see* p. 268), with houses on either side, raised on vast sub-structures, which spans Farringdon Street. The visible part of the viaduct, the bridge itself, crosses the roadway below at a great height, and is supported by twelve granite columns ; on its parapet are bronze statues of Art, Science, Commerce, and Agriculture, and on the towers on each side, statues of famous Lord Mayors. In these side-towers are flights of steps descending to the Farringdon Street level. The Viaduct was only built in 1867, and the boon to the City is great, as, before it was made, heavy vehicles used to crawl instead slowly

up Snow Hill or Holborn Hill ; indeed, the steepness of Snow Hill was so great that, in the delightful times of " good Queen Anne," " the pestilent street-marauders called ' Mohocks ' used to amuse themselves by rolling defenceless women down it in barrels." The old coaching-house on Snow Hill, the "*Saracen's Head*" (which Dickens has commemorated as the London head-quarters of the notorious Mr. Squeers) has been pulled down and rebuilt. On the right, going Citywards, is the **Holborn Viaduct Station** of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, and on the same side a little further west, is the **City Temple** (Congregational), formerly celebrated for the ministry of Dr. Parker, and now for that of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A. Proceeding eastward, on the left (just at the end of the Viaduct) is **St. Sepulchre's Church**, which was repaired by Wren after the Great Fire. From its ancient square tower, a knell used to be tolled whenever a criminal was executed in Newgate Prison opposite. The interior of the church, lately renovated, is a fine example of the Perpendicular style. St. Sepulchre's used to be noted for the ancient custom, provided for by an old benefaction, of presenting condemned criminals, on its steps, each with a nosegay on their last journey in the fatal cart to be hanged at Tyburn (*see* Chap. XXI.). Till 1882, the church clock regulated the hour of executions, and the church bellman used to go under the walls of Newgate the night before a hanging, and ring his bell and recite a gruesome little verse ending ;

" . . . And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,  
 " The Lord above have mercy on your souls !  
 " *Past twelve o'clock !* "

Under a grey gravestone on the south side of the choir, the celebrated Captain John Smith, " sometime Governor of Virginia and Admirall of New England," was buried in 1631. His tomb bears the epitaph :

" Here lies one conquer'd that hath conquer'd kings ! "

Left of St. Sepulchre's, still going east, *Giltspur Street* diverges to *Smithfield* (*see* p. 268) : and opposite it, at the corner of Old Bailey, is the large new building (1905) of the **Central Criminal Court**, occupying the site of the old **Newgate** prison ;

The old prison stood, square and gloomy, like a mediæval castle, its grimy walls knit together with huge, rugged stones—walls that have hidden many a scene of horror and despair. They seemed to have collected the grime of ages : " black as Newgate " passed into a proverb. Over the doors were the symbols of the iron fetters that await the criminal within. Up to 1868 criminals were executed in front of Newgate, and a



surging crowd would wait in expectation all night outside; a dense sea of heads, all anxiously upturned as the fateful clock of St. Sepulchre's struck eight, and the unhappy wretch on the Newgate gallows (otherwise "Black Meggie") was hurled into eternity. After 1868, when public executions were prohibited, criminals were hanged within the walls of the prison, and crowds still gathered outside in anxious expectancy of the raising of the "black flag;" but in 1901 the London place of execution was transferred to Holloway Prison. A history of the prison of Newgate would be voluminous. Originally one of the five principal London gates stood here—Newgate. Like Lud Gate (*see* p. 284), it was early used as a prison, and it soon became the principal prison of London, where, among many others, Titus Oates, Jack Sheppard, and Jonathan Wild were confined, and where Mrs. Fry ministered to the female prisoners and by her exertions carried out some much-needed reforms. The building was burnt down, before its completion, by the "No-Popery" rioters in 1780, but it was soon rebuilt, George Dance being the architect. The old Pinioning Room, with its irons; the cells for refractory prisoners, the gallows; the whipping-horse; the gloomy barred cemetery, with the initials of celebrated prisoners; all possessed a horrible interest. On the demolition of the prison, many of such relics passed into the possession of collectors.

The new Central Criminal Court, designed by Mr. E. W. Mountford, is surmounted by a statue of Justice (not, we fear, a great work of art), holding the sword in one hand, and the scales in the other: whilst above the portal in Old Bailey is the inscription "Defend the children of the poor and punish the wrongdoer." The Court is apt to be crowded whenever any "sensational" case, especially a murder case, is being tried, and admission is then difficult to obtain, except by favour of the aldermen and sheriffs.

On the north side of Newgate Street is a large block belonging to the General Post Office, and to be known as King Edward's Buildings. This, and an extension of St. Bartholomew's Hospital behind it, stand on the site of **Christ's Hospital** (the Blue-Coat School), removed in 1902 to Horsham in Sussex.

Its playground, barred by tall iron gates and railings, fronted the crowded street; the games of the bare-headed and yellow-legged boys inside forming a curious contrast to the roar and bustle of the city. The curious dress of the boys (which may still occasionally be seen in the streets of London) dates from Tudor times, when it was the dress of the humbler citizens' children. The school buildings occupied the site of the ancient convent of *Grey Friars*. The school itself was founded by the boy king Edward VI., only ten days before his death, he being much affected by a touching sermon on the sick and needy by Bishop Ridley.

Opposite Christ's Hospital is *Warwick Lane*, where the first house on the right has a curious relief of 1668, representing Warwick, the King-maker—an armed knight with shield and sword.

Beyond Christ's Hospital is *King Edward Street* (named after the founder of the school), on the site of old *Newgate Market*. Beyond, and to the north again, are the buildings

of the **General Post Office**, a little city in themselves, divided by the wide street of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*. These are the head-quarters of the London Postal District, and even the vast city correspondence forms but a small proportion of the business transacted here. There are three principal buildings, called respectively *East*, *West* and *North*. Of these, the *General Post Office East* is the oldest : it was built in the Ionic style, from Smirke's designs, in 1829. The *North* building, erected in 1890-94, contains, among other offices, the *Central Savings Bank* and the *Office of the Postmaster-General*, while the *General Post Office East* deals with *Letters* and *Newspapers*, and the *West* with the *Telegraph Department*. Many houses were removed to make way for the *North* building, for which the site alone cost £326,000 ; and in 1888, additions to the *West* Post Office destroyed the old *Bull and Mouth Tavern* (formerly a well-known starting-point for mail coaches). North of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* (named thus from an old collegiate church and sanctuary here) are *Aldersgate Street* and *Little Britain* (see pp. 274, 275). In *Foster Lane*, behind the *General Post Office East*, is the **Church of St. Vedast**, one of Wren's rebuildings. It has a graceful steeple, which is seen to advantage from the Holborn end of *Newgate Street*. Over the west door is a curious allegorical bas-relief, representing Religion and Charity. At the north end of *Foster Lane* is the great pillared front of *Goldsmiths' Hall*, rebuilt in the Renaissance style by Hardwick, in 1835.

It has one of the most splendid marble staircases in London, and wide open galleries lined with costly coloured marbles. In the *Banqueting Hall* are portraits of royalties. The plate is, naturally, magnificent. The Goldsmiths' Company, incorporated in 1327, has the privilege of regulating the standard of gold, and of stamping with their Hall-mark all gold articles, thereby indicating the proportion of gold and alloy they contain. Thus, pure gold, too soft to be durable, has a weight of 24 carats ; the lowest quality of gold has 9 carats of gold to 15 of alloy. Visitors to the Hall must be introduced by a member of the company.

*Newgate Street*, beyond the *General Post Office*, widens considerably, as *St. Paul's Churchyard* opens out from it on the south : and here, at the crossways (and most dangerous, crowded crossings they are for the unwary pedestrians) stands a colossal *Statue of Sir Robert Peel*, with **St. Paul's Cathedral** (see Chap. VI.) rising up, grey and grim, behind it. The Peel statue is just at the narrow entrance of *Paternoster Row* (see p. 101), and faces **Cheapside**, into which *Newgate Street* now merges. From the statue is to be had one of the most characteristic views in

London, the view down the busy street of Cheapside, swarming like an ant-heap, with the beautiful steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow, Wren's masterpiece, dominating the picture. This, for the "country cousin," is the most puzzling spot in all the "mighty maze" of London, requiring both a cool head and a good "bump of locality." Cheapside, the "Chepe" of the Middle Ages—one of the most ancient and historic streets in London—extends from St. Paul's to the Mansion House, its eastern end being called "*The Poultry*." As it is at the present day, so it has always been, a street of merchants (for "Cheapside" originally meant "Market Side"); from the Saxon word "Chepe," a market. In the time of the Commonwealth, the street was wider and handsomer than it is now, with stately mansions, fountains and statues, and shops gay with hanging signs, as in Fleet Street (*see* p. 286), and earlier still, in the days of Edward III., the north side of the street was not all built upon, but used for jousts and tournaments. Just before the Commonwealth, the famous *Cheapside Cross*, stood at the junction of *Wood Street*, one of the handsomest of the nine crosses (*see* pp. 54, 298) erected to the memory of Queen Eleanor, but pulled down by Puritanical zeal in 1642. But "Chepe," though often the scene of gay coronation and other processions, was most of all famous for its merchants and 'prentices, by reason of whom it was, and is still, the heart of the life of London. The most popular of our English ballads records the adventures of John Gilpin, the famous "linen-draper bold" of Cheapside. And Chaucer thus commemorates the gay life of some of the 'prentices in "Chepe":

"A 'prentis dwelled whilom in our citee—  
 "At every bridal wold he singe and hoppe;  
 "He loved bet the tavern than the shope—  
 "For when ther eny riding was in Chepe  
 "Out of the shoppe thider wold he leye  
 "And til that he had all the sight ysein,  
 "And danced wel, he wold not come agen."

The apprentices, indeed, often became turbulent and rioted, causing great bloodshed; but the whole district is in essentials remarkably unchanged since the days of Edward the Confessor. The ancient Norman names of the streets, as well as the different trades originally carried on in them, are preserved in the tributaries of Cheapside, such as *Wood Street*, *Milk Street*, and *Ironmonger Street*, on the north; *Bread Street* on the south. Beyond Cheapside Cross, in the middle ages, was the *Great Conduit*, a

cistern enclosed in a tall stone edifice with a cupola, to which fresh water flowed from a Tyburn reservoir : Edward II., at the birth of his heir, made it "run with wine" for the populace during a whole day. It was burnt down in the Great Fire and never rebuilt. This was the site of many executions in old times, and here the pillory was erected. Cheapside, in our own day, still contains handsome shops ; all noise and bustle for six days in the week, on Sundays it is deserted and still as the grave. North of Cheapside, at 141, just beyond Foster Lane, is *Saddler's Hall*, with a fine gateway. Left again, is *Gutter Lane*, a name said to be a corruption of Guthrum, an ancient Dane ; close



St. Mary-le-Bow.

From a Sketch by

Hanslip Fletcher.

by it is the City Constitutional Club. The name of *Friday Street* (on the right) is derived from a Friday market of fishmongers held there. At the corner of *Wood Street* on the north, leading to *London Wall* (see pp. 264, 274), is the tree mentioned by Wordsworth in his touching ballad of "Poor Susan," the country girl to whom the song of the thrush in its branches recalls her native air. It is a beautiful plane tree, saved from destruction by the terms of the lease of the neighbouring houses. Opposite *Wood Street* and *Milk Street* is *Bread Street*, the birthplace of Milton. Between *Bread* and *Friday Streets* was the ancient *Mermaid Tavern*, the club

of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Sir Walter Raleigh and many other great men ; its delights are sung by Keats :

"Souls of poets dead and gone  
 "What Elysium have ye known,  
 "Happy field or mossy cavern,  
 "Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?"

Now, on the right, just beyond Bread Street, rises the noble spire of **St. Mary-le-Bow**, commonly called Bow Church, the bells of which are so celebrated in rhyme, not only as the subject of many popular ballads about Cheapside 'prentices (*see* Chap. II.), but also (as every child knows) as changing the career of Dick Whittington by crying ;—

"Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London !"

The "great bell of Bow" has also the power of transforming into cockneys any children born within the sound of its clanging reverberations. On this site, in old times, stood a very ancient church, built on arches of stone, whence, in the reign of William the Conqueror, it was called "St. Marie de Arcubus, or Le Bow, in West Cheaping." (From it the "Court of Arches," a high ecclesiastical court, formerly held in the vestry of this church, derived its name). Wren, in rebuilding it after the Fire, devoted more particularly his attention to the steeple, which is very beautiful and elaborate ; it has been called "the finest classical campanile in the world." Its belfry, adorned with Ionic pilasters, is especially graceful. The spire, 225 feet in height, is surmounted by a dragon, the City emblem (*see* **Temple Bar**, p. 290). But, although the steeple of Bow Church is its special feature, its interior too is striking and handsome. Here, on the west wall, is a tablet to Milton's memory (removed here from All Hallows', Bread Street, a church destroyed in 1877) with a well-known inscription in verse by Dryden. The church has a fine Norman crypt, which was used by Wren as a support in the rebuilding. Regarding the "dragon vane," a curious old rhyme foretold that :

"When the Exchange grasshopper and dragon from Bow  
 "Shall meet — in London shall be much woe,"

which unlikely meeting really did take place in 1832, when the two vanes were sent to the same yard to be repaired. A little beyond Bow Church, *King Street* leads north from Cheapside, straight to the **Guildhall**, or council-hall of the City. It dates from 1411, but the crypt and the old walls, with the porch, are all that remain of the ancient

building, which was much injured by the Fire. The present front was built in 1868.

The interior of the Hall—152 feet long and 50 feet broad—is open to visitors; it has immense stained-glass windows, with a glorious open timber roof, and is adorned at the western end by the giant wooden figures of *Gog and Magog*, who stand here on guard, as it were, and look, to quote Hawthorne, "like enormous playthings for the children of giants." They used to bear part in the Lord Mayor's Show, and are supposed to typify the dignity of the City. The Hall is used for municipal meetings, for the election of the Lord Mayor, and for public meetings of London citizens, as well as for occasional Christmas "treats" for drift children. In the Guildhall, too, every 9th November, have been held the Lord Mayor's public banquets. It has also been the scene of historical events and legal trials too many to enumerate. On the walls are many statues, monuments, and portraits of great personages; among them Lord Chatham, William Pitt, Lord Nelson, and the Duke of Wellington. To the north of the Great Hall is the *Common Council Chamber*, erected in 1885. It contains a bust (by Chantrey) of George III., and in the passage leading to it are busts of Derby, Palmerston and Canning. No visitor should omit to see the beautiful *Crypt* of 1411, which survived the fire. It has three aisles, divided by clustered columns of Purbeck marble. One of the most interesting sights at the Guildhall is that of the flocks of pretty pigeons, which, like those of St. Mark's at Venice, nest in the crannies and nooks of the building and fly about the ancient porch. They are fed daily at about 11 a.m. From the east end of the Guildhall a staircase leads to the *Free Library*, a handsome modern Gothic structure, open daily 10 to 9, and containing 134,000 volumes. The *Reading Room* adjoins it, as also does the *Art Gallery*. There is also a *Museum* of Roman antiquities found in London (open 10 to 4).

The **Corporation Art Gallery** (open free on every weekday from 10 a.m. to 4 or 5 p.m., and on Sunday afternoons) contains an interesting collection of modern British pictures, etc., much enriched by the gifts in 1893 of the late Sir John Gilbert, and in 1902 by the Gassiot bequest.

In *Gallery I.*, opposite the entrance, is *Onslow Ford's* statue of Sir Henry Irving, whose old friend J. L. Toole, the actor, is depicted in a portrait on the wall to the left (No. 843). An excellent river-scene by *Müller*, "Gillingham on the Medway" (703), should be noticed. The large picture on this wall (830) is "The Banquet Scene in 'Macbeth,'" by *Maclise*. By *Sir John Gilbert* is "The Knight-Errant" (534). The huge canvas on the end wall is *J. S. Copley's* "Defeat of the Spanish Floating Batteries at Gibraltar, 1782." Next we may notice a picture by *Dyce*, "George Herbert at Bemerton" (660), suggesting the poet's beautiful lines ("Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright," etc.); and two of the most popular pictures (included in the Gassiot bequest) by *Millais*, "My Second Sermon" (702) and "My First" (701); the "First," exhibited in 1863, was followed by the painter's election as R.A., and at the Academy Banquet the Archbishop of Canterbury pointed to it as exemplifying the mission of art to depict "the piety of childhood"—an opinion which his Grace may have found occasion to modify next year when the artist showed the same little girl fast asleep. *Hook's* "Sea-urchins" (683) and *Alma Tadema's* "Pyrrhic Dance" (637) are characteristic works by their respective painters. In the Gallery at the end of the room among other works are several water-colours by *Sir John Gilbert*; among them, unfinished (815), his last work, begun a few months before his death in 1897. In *Gallery II.*, besides various pictures by *Nasmyth*, *Constable*, *D. Roberts*, *La Thangue*, *Tuke*, *Briton Riviere*, and others, are two records of memorable scenes in the recent history of the city.



One is *Gow's* picture of "St. Paul's Cathedral on Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, June 22, 1897" (613); the other, *Bacon's* "Return of the City of London Imperial Volunteers to London from South Africa, October 29, 1900" (636). In the passage leading to Gallery III., are more water-colours by Gilbert. In *Gallery III.* we may notice: *G. D. Leslie's* pretty "Sun and Moon Flowers" (695). *Gilbert's* "Battle of the Standard, Northallerton" (537). Portrait of *Rev. William Rogers* ("Hang Theology Rogers"), for thirty-five years Rector of St. Botolph's (609). "The Prince and Princess of Wales on their way to a Drawing-room" (543), by *Gilbert*. Some charming water-colour drawings by *Albert Goodwin*, presented by Miss McGhee in 1908. *Gallery IV.* contains chiefly portraits and London views. Among the former, we may notice *Hayter's* "Queen Victoria," *Hazlett's* "Charles Lamb;" some portraits by *Reynolds*. Among the pictures of old London, "Entrance to the Fleet River" (46) and "Old London Bridge" (47), by *Samuel Scott*, and the "Lord Mayor proceeding by water to Westminster, November 9, 1789," by *Paton*.

In front of the Guildhall is the pretty modern Gothic fountain, dedicated to St. Lawrence, adorned with statues. Close by, to the west of the courtyard, is the church of **St. Lawrence, Jewry**, the most expensive of all Wren's rebuildings. Its interior, though richly decorated, is not beautiful. The gridiron on its vane recalls the death of St. Lawrence. Bishop Tillotson has a monument here. East of the Guildhall, at the corner of *Basinghall Street*, is **Gresham College**, founded in memory of Sir Thomas Gresham and his gift to the City of the *Royal Exchange* (see p. 262), in fulfilment of the condition attached to the gift, that lectures should be instituted on Divinity, Civil Law, Astronomy, etc. The lectures were delivered in his residence in Bishopsgate Street, till 1843, when the present hall was built out of the accumulated capital. The lectures are delivered free at 6 p.m. during April, May and June. North of the Guildhall, in *Addle Lane*, is *Brewers' Hall*, with an ancient kitchen and a curiously adorned cistern.

Returning to Cheapside by *Ironmonger Lane*, we pass the entrance to *Mercers' Hall*, the oldest of the City Guilds, that of the silk mercers. Its façade, which adorns 87, Cheapside, was rebuilt in 1884. *Old Jewry*, just east of *Mercers' Hall*, is so named from the Jews once dwelling there, as well as from the synagogue that stood here prior to their persecution in 1295. Edward I. then expelled them from the City, and not until the days of Cromwell were they allowed to return, when they settled in the "New Jewry," in Aldgate, where they live to this day. In Old Jewry is Reuter's Telegram Agency, as well as the head-quarters of the City Police. Old Jewry is continued north by *Coleman Street*, containing the *Armourers' Hall*, with an interesting collection of old plate and armour. In Coleman Street also is **St. Stephen's Church**, rebuilt

by Wren after the Fire : the only remarkable thing about it is the highly picturesque gateway of its churchyard, adorned with skulls, like the gate of St. Olave's, Hart Street (*see* p. 115), to commemorate, like it, the victims of the Great Plague, for whom it was one of the principal burial places. Over the gateway is also a curious oaken carving in high relief, representing the Last Judgment.

Returning down Old Jewry, we now come to the **Poultry**, as the east end of Cheapside is called, from the poulterers' market that formerly filled it. At No. 35, in



*From a Sketch by*

*The Mansion House.*

*Herbert Railton.*

the Poultry, is *Grocers' Hall*, belonging to the Grocers' Company, one of the twelve trade guilds incorporated by Edward III. The last street on the right, called *Bucklersbury*, runs into Walbrook. It is so named from the Bokerels, an ancient city family, and was the great street of grocers and druggists. Shakespeare alludes in the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*" to those who "smell like Bucklersbury in simple time." Now Cheapside ends, and we arrive at the great space enclosed by the imposing buildings of the Mansion House, the Bank, and the

Exchange : a centre whence radiate all the most important City streets. The traffic here during business hours is enormous.

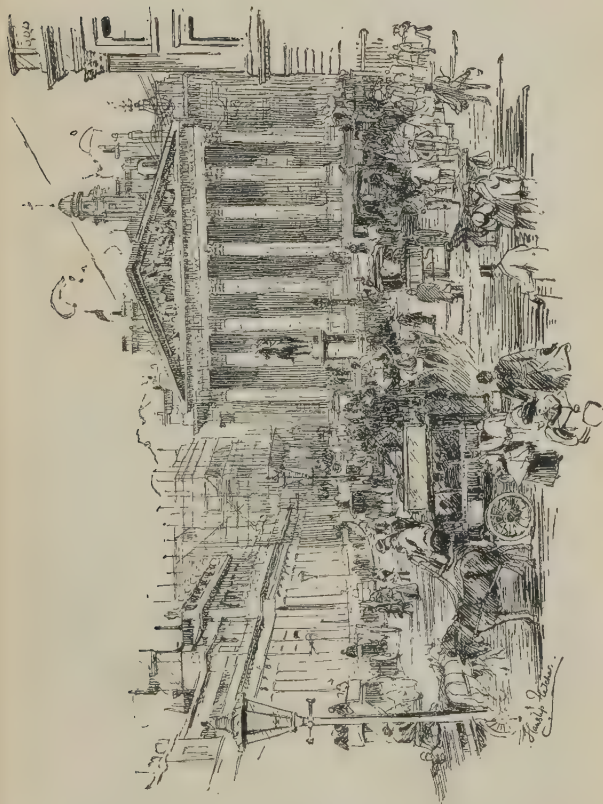
Beneath the open space in front of the Exchange are subways in connection with the *Bank Station* of three different "tubes"—the Central London going west to Shepherd's Bush ; the City and South London, north to Euston, south to Clapham ; and the City and Waterloo.

On the right rises the **Mansion House**, the princely residence of the Lord Mayor during his year of office, built in 1739 by *Dance*. Its principal beauty is in its large Egyptian Hall, so called, not because there is anything Egyptian about it, but because it was constructed after the model of the Egyptian Hall described by Vitruvius.

Here are held the great City banquets, of whose splendour so much has been heard—and here the "toasts" are given out by the toast-master—and the "loving-cup" passed round. All the year the Lord Mayor holds his court here, and dispenses a lavish hospitality.

The *City Police Court*, presided over by the Mayor or by one of his aldermen, is held in a room in the Mansion House. Just behind the Mansion House is the church of **St. Stephen's**, Walbrook, in the street of Walbrook (the name commemorates a brook that once flowed here), which leads to *Cannon Street* (see p. 102). Wren, who in most of his rebuildings gave his chief attention to the tower of the church, here concentrated it on the beautiful and harmonious interior, a dome supported by Corinthian columns ; it is considered one of his masterpieces. There is a picture by *West* over the altar : "The Stoning of St. Stephen." Nearly opposite the Mansion House, on the north, is the **Bank of England**, designed by Sir J. Soane in 1788, which occupies three acres of ground in three separate parishes. The architecture is Corinthian, "from the Temple of the Sibyl at Tivoli," of which Temple the south-west angle is a *facsimile*, while the entrance to the *Bullion Yard* is a copy of Constantine's Arch at Rome. The building, one-storeyed and irregular, is thought, however, to lose in effect from not being raised on a terrace. The Bank is devoid of windows outside, being lighted, for the sake of security, from interior courts ; the "Garden Court" (occupying the churchyard of the ancient St. Christopher-le-Stocks) has a fountain. Just north of the Bank is the street called *Lothbury* (see p. 264). From the south of the Bank, *Threadneedle Street* extends east to Bishopsgate Street Without ; hence it is often called "the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street."

The **Bank of England** was established by William Paterson, a Scotchman, in 1694 ; up to which time the goldsmiths had filled the void



From a Sketch by

The Bank and Royal Exchange.

Hanslip Fletcher.

with a system of private banking, and merchants entrusted their gold to them, fearful else—and not without reason—of having all their hoard seized from the Mint or the Exchequer by some needy and unscrupulous monarch. The Bank is now the agent of the Government; which is its chief customer, and for which it transacts much business. It is the only bank in London which has the power of issuing paper money; and it employs 900 persons. The vaults of the Bank contain about 20 million pounds sterling in gold and silver; and in addition to the military guard, stationed within its walls since the riots of 1780, a detachment of clerks sit up nightly for further security. Visitors to the Bank are only admitted to view the premises (the printing, weighing, and bullion offices) with an introduction from a director.

The third great public building on this open space is the **Royal Exchange**, built in the classic style with a Corinthian pillared portico surmounted by a pediment, and based by a broad flight of steps. It is the third Exchange built on the site, the two first having been destroyed by fire. The first Royal Exchange was built by Sir Thomas Gresham (*see* p. 258), the merchant prince and benefactor to London. The Gresham crest, the grasshopper, still adorns the edifice, as a gilded vane (*see* p. 256) on the top of the east tower.

Gresham founded the Exchange because he wished English merchants to have a house wherein to transact their business comfortably, and he got the idea of the first building from the magnificent "Bourse" at Antwerp. The present building by *Tile*, was opened in 1844; it encloses a large cloistered court, with a statue of Queen Victoria in the centre; in the north-east and south-east angles are also statues of Charles II. and of Elizabeth. The walls of the colonnades bear the arms of different countries with encaustic paintings of their products. The tessellated pavement is that of the original Exchange, opened by Elizabeth in 1571. The pediment in front of the building is adorned with sculpture by Westmacott; Commerce in the centre, holds the charter of the Exchange; *right*, are the Lord Mayor and his suite, with merchants of foreign countries; *left*, are British, Persian, and Chinese merchants, with a negro, sailors, and others. On the pedestal of Commerce is written, "The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." The interior walls of the quadrangular court are in course of being decorated by paintings representing the commerce of England. Among them are "Phoenicians bartering with ancient Britons," by *Leighton*; "London receiving its charter from William the Conqueror," by *Seymour Lucas*; "Sir Richard Whittington dispensing his charities," by *Henrietta Rae*; "Queen Victoria opening the present Exchange," by *Macbeth*; and "Modern Commerce," by *Brangwyn*. Those who wish to see the Exchange at its busiest time should visit it from 3 to 4-30 p.m. on Tuesdays and Fridays.

The eastern part of the building is occupied by the association of underwriters known as "Lloyd's." (The name "Lloyd's," is short for Lloyd's Subscription Rooms, and came from the early transaction of such business at *Lloyd's Coffee House*, at the corner of Abchurch Lane.) The sides of the Exchange that front Cornhill and Threadneedle Street are filled, in the foreign fashion, with shops. In front of it, opposite the Poultry, is Chantrey's fine

equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, placed here to commemorate the civic benefits the Duke conferred on London. Opposite the Exchange at No. 15, Cornhill, is an *old shop front* (Birch & Birch), carved, painted green, with tiny panes of glass : it is the oldest shop of its class in London, having been established as a confectioner's in the time of George I. The present owners are wise enough to keep the old name, as well as the antique look of the building. To this shop the Lord Mayors often entrust their whole *commissariat* during their year of mayoralty.

On occasions of Royal processions, coronations and weddings, the Royal Exchange, the Mansion House and the Bank display their loyalty by beautiful and costly illuminations. The eight streets that diverge from the Mansion House are respectively :

1. **Cheapside**, and the *Poultry*, down which we have come.

2. **Queen Victoria Street** (*see* p. 102), a large new street with many tall warehouses and shops, leading straight to Blackfriars Bridge.

3. **Walbrook** (*see* p. 260), leading south to Cannon Street.

4. **King William Street**, another modern thoroughfare with handsome buildings, leading south-east to London Bridge.

5. **Lombard Street**, called the street of the bankers ; it inherited its name from the Lombard money dealers from Venice and Genoa (Lombardy), the successors of the persecuted Jews of the Old Jewry (*see* p. 258). The Lombards were also, like the Jews, squeezed and crushed ; but their diligence and recuperative power triumphed over all political robberies. At the junction of this street with King William Street is the grotesque church of **St. Mary Woolnoth** designed in 1716 by Hawksmoor, Wren's assistant. There is a tablet here to the memory of the poet Cowper's friend Newton—once rector of the church. Lombard Street leads south-east to *Fenchurch Street* (*see* p. 114).

6. **Cornhill**, the continuation of Cheapside.

7. **Threadneedle Street**, the street of the Bank of and of the Stock Exchange (*see* p. 264), and

8. **Princes Street**, leading north to *Lothbury*, long the district of pewterers and candlestick makers, and said by Stow to derive its name from the loathsome noise of " rasping and scrating " made by these workers in metal.



Out of Lothbury runs *Founder's Court*, named from the brass founders, and *Tokenhouse Yard*, so-called from its manufacture of brass "tokens," which took the place of pennies and half-pennies up to 1672. The space between them is occupied by **St. Margaret's Church**, Lothbury, with a front adorned by sculptures attributed to Grinling Gibbons. From Lothbury, *Moorgate Street* leads to Moorgate Street (Metropolitan) Station, and to *Finsbury Circus*, crossing the street called *London Wall* (see p. 274), a long street running east from Cripplegate to Bishopsgate, and containing several fragments of the ancient Roman Wall that encircled London or "Augusta" (see Chap. II.). The largest fragment of the Roman Wall in this street is between Wood Street and Aldermanbury, where an inscribed tablet calls attention to it. Finsbury and Moorgate are named after the Fens of Moorfields, a favourite stroll for Londoners, and so called after a Mr. Moor, who gave them "to the washerwomen of London, to hang out and dry their linen there." In Capel Court, between Threadneedle Street and Throgmorton Street, is the **Stock Exchange** (known in the City as "the house"), the "ready-money market of the world," and the headquarters of the stockbrokers and stock jobbers—otherwise "brokers" and "dealers."

The members of the Stock Exchange, some 3000 in number, pay a subscription and a large entrance fee; they buy and sell stocks vociferously all day, and use a "slang" of their own, almost unintelligible to the uninitiated. Visitors are not admitted; if any do stray in they are apt to be roughly hustled out again. The adjoining Throgmorton Street is filled every afternoon with an excited crowd, discussing the affairs of the Stock Exchange, and here, when the Exchange is closed, business is still transacted (hence the phrase "street prices.")

In Throgmorton Street is the *Drapers' Hall*, built around a large quiet court, with laurel trees in tubs. In all these halls the plainness of the exterior gives little idea of the sumptuousness and splendour within. This one has a handsome staircase of coloured marbles, a magnificent banqueting hall, and statues and pictures: notably of Mary, Queen of Scots and her son, by Zuccherò; and of Nelson, by Sir W. Beechey. At the back of the hall is the *Drapers' Garden*, still containing two of its famous mulberry trees. Opening on to Threadneedle Street on the south, between it and Cornhill, is the *Hall of the Merchant Taylors*. The street itself, whose odd name should properly be *Three-Needle Street*, belongs to the Merchant Taylors.

The Company, which is one of the twelve great trade guilds, dates from 1466. The present building was erected after the Great Fire, and is

the largest of the London Companies' halls. Visitors are only admitted by a special order from the master and clerk of the company. The great hall is a splendid chamber, rich in stained glass, and adorned by the arms of the members. There are some good pictures: Henry VIII., by Paris Bordone, and the Duke of Wellington, by Wilkie; with many royal portraits. The small *Crypt*, which is interesting, escaped the Fire. There is also a splendid collection of old plate.

On the north of Threadneedle Street was the *South Sea House*, rendered famous by the *Bubble* of 1720 (*see below*).

Returning to the Exchange, we proceed along **Cornhill** (so called from a corn market held here long ago), which extends from here to Leadenhall Street. At its opening, close to the east side of the Exchange, is a statue of Sir Rowland Hill, the founder of the Penny Post. Opposite is *Cowper's Court*, which once contained the *Jerusalem Coffee House*. A little further on, and also on the south, is *Change Alley* (originally called Exchange Alley), the chief centre of the money dealings of the last century, and the scene of action in the great South Sea Bubble, which ruined so many thousands. (The scene in Change Alley is shown in the Tate Gallery picture by E. M. Ward, *see* p. 151). Just opposite here De Foe lived, and close by (at a house on the site of No. 41), Gray, the poet, was born. **St. Michael's Church** on the south side of Cornhill, is one of Wren's classical rebuildings, restored by Scott; its peculiar feature is its great perpendicular tower. It has a rich modern door, with a relief of St. Michael weighing souls. **St. Peter's, Cornhill**, at the corner of *Gracechurch Street* (*see* p. 118), was also rebuilt by Wren, but is ugly, and a bad specimen of his work. It claims to stand on the earliest consecrated ground in England, for according to a tradition, it was originally built by the Ancient Britons. Inside is a touching monument to seven infants destroyed by fire, adorned by cherubs' heads. The vane of the steeple is in the shape of the key of St. Peter. The window Thackeray used as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* looked out on this church. At this point—a four-cross roads—Cornhill becomes *Leadenhall Street* and *Bishopsgate Street* extends north to Shoreditch (*see* Chap. XXVIII.). Bishopsgate Street, having escaped the Fire, was till quite lately, full of old buildings with high roofs and projecting windows.

The most interesting house that survived to our own day was *Crosby Hall*, on the site of which (pulled down in 1908) now stands the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China. The Hall had a late plaster front towards the street, but was altogether the most beautiful specimen of fifteenth-century domestic architecture remaining in London, and the only one in the Gothic style. It was built by Sir John Crosby, an alderman of London, in 1461, and many, since, are the guests it has

known. Here Richard of Gloucester planned the death of his nephew and here Lady Anne awaited his return from Henry VI.'s funeral, as told in Shakespeare's "Richard III." Here also, Sir Thomas More lived. Afterwards the wealthy Lord Mayor (Sir John Spencer, *see* p. 282) owned Crosby Hall, and his daughter, the heiress, married to the Earl of Northampton, lived here in great style. This ancient city palace, after going through many vicissitudes, became a restaurant. The *Great Banqueting Hall*, with a fine timber roof, was very splendid; it had an oriel window with stained glass representing the armorial bearings of the various owners of Crosby Hall. When pulled down, its materials were carefully preserved; and it is proposed to re-erect them in Chelsea, as part of a collegiate hall in connection with the University of London.

North of Crosby Place, a low timber-corbelled gateway leads out of Bishopsgate Street into *Great St. Helen's*, a quiet green-foliaged square, surrounded by some fine old houses, with the secluded church of **St. Helen's**, famous for its many monuments and tombs of note, among others those of Sir John Crosby and Sir Thomas Gresham (*see* p. 262). The beautiful Gothic niche behind the latter tomb has a double grille of stone, "the Nun's Grate" (the Black Nuns of St. Helen's Priory), "which is believed" to have been intended to allow refractory nuns to hear "a faint echo of the mass from the crypt beneath." The stalls on the north of the chancel were the seats of the nuns. (From the church's south porch a labyrinthine passage leads by St. Mary Axe to St. Andrew Undershaft in Leadenhall Street). In *St. Helen's Place* is the modern *Leathersellers' Hall*, erected over the old crypt of St. Helen's Nunnery. At 112, Bishopsgate Street, is the *National Provincial Bank of England*, with a beautifully decorated hall. Beyond the Leathersellers' Hall is the tiny church of **St. Ethelburga**, the smallest in the City, closely hemmed in by surrounding shops. It not only survived the Fire, but is one of the oldest churches in London, its existence being already mentioned in 1366. It is dedicated to the daughter of Ethelbert, the first Christian King of Kent. In Bishopsgate Street also was the fine Elizabethan house of *Sir Paul Pindar* (now pulled down to make way for the Liverpool Street Terminus Extension; its carved front is in the South Kensington Museum, *see* p. 201); farther north is **St. Botolph's Church**, where that magnate was buried; the church has an ancient dedication, but is an ugly building of 1728.

Returning to **Leadenhall Street**, on the south is *Leadenhall Market*; and on the north, *St. Mary Axe* (called Simmery Axe), a busy Jewish quarter, leads up to *Houndsditch* (the ancient City moat), *Rag-Fair*, famous for its old-clothes sellers, and *Petticoat Lane* (now Middlesex

Street), noted for its Sunday morning traffic. A rhyme says :

“ Jews of St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,  
“ That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary.”

Behind Houndsditch runs *Bevis Marks* (Bury's Marks), which owes its curious name to a former town-house here of the Abbots of Bury St. Edmunds. Here Dickens located the grimy house of Sampson and Sally Brass (“ Old Curiosity Shop ”), and with his usual love for accuracy, spent a whole morning in selecting the real house. “ You will find,” he wrote to Forster, “ the office window, with its threadbare green curtain all awry ; its sill just above the two steps which lead from the side-walk to the office door.”

At the corner of St. Mary Axe, is the little church of **St. Andrew Undershaft** (so called because the maypole, which used to be erected here, was higher than the church tower). The turreted Gothic tower dates from 1532. The quaint tomb of Stow, the historian, is at the end of the north aisle. The house of *Dirty Dick*, the miser, stood on the south side of Leadenhall Street. He was an ironmonger, young and handsome, just on the eve of his wedding, when his bride suddenly dying, he shut himself up in his house in neglect and dirt for forty years, when he died. On the north side of the street is **St. Catherine Cree** (or Christ) **Church**; it is historically interesting because the ceremonies with which Archbishop Laud consecrated it, formed one of the charges in his trial. *Brady* (of *Tate and Brady's* hymns) was its rector. The old house of the East India Company, of which Charles Lamb was a clerk, stood at the junction of Leadenhall Street and Lime Street, just opposite St. Mary Axe. Farther east, *Fenchurch Street* (see p. 114) comes in on the south ; and now we approach the place where the “ ald ” or old east gate of the city was, and enter **Aldgate High Street**, leading to Aldgate (Metropolitan) Station, and beyond it, to *Whitechapel High Street*, dividing into *Commercial Road* and *Mile-End Road* (see Chap. XXVIII.), two of the main arteries of the busy and yet dreary East End.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## From Holborn Viaduct to Canonbury Square; by Smithfield, Clerkenwell and Islington.

"Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."—*Bishop Latimer at the stake.*

THE excursion we propose to take to-day includes some of the most interesting relics of Old London. The quarter of Smithfield having been saved from the Great Fire, we may gather from it how different would have been the appearance of London now but for this scourge. True, that here as elsewhere in the city, the old is overgrown by the new; but this often only adds to its charm.

Starting from the City end of Holborn Viaduct (*see* p. 250), a viaduct which has a somewhat unpleasant reputation for suicides, we turn up **Giltspur Street**, opposite the Central Criminal Court (*see* p. 251), so called from the gilt spurs of the knights who in ancient days used to ride this way to the tournaments in neighbouring Smithfield. On our left, as we leave the main thoroughfare, is the church of **St. Sepulchre** (*see* p. 251). Its little abridged churchyard and bit of green foliage, showing pleasantly against its blackened walls, enliven the corner of the street. Near the end of Giltspur Street opens *Cock Lane*, the locality of the notorious Cock Lane Ghost (*see* p. 279), and close by is also Pie (or Pye) Corner, where the Great Fire (which began in Pudding Lane) was ended by the blowing up of some private houses, thus accounting for the preservation of much that is ancient in this quarter. Giltspur Street leads straight to **Smithfield** (originally Smoothfield), one of the most celebrated, as also one of the most sacred, spots in London. Now, all that is to be seen here is a wide paved space, in the centre of which is the red-brick modern Meat Market; but it was here that "noble army of martyrs" were burnt, who suffered in the religious persecutions of the reign of Mary. Nothing makes us better realize the vast distance we have travelled in three-and-a-half centuries, than to imagine a gaping (even though in some cases sympathetic) crowd looking on at the tortures of poor creatures burnt here at the stake;

and not only a crowd of the populace, but often also the principal clergy and grandees of the kingdom, seated as spectators of their anguish. Readers of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" will learn much therein of Smithfield and its history. But Smithfield, though best known as the place where the martyrs were burned, has had a still earlier, as well as a later, history. In ancient times the place lay outside the city walls, and, just where now stands the market, tournaments, fights and quintain matches used to be held. Indeed, Smithfield seems to have been a kind of "Olympia" of the fourteenth and following centuries. Edward III., in a public tournament held here in 1374, shocked London by publicly parading a girl named Alice Pierce—maid to Queen Philippa, his wife—as the "Lady of the Sun." Here also another famous tournament was held by Richard II., to celebrate the coming of his child-queen Isabel. Wat Tyler (*see* p. 240) was killed here, and his rebellion put down in 1386. In later times, after the wreck caused by the Great Fire, the homeless people camped out here, and built themselves huts. In Smithfield in old days stood a green and a clump of elm trees ("twixt the horse-pool," says an old writer, "and Turnmill Brook"), where public executions took place till they were transferred to Tyburn; and here were burned, not only the martyrs, but many persons accused of witchcraft, poisoning and the like. The Protestant martyrs were known to have been burnt just opposite the gate of **St. Bartholomew's Priory** (an Early-English pointed and dog-toothed arch with the adjoining houses built well into it, leading to the church from West Smithfield), with their faces turned to the east. Human bones charred, and other relics, have been dug up at this spot. In Smithfield, for many centuries, took place yearly "Bartlemey Fair," so celebrated in past days, and made classic by many writers, from Shakespeare down to Pepys, the diarist. The fair, which lasted some days, began on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, and was a time of revel and general licence; it was abolished in 1855. The market for living animals, which at one time covered nearly the whole available space, with results of great inconvenience and nuisance to the neighbourhood (for its description, *see* Dickens's "Oliver Twist"), was also transferred, in 1852, to Copenhagen Fields; but Smithfield, after such a long and eventful history, yet remains faithful to its early associations, for it is still associated with slaughter. It is now the central meat market of London, and forests



of slain calves, sheep and pigs hang from its iron balustrades. A visit to it is curious but not exactly pleasant. The market is built in the renaissance style and extends over  $3\frac{1}{2}$  acres of ground; it was opened in 1868. A poultry and a fish market are adjacent.

Crossing to the east side of Smithfield—and passing, on the left, the large buildings of St. Bartholomew's Hospital (to which we shall return presently)—we enter, by the ancient dog-toothed stone arch already mentioned, the precincts of the most unique and interesting ancient church, not only in the metropolis, but perhaps in all England—that of St. Bartholomew the Great. This church, enclosing the choir and transepts of the ancient *Priory Church of St. Bartholomew*, which date from the year 1123, has been preserved as by miracle, not only from the all-devastating Great Fire of London, but also from the still greater dangers of being swept away in the march of “improvement,” or overwhelmed by surrounding buildings. The church, even as it is, has been much hemmed in and built into by surrounding streets and houses, but, in some ways, this only adds to its general picturesqueness. A fringe factory which projected into the church on the east, and a blacksmith's forge which occupied the north transept, have been removed; while the whole building, which had fallen into great decay, has been so carefully restored by antiquarian zeal that we need have no fear of further vandalisms. The church is interesting for the old legend connected with its foundation, as well as for its age and the large amount of its original work yet standing. Its founder was *Rahere* or *Rayer*, a favourite and witty courtier of Henry I., who in the year 1120 went on a pilgrimage to Rome, and there, according to the wont of his kind, fell ill and vowed a hospital “to the poure” if he recovered. Being further granted (in a dream, or rather nightmare) a vision of St. Bartholomew, who appeared as his deliverer from “a great beast having four feet and two wings,” the saint commanded him to build a church on this particular site. Returned home, Rahere obtained the royal sanction for his work, and the church and priory were speedily built. After the founder's death, Augustinian canons inhabited the priory till it was sold by Henry VIII. on the dissolution of the monasteries, the church being granted to the parishioners. The monastic buildings, which once extended as far as Aldersgate Street, have now, with the exception of a small bit of the cloisters, disappeared.

The interior of the church is striking. The Norman work of the choir, solidly simple, is that of the old monastic church, as also is the case with the fragments of the nave and transepts. The choir has a triforium and clerestory, and the narrow horseshoe arches of the apse are curious. But the special interest of the church centres round the *Tomb of the Founder*, with the recumbent effigy of Rahere, its first prior, lying under a rich vaulted canopy, the work of a fifteenth-century artist. His simple epitaph runs thus.

*"Hic jacet Raherus primus canonicus et primus prior hujus ecclesiae."*

The tomb was opened some years back, and disclosed the skeleton of the founder, with a portion of a sandal, which is exposed to view, among other curiosities, in a glass case in the north transept. Prior Bolton, Rahere's sixteenth-century successor, built the picturesque oriel window in the south triforium (looking across the church towards the Founder's Tomb), in the middle panel beneath which is carved his "rebus"—a bolt through a tun. This rebus is also to be seen on another piece of the prior's work, the south-east choir vestry door. Among other monuments is that in "weeping marble" to the scholar and physician, Edward Cooke, with its curious inscription ;

"Unsluice, ye briny floods. What ! can ye keep  
 "Your eyes from teares, and see the marble weep ?  
 "Burst out for shame ; or if ye find noe vent  
 "For teares, yet stay and see the stones relent."

The marble is of the kind that is caused by damp to break out into "tears" of moisture. Before the church was repaired, indeed, the rector had sometimes to preach under an umbrella, as the marble "wept" abundantly ; but since the building has been re-roofed and heated, the "stones relent" no more. Many other of the memorial inscriptions are quaint and deserve attention, as also does the magnificent alabaster tomb of Sir Walter Mildmay, of date 1589. The register of the church records the baptism of Hogarth, the painter (the chronicler of London street scenes), in 1697 ; while the registers of the Great Plague are also kept. The crypt, which is newly excavated, is well preserved. The tower, not otherwise striking, contains five of the oldest bells in London, dating from before 1510. The north porch, opening into "Cloth Fair," has been completed, and adorned with a figure of St. Bartholomew. The ancient, blackened churchyard, opening into Smithfield through the old Norman arch—the same by which we entered—is one of the most curious nooks in London, reminding one of Dickens's ghastly churchyard

in "Bleak House," surrounded by the grim old houses of "Tom All-Alone's." Here ancient tenement buildings, which for very age seem almost human, cling together in tottering decay. Perhaps in a lower window you may see a shoemaker working, his light almost obstructed by high blackened gravestones rising out of rank grass; or on the slanting tomb itself, a black cat, sitting like a witch!—a place for ghosts and graveyard lights, and yet with a horrible, weird picturesqueness of its own.

St. Bartholomew's is always open, the visitor being only asked to give 6d. towards the restoration fund. Artists—especially lady sketchers—abound in the church.

**St. Bartholomew's Hospital**, close by, is also a foundation of Rahere (the hospital of the dream, vowed for "poure men"). When Henry VIII. sold the priory he refounded the hospital, and at this day it is the richest in London, receiving over 100,000 patients annually. Just within its gates is the very little church of St. Bartholomew the Less. This was originally built by Rahere, but as it was re-erected in 1823, it now bears a very modern appearance. In old times it served merely as chapel to the hospital, but is now used as a parish church for those living within the hospital precincts. The present massive quadrangular building of the hospital was erected by Gibbs in 1733. Above its west gate (opening towards Smithfield) is a statue of Henry VIII., with a sick man and a cripple on either side. St. Bartholomew's Hospital (in students' slang commonly called "Bart's") has always been among the very first of our schools for medicine and surgery; Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was one of its physicians, and here the great Dr. Abernethy used to lecture. The great hall contains some interesting portraits of surgeons, by Kneller, Reynolds and Lawrence, and on the staircase are paintings by Hogarth, who executed them free of charge, and was in return made a "Life Governor." On Wednesdays and Sundays (visiting days) a vast crowd of poor will be seen awaiting admission at the big gate. Part of the site of Christ's Hospital (*see* p. 252) has been secured for an extension of St. Bartholomew's, and there is a new out-patient department in Giltspur Street.

Just beyond St. Bartholomew the Great, on the east side of Smithfield, is the entrance to the ancient and narrow lane called "**Cloth Fair**," with its picturesque old timbered houses. This was in old times a draper's market, and its name is now the only existing relic of Bartholomew or

"Bartlemy" Fair, already mentioned. Cloth Fair having, together with the quarter generally, escaped the



From a sketch by St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate. Burke Downing.

Great Fire, has some curious decayed houses of Elizabethan or still older date, with projecting eaves and overhanging

floors, some with ancient tracery still discernible round their windows. The "Dick Whittington" Tavern has grotesque brackets supporting its upper storey. In a narrow alley, abutting closely on to the north entrance of St. Bartholomew's Church, are some remarkably picturesque old "backs" of buildings, carefully shored up from falling, that give us a good idea of the old street architecture. Here in Cloth Fair used to be held the annual "Court of Pie Powdre," which during Bartlemy Fair time corrected weights and measures and granted licences. It was called the "Court of Pie Powdre" because "justice was there done as speedily as dust can fall from the foot." In Bartholomew Close, near by, Milton, in royal disgrace, was hidden at the Restoration till his pardon was signed. Leading south from Bartholomew Close is the district known as **Little Britain**, formerly noted for its book shops, but now given up to city warehouses. John Day, the printer, lived here in 1549. Indeed the whole neighbourhood used to be a haunt of book-men, for Milton Street, a short way off (leading from Fore Street to Chiswell Street), was the Grub Street of Pope's sarcasms (*see* "The Dunciad").

Near here is the Church of St. Botolph Without, Aldersgate, of which the cemetery has been laid out as a public garden. It is close to the General Post Office, and hence has been christened the *Postmen's Park*. The arcade was the gift of G. F. Watts, the artist, who desired to make it an "Open Air Book o' Worthies." Among the tablets commemorating heroic deeds is one to "Alice Ayres, daughter of a bricklayer's labourer, who by intrepid conduct saved three children from a burning house at the cost of her young life, April 24, 1885."

Leaving Smithfield by the wide thoroughfare of Long Lane, which presently becomes the "*Barbican*" (noted for its second-hand clothing and "slop" shops), we reach Red Cross Street, where, approached by an archway, is the Church of **St. Giles, Cripplegate**, rising above a row of quaint old houses of 1660. The original church was burnt in 1545, and the present building—celebrated for the burial of Milton and the marriage of Cromwell—though it escaped the Great Fire, has had its interior much spoiled by paint and restoration. But the monuments are interesting, and the tower has a certain charm (it is the subject of an eloquent passage in Thomas Hardy's novel, "*The Hand of Ethelberta*"). Its bells are celebrated, and it is further interesting as containing in its churchyard a well-preserved bastion of the ancient city wall of Edward IV.'s time, Cripplegate being one of the old gates. The street called London Wall, close by (*see* p. 255), contains another

large fragment, in the small churchyard of St. Alphage. In London Wall the old *Sion College* (now removed to the Embankment, *see* p. 238) stood till 1886 ; it had a fine old brick and stone front, and occupied the site of the ancient hospital for the blind called "Elsing Spittal." Near St. Giles's Church was the old "Crowder's Well," whose waters were much prized, but as the parish of St. Giles suffered more than any other from the Great Plague, it does not seem as though they had altogether merited the reputation. The church contains a bust of Milton. Indeed, not only the church, but the whole neighbourhood, and a stained-glass window dedicated to his memory, teems with associations of the poet, who lived in many places round here, notably in Jewin Street (leading out of Red Cross Street), close by, and also, after his first marriage in a "pretty garden-house" in *Aldersgate Street*, which "pretty house," however, was so dull that his young Royalist wife in despair ran away from him ! Aldersgate Street boasted formerly of many fine mansions of nobles, such as Lauderdale House and Shaftesbury House, now pulled down.

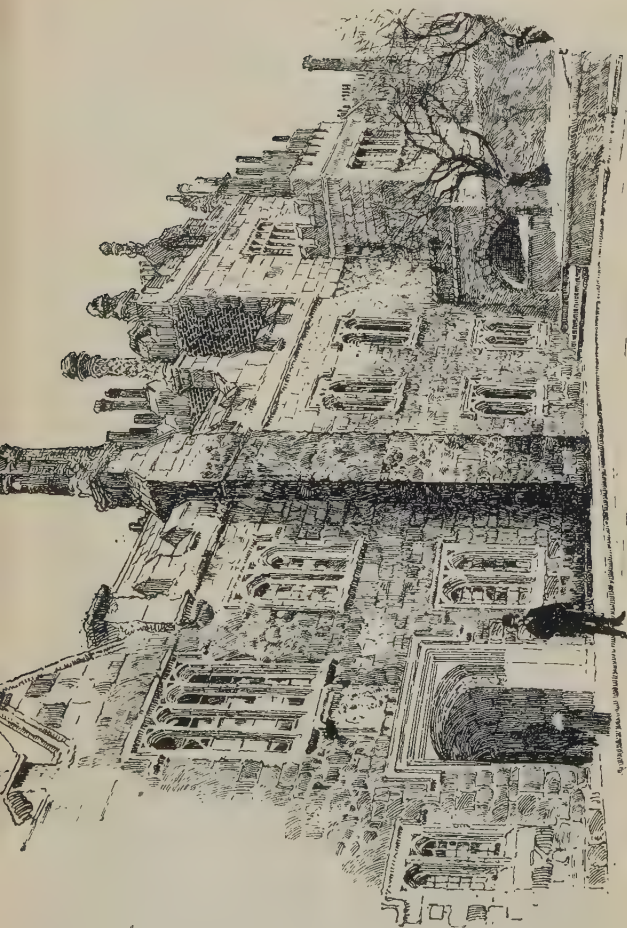
Returning to Smithfield, and continuing along the east side of the meat market, we reach the pretty little green old-fashioned **Charterhouse Square**, whose quiet red-brick buildings seem a veritable oasis after the slums and noise of the surrounding streets. Here, in the seventeenth century, stood handsome palaces, one of which was the abode of the Venetian ambassadors ; but now the square wears a forgotten, old-world look. The *Charterhouse Buildings* are entered from this square by a perpendicular arch, under a projecting shelf supported by lions. (The porter at the gate will show visitors round, any day except Sunday, for a small fee). The Charterhouse (name corrupted from the French *Chartreuse*) was formerly a Carthusian monastery, or priory of the Salutation, founded by Sir Walter Manny in 1371, on the site of a place called "The Pesthouse Field," a disused piece of common, used as a burying pit for victims of the plague. The monastery flourished for two centuries, and its dissolution in the time of Henry VIII., with the fate of its prior and brethren, forms one of the most painful stories of the middle ages. Prior Houghton, for speaking too openly against Henry's spoliation of church lands, drew on himself the king's anger ; he, with several of his monks, was accused of treason, and hanged, drawn and quartered at Tyburn. The head of the prior was exposed on London Bridge, and



his bloody arm affixed to the convent gateway itself, as a warning to the remaining brethren. Froude, the historian, tells the dramatic story of how well the fathers met their fate ; and how they are to be regarded not so much as victims, but as gallant soldiers who died gloriously, giving their life-blood for their cause. The Charterhouse, now in Henry's hands, was occupied by many of his favourites in turn, and was in time sold to the Duke of Norfolk, who pulled down some of the monastic buildings and altered it considerably. Eventually it came into the hands of Thomas Sutton, a rich philanthropist, who in 1611 founded here "a hospital for aged men and a school for children of poor parents." These flourished side by side, till the school, on the score of health, was in 1872 removed to Godalming, and the land it was built on sold to the Merchant Taylors for the erection of their new school. But, though the boys have gone, the old bedesmen still live on in the same place, in collegiate style, some eighty in number ; they have their own apartments, with £36 and a black gown granted annually, and all necessities found them ; they are not eligible till after the age of sixty. The grounds of the Charterhouse, with its red-brick buildings and quiet courtyards, and the old men in their black gowns standing about, are a most delightful and peaceful resort on a summer's day, and afford good material for the sketcher. Especially picturesque is the quadrangle known as "Washhouse Court," the outer wall of which bears a cross and I.H.S., let into the brickwork—some say, Prior Houghton's initials. It is in one of the little houses in this court that Thackeray (who was himself a schoolboy here) imagined the peaceful close of old Thomas Newcome's life, ministered to by his "little gown-boy." In the dark panelled and carved chapel, stands the "Founder's Tomb," a huge edifice, Thackeray called it :

"emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy carved allegories. "There is an old hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time : an old hall ? many old halls ; old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which "we walk, as it were, in the early seventeenth century."

Visitors can attend Sunday services in the chapel, at 11 a.m. A red curtain hangs over the empty benches where the boys used to sit. The dining-hall (where the old men dine in common ; it used to be the monastic guest chamber), with its dark panelling and general air of comfortable solidity, is fine ; and the great staircase and guest chamber upstairs, are almost exactly as the



The Charterhouse.

Duke of Norfolk left them three centuries ago. Here would be a fine place for ghosts ! But the porter gravely assures us that he has not come across any such, "only rats"; though others, indeed, have been known to see strange things. There is a good ancient library upstairs ; but it has a dignified air of repose about it, as though little accustomed to be consulted. Old Thomas Sutton's memory used to be kept green by the boys, who, on "Founder's Day," would sing the Carthusian chorus :

" Then blessed be the memory  
 " Of good old Thomas Sutton,  
 " Who gave us lodging; learning,  
 " As well as beef and mutton."

The schoolboys of to-day no doubt prefer the country ; but it was surely a life-long gain to pupils like Steele, Addison, John Wesley, Grote, and, not least, Thackeray, to have been brought up among these classic shades. Thackeray, indeed, we could have ill spared from here, for the best guide book to the Charterhouse will ever be the powerful and inimitable passages in the "Newcomes." Who does not know the pathetic passage in which Thackeray describes the death of his hero in the Charterhouse ?

" At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas " Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the " last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted " up his head a little, and quickly said ' *Adsum,*,' and fell back. It was the " word we used at school when names were called ; and lo ! he whose " heart was as that of a little child had answered to his name, and stood " in the presence of the Master."

Returning again to Smithfield, and going up St. John's Street, that opens towards the north, we come to St. John's Lane, where we presently find the way bridged by the mediæval *Gateway of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem*. This is the only relic left of the old priory of St. John, so large a place formerly that when burnt by the rebels under Wat Tyler the conflagration lasted seven days. A baron named Jordan Briset, with Muriel his wife, founded it in the year 1100 ; and the order remained in power here till Henry VIII. suppressed it, as he did that of the Charterhouse, resorting to his usual method of beheading and quartering the priests who opposed him. Royalty, however, favoured the priory as a residence, so the buildings endured till they were blown up by the Protector Somerset, for materials for his palace in the Strand (Somerset House, *see* p. 295). The remaining gate as we see it now was built in 1504, and is a good specimen of perpendicular architecture, bearing the arms of its

builder, the Prior Sir Thomas Docwra. The gate has also a later history, as being the printing office of Edward Cave, the founder of the "Gentleman's Magazine," which publication has always borne a picture of the gateway on its cover, so that many know the look of it who have never seen it. Cave employed Dr. Johnson to do the editorial work, which he accomplished, "suffering none to approach his room save the printer or the printer's boy for 'copy,' " which as fast as he composed he tumbled out at the door." Johnson ate his food here behind a screen, his dress being too shabby for publicity. The chair used by him is still treasured. St. John's Gate is now appropriately occupied by the Order of St. John, a charitable institution devoted to ambulance and hospital work. Part of the old priory church is seen in the beautiful Norman crypt of St. John's Church, near by. People used to visit this crypt to see the coffin (now buried) of "Scratching Fanny, the Cock Lane Ghost." This was a fraud perpetrated for gain by a girl and her father named Parsons, who lived in Cock Lane (*see* p. 268). A plausible story was invented, many persons of note being taken in by it; but at length, when it was promised that the ghost should knock on her coffin in St. John's crypt, an investigation (which Dr. Johnson, who was present, has described) was made, and the hoax discovered. St. John's Lane takes us into the *Clerkenwell Road*, the eastern continuation of which is called *Old Street*, and leads past Bunhill Fields Cemetery (turn off to it at Bunhill Row on the right), into the new **City Road**, an unattractive thoroughfare extending from the "Angel," Islington, to Finsbury Square. In it stood the "Eagle," or Royal Grecian Theatre (mentioned in Dickens' "Sketches by Boz"), now bought up by General Booth for the use of the Salvation Army. **Bunhill Fields** Cemetery (principal entrance from the City Road, open every day), now disused for burials, was the special burying place of the Nonconformists. Bunyan's grave is here, with those of several members of the Cromwell family, and of Susannah Wesley, the mother of the Wesleys. Daniel Defoe (of "Robinson Crusoe" fame), Dr. Isaac Watts, the hymnologist, and William Blake, the poet-painter, also rest here. Near by is the "*Friends' Burial Ground*," where lies George Fox, founder of the Quaker sect. Opposite the entrance to Bunhill Fields is the *City Road Wesleyan Chapel*, with the grave of John Wesley. His house, adjoining the chapel, now contains a *Wesley Museum* (open daily, 10 to 4, admission 4d.), where various personal relics are

exhibited. The western continuation of Clerkenwell Road leads to the *Gray's Inn Road*, traversing the district of *Hatton Garden*, so called from Sir Christopher Hatton, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, who lived at Ely Place, near by (see Chap. XXI.). Cross Street, Hatton Garden, was the scene of Edward Irving's open-air preaching in July, 1822, which drew large crowds of all ranks and conditions. The district is noted for its diamond merchants: Cheap ice-cream vendors also abound in it. *Bleeding Heart Yard*, south of Charles Street, will be familiar to readers of "Little Dorrit." The name is derived from the heraldic cognizance of an ancient family; it is now merely borne by a tavern at the corner of Charles Street.

North of Hatton Garden is the considerable district of **Clerkenwell**, of late years noted for its watch-making and jewellery industries. The Marquis of Northampton being owner of the land about here, many of the streets are called after his family, such as Compton, Spencer, Perceval and Wyniate Streets; the site of what was once the garden of the London house is occupied by a large polytechnic called the Northampton Institute. Women are said to have first appeared on the stage at the Red Bull Theatre, in Woodbridge Street, Newcastle Place occupies the site of the great mansion of the Duke of Newcastle and his learned and eccentric wife, described by Pepys; it was also later the residence of the mad Duchess of Abernethy, who vowed she would never re-marry except to a sovereign prince, and was won by Lord Montagu, who courted her as Emperor of China. On the northern side of Clerkenwell Road opens St. John's Square—formerly the courtyard of the priory, now half built over—and hence, through Jerusalem Passage, is reached *Clerkenwell Green*, an ancient political meeting place. Here was the old Clerkenwell House of Detention, under the wall of which, in 1867, a barrel of gunpowder was exploded by Fenians to facilitate the escape of two prisoners, Burke and Casey. The prisoners did not escape, and the malefactor who fired the powder barrel was hanged, being the last criminal publicly executed at Newgate. The *Ugly Church of St. James* overlooks Clerkenwell Green; it is built on the site of an ancient Benedictine nunnery. Turning into St. John's Street Road and proceeding north, we pass at the corner of Ashby Street, to the right, the modern **Martyrs' Memorial Church** (built 1869), adorned with statues of Rogers, Bradford, Anne Askew and the other Protestant

martyrs of Smithfield. A little lower down, on the left, is the entrance to *Skinner Street*, long the shabby residence of the Godwin family (see Dowden's "Life of Shelley"). Still going north and passing many new and depressing streets—or rather acres of brick—we reach the well-known tavern of the "Angel," Islington, a terminus for omnibuses and trams, and a kind of wheel centre, whence many "road-spokes" diverge; notably, the *City Road*, to Finsbury Square; the *Pentonville Road*, extending through a modern region to King's Cross; *St. John's Street Road*, by which we have just come, to Smithfield; *Boswell Road*, to Aldersgate; *Upper Street*, through Islington to Highbury; and *Essex Road*, to Canonbury.

**Islington** was once the country resort of the merchants of "Chepe," and the land of strawberries, dairies and "sillibubs." "The Merry Milkmaid of Islington," says Mr. Hare, "would no longer find her way about her pleasant pastures." Yet the "High Street" is better than its surroundings; it is not, even yet, so very unlike a country village, with its trees here and there and its low houses. On the left, close to Islington Green, is the *Royal Agricultural Hall*, an enormous structure covering three acres. Here are held many public meetings; but chiefly it is noted for its annual Christmas Cattle Show, and in summer for its Royal Military Tournament (in June), and its Horse Show. Beyond Islington Green is the old Church of St. Mary's, and at the entrance of the green stands the statue of Sir Hugh Myddleton, the projector of the *New River* (an artificial stream, thirty-eight miles long), which supplies the city of London. It half ruined its founder, but is now worth over eleven millions. The *New River Head* and its offices (now a branch of the Metropolitan Water Board) are close by, off the new street called "Rosebery Avenue," which crosses the site of old Sadler's Wells Theatre, and boasts of a new "Aquatic Theatre" of the same name. The *Grand Theatre*, Islington, is situated in the High Street. Islington used to be as celebrated for cheesecakes as Chelsea was for buns; its inns were also noted, especially those of the "Angel" and the "Peacock," which were houses of call in the old mail-coaching days. These old inns, with others, yet survive, but their old wainscoted parlours have for the most part changed to new plate-glass inns, and their customers have changed to match. In *Colebrook Cottage*, a little way to the east of High Street,



Charles Lamb lived for a time ; his house still stands at the north end of Camden Terrace.

It is worth while to pursue our journey yet farther, and ascend Upper Street, Islington, to Canonbury, for the sake of the interesting mediæval associations centred round **Canonbury Square**. The manor of Canonbury was formerly in the possession of the Priory of St. Bartholomew (*see* p. 269), and its name probably means that it was the residence of the *canon, bury* or *burg* signifying " enclosed place." Prior Bolton rebuilt it, and after the Dissolution it went through many vicissitudes, till in 1570 it was sold to Sir John Spencer, a London merchant prince, whose daughter and sole heiress eloped with the first Earl of Northampton, thus bringing her vast possessions into the Compton family. The story of the elopement is romantic, the damsel having been, according to tradition, carried off from her father's house in a baker's basket. Near the modern square is *Canonbury Place*, where Nos. 6, 7 and 8 were once joined as *Canonbury House*. In No. 6 (now called Northampton House), is a curious carved and painted coat of arms, over a doorway, of a certain Sir Walter Dennys. Prior Bolton's famous " rebus " (*see* p. 271) is to be seen again here, over a low arched door. In the two neighbouring houses are very fine stucco ceilings of Sir John Spencer's time, some of them belonging to a fine banqueting-hall, now divided between the houses. Queen Elizabeth's initials (E.R.) appear among the ornaments, and she is said to have once stayed here. Just beyond Canonbury Place is Canonbury Tower, a curious mediæval structure, 58 feet high, of rugged brick ; it was probably built by Prior Bolton. Literary men used to resort hither in the last century for lodging and " pure country air ", among them Oliver Goldsmith. There is a fine wainscoted room in the tower, and from its summit is to be seen a splendid panoramic view of London ; " the monster London," with which, says Macaulay, " poets in Charles I.'s time loved to contrast the " silence and repose of Islington." We must now reach " the monster " again, by the medium of a convenient tram or 'bus, down one of the converging road-spokes already mentioned.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## From St. Paul's to Trafalgar Square, by Fleet Street and the Strand.

"I think the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross."

*Dr. Johnson.*

"The passion for crowds is nowhere feasted so full as in London. The man must have a rare recipe for melancholy who can be dull in Fleet Street. . . . Often, when I have felt a weariness and distaste at home, have I rushed out into the crowded Strand, and fed my humour, till tears have wetted my cheeks for innumerable sympathies with the multitudinous moving picture, which she never fails to present at all hours like the scenes of a shifting pantomime."

*Charles Lamb.*

THE busy and ancient street that extends, in a curved line, from St. Paul's to Trafalgar Square, and is successively called **Ludgate Hill**, **Fleet Street**, and the **Strand**, follows more or less the course of the river, which is never far distant from it, and is often to be seen, shining in the sun, at the end of the narrow tributary alleys that connect it with the Victoria Embankment. Leaving behind us, to the east, the grey dome of St. Paul's (for which see Chap. VI.), we descend the crowded and noisy **Ludgate Hill**. To our right is the street of the *Old Bailey* (so-called from the *ballium*, or outer space near Ludgate Wall), extending to *Newgate* (see p. 251). Close to the Old Bailey is the ancient church of **St. Martin, Ludgate**, one of Wren's repaired City churches. Its tower, by Wren, is slender and very picturesque : it gains in effect from its position in front of the dome

"When in walking up Ludgate Hill we see the spire of St. Martin's brought clear against the dome of the cathedral we discern a new majesty in St. Paul's, a new inimitable elegance in St. Martin's. We see what scale and distance is given to the building behind by the dark leaden tone of the steeple in front ; we see how its slender form and subtle curves give size and boldness to the cathedral dome. And in return for this good service done the mother-church lends the little spire a delicacy and a gentle loveliness surpassing that it would of itself possess."—*A. H. Mackmurdo.*

"So, like a bishop upon dainties fed,

"St. Paul lifts up his sacerdotal head ;

"While his lean curates, slim and lank to view,

"Around him point their steeples to the blue."

To this church (which is in its original state), the

following curious epitaph (paraphrased thus by the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton), belongs :

Earth goes to	}	Earth	}	As mold to mold,
Earth treads on				Glittering in gold,
Earth as to				Return nere should,
Earth shall to				Goe ere he would.
Earth upon				Consider may
Earth goes to				Naked away,
Earth though on				Be stout and gay,
Earth shall from				Passe poore away.

Beyond the Church is the *Hall* of the *Stationers' Company* (incorporated 1557), with a quiet courtyard shaded by a large plane tree. The old City gate called Lud-Gate stood a little farther down the hill. Near here—notably in *St. Martin's Court* opposite, fragments of the Old Roman Wall have been discovered. *St. Martin's Court* leads, on the left, to *Printing-House Square*; this site for many ages was occupied by frowning Norman fortresses; then in the time of the Stuarts it was devoted to the King's Printing-House, and the locality is now equally well-known as that of the office of the *Times* newspaper—now more than a hundred years old. (*Admission to view the machinery and offices may sometimes be had on application to the Manager*). On the right, near the bottom of Ludgate Hill, is *La Belle Sauvage Yard*, formerly an inn; its curious name is said by some to be derived from the romantic story of an Indian princess who “wooded an Englishman”—and by others to be merely a corruption of the name of “Isabel” (Bel) Savage—the first landlady of the tavern. It now contains the large printing-offices of Messrs. Cassell & Co. Close to *La Belle Sauvage Yard*, the *Ludgate Hill Railway Viaduct* crosses the street. It has been much railed at by the artistic world, yet out of it Mr. Mackmurdo, in the delightful frontispiece to his book, “*Wren's City Churches*,” has evolved all the elements of a picture. Seen at night-fall, with its little trains puffing smoke, raised high over the black dense street—it gives a human interest to the grey dome and spires beyond, suggesting the ceaseless activity and toil of the city. It is really a grand instance of the “picturesqueness of railways.” Here in old times stood “Lud Gate,” one of the five ancient City gates decorated with rough statues called locally “King Lud and his Sons”—though this name of “Lud” was merely a traditional fancy, “Lydgate” being simply old English for a “postern.” The gate, a solid structure, was used as a prison for debtors, and its captives used to

beg piteously from the grating to charitable passers-by. Jane Shore was imprisoned here by Richard III. It was taken down in 1760.



St. Paul's, St. Martin's and Ludgate Hill.

*Hanslip Fletcher.*

Now we come to **Ludgate Circus**, caused by the intersection of Farringdon Street, a wide thoroughfare, which leads on the left to Blackfriars Bridge, and on the right to

Holborn Viaduct. **Blackfriars** (so called from an early convent of Dominican Friars), is the name given to the district between Ludgate Hill and the Thames. In the church of the convent many parliaments took place—notably those which decided on Henry VIII.'s divorce from Katherine of Arragon and condemned Wolsey. Later, part of the monastic buildings were granted to James Burbage, who converted them into a theatre—a theatre in which Shakespeare (who had a house in Blackfriars) himself acted. The site (close to Printing House Square) is still called *Playhouse Yard*. To return to Ludgate Hill; our street, after Ludgate Circus, takes the name of **Fleet Street**. This name is derived from the Fleet River (latterly Fleet Ditch) which rises in the Hampstead Hills, and which once ran, a clear and sparkling stream, down Holborn Valley, and through that of the present Farringdon Street. It was polluted as the town extended westward, being of necessity at last arched in, so that it now runs under the roadway, where it was once spanned by the Fleet Bridge. It reaches the Thames at Blackfriars Bridge, but no sign of its existence is observable above-ground at the present day. It was in olden time a considerable river, but has now sunk to the position of "the most important sewer—the *Cloaca Maxima*—of London." Fleet Street has always been the scene of the city's historic pageants. All the old coronation processions passed through it from Westminster to the Tower; and here the Duchess of Gloucester did penance, barefooted and carrying a lighted taper. Dr. Johnson admired Fleet Street beyond measure; he thought it finer than anything he knew. He lived near (in Bolt Court, at a house now pulled down), and the whole quarter is full of memories of him. The *Fleet Prison*, immortalized by Dickens in "Pickwick," was abolished in 1846, after a history of nearly eight centuries. Anciently it was a prison for political and religious victims; among others, Bishop Hooper, burnt at Gloucester in 1555, was immured here. Later it was used for debtors only. The cruelties and abuses practised in this prison led, in 1727, to the formation of the "Fleet Prison Committee," a picture of which first made Hogarth celebrated. The notorious "Fleet Marriages" were done away with in 1754. The place used to be haunted by scouts of degraded clergymen, who incessantly called on the passers-by to "walk in and be married." As the said divines were imprisoned for debt, the fines usually inflicted on the solemnizers of clandestine

marriages could not be enforced ; so they married sailors and others for what they could get, and were afterwards " treated " by the happy couples at a neighbouring gin-shop, which also kindly kept the register. The site of the old prison (which was close to the Fleet Ditch) is partly built over by the *Congregational Memorial Hall*, opened in 1874, on the east side of Farringdon Street, in memory of the many victims of religious intolerance who were imprisoned here. Another famous old prison in this quarter was that of *Bridewell*, in *Whitefriars*, a district just west of Blackfriars, and so called from a convent of Carmelites or White Friars, founded 1244. A street, leading south from Fleet Street, is still called Whitefriars Street. Bridewell, and the adjacent church of St. Bride's, were named from the old well of St. Bride's near by. In old Bridewell Chapel was an inscription, recording that it was Edward VI. who

" Gave this Bridewell, a palace in old times,  
" For a chastising house of vagrant crimes."

At Bridewell men and women used to be flogged. One of the scenes in Hogarth's " Harlot's Progress " represents female prisoners beating hemp there in a wretched shed. Perhaps so many prisons were required in this quarter, because it was the resort of rogues in past times. The rookeries around (called " Alsatia ") were notorious, and may have arisen from the fact that the district owed to the Monastery of Whitefriars the privileges of " sanctuary," thus affording a refuge to bad characters of every description. One of the earliest London theatres was established in the monastic hall of Whitefriars, as it, like Blackfriars, was beyond the jurisdiction of the disapproving Mayor and Corporation. The present *Tudor Street*, sacred to journalism, cut through the worst part of the rookeries of " Alsatia." For now we come to " Newspaper Land." Every district in London has its peculiar trades and pursuits, and it is journalism that is rampant in Fleet Street and Whitefriars. Fleet Street has, indeed, been sacred to literature since the days of Dr. Johnson and earlier. In Fleet Street itself are the handsome offices of the *Daily Telegraph*. In the immediate vicinity are the offices of the *Standard*, and the *Daily Chronicle*, and last, but not least, of *Punch* ; while in Bouverie Street, close by—a steep, stony alley leading riverwards—is the home of the *Daily News*, whilst lower down still are the offices of the *Daily Mail* and other papers. Here, in Fleet Street, and its vicinity, the sceptre of the rival Jupiters, the flail



of the Anonymous, is wielded, and from here the world is generally enlightened.

To return to **St. Bride's Church**; it was rebuilt by Wren, after the fire, and has a very tall fine steeple, some say, one of the architect's most beautiful works. It stands back, south of Fleet Street. Though the tower of St. Bride's has been compared to "a drawn-out telescope," yet its lightness and simplicity no one will deny. Having been twice struck by lightning, it is now lessened in height, which robs it somewhat of its intended proportions. Its bells are much admired. Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier,—author of "To Althea in Prison"—was buried at the west end of this church; after a life of vicissitudes, he died miserably of starvation in an offshoot of Shoe Lane (called Gunpowder Alley) close by. Wynkin de Worde, the sixteenth-century printer, is also buried here (he lived in Fleet Street); and Samuel Richardson, the novelist; the stone that marks the latter's grave is half hidden by pews, on the south side of the church. Richardson dwelt in Salisbury Square, close by; and Milton once lived in St. Bride's churchyard. In Bride Lane, is the *St. Bride's Foundation Institute*, a printers' polytechnic; it contains a bust of Samuel Richardson, by Frampton. *Shoe Lane* (formerly Showell Lane) leads north from Fleet Street to Holborn Hill. An extensive scheme for the widening of Fleet Street, which is carried out from time to time as leases fall in, is gradually setting back the south side, and will ultimately secure a nearly uniform width of 60 ft.

Labyrinths of old courts lie to the north of Fleet Street, between Shoe Lane and Chancery Lane. At No. 6, Wine Office Court (next to Shoe Lane), but pulled down in 1903, Goldsmith lived; and his and Johnson's favourite seats, in the window of the "Cheshire Cheese" Inn in this court (the most perfect old tavern yet existing in London), are still pointed out. Though the house (No. 8, Bolt Court), where Johnson lived last and died is also now pulled down, yet his home in the dismal court called *Gough Square* (No. 17)—where he wrote most of his dictionary—is yet to be seen; it is marked by a tablet. These curious courts were probably gardens in the early days of Fleet Street. In *Crane Court*, close to Fetter Lane, was the mansion (now sold to the charity called the Scottish Corporation) where the "Royal Society" met from 1710 till 1782. Its hall, where Sir Isaac Newton sat as president, remained in its ancient condition, till it was rebuilt

after being destroyed by a fire in 1877. Still proceeding west down Fleet Street, we come on the left, after passing Bouverie Street, to *Serjeants' Inn* (where at No. 11 lived Lord Erskine, and at No. 16 Delane, the great editor of the *Times*), and the precincts of the *Temple* (see Chap. XIX.). On the right opens *Fetter Lane*, leading to the *Record Office* (see Chap. XIX.). In Fetter Lane lived the leather-seller who sat in Parliament under the curious name of "Praise God Barebones," and his son, called "Damned Barebones," as short for his full name, which was "If-Christ-had-not-died-I-had-been-damned Barebones." At No. 16 in Fetter Lane lived the infamous Mrs. Brownrigg, who, to quote Canning in the "*Anti-Jacobin*":

—"whipped two female 'prentices to death,  
"And hid them in the coal-hole."

Dryden and Otway (their houses are now pulled down) lived on opposite sides of the street, and used to quarrel in verse. Between Fetter Lane and Chancery Lane is the church of *St. Dunstan-in-the-West*, erected on the site of an old church, by Shaw, in 1833. A statue of Queen Elizabeth, brought from the old Lud-Gate (see p. 284), is over the east door. The old clock of the church was struck by two wooden giant figures—removed to the *St. Dunstan's Villa*, Regent's Park. On the left (still proceeding westward), are the entrances to the *Inner Temple* and the *Middle Temple* (see Chap. XIX.), whose historic precincts here extend over the whole space between Fleet Street and the Embankment. On the right, Chancery Lane, the principal legal thoroughfare in London, ascends to Holborn and Gray's Inn Road, passing *Lincoln's Inn* (see Chap. XIX.), and its adjacent buildings. Just opposite Chancery Lane, at No. 17, Fleet Street, is a barber's shop, gay with ornament, called, though without authority, "The Palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey." However this may be, at one period of its existence it certainly was "Nando's Coffee House," and later, the place where Mrs. Salmon, the predecessor of Madame Tussaud, exhibited her waxwork show, and where a figure of "Old Mother Shipton," the witch, kicked the surprised visitor as he left. This interesting example of a 17th-century timbered house has been preserved from destruction by the London County Council; the façade has been restored, and on the first floor "Prince Henry's Room" (supposed to have been the council-chamber of the Duchy of Cornwall), with a fine plaster ceiling, is shown to the public (10-2, free). Now we approach the

site of the old " Temple Bar "—the boundary of the City precincts. Here, till 1878, stood an ancient gateway, which was demolished because it obstructed the street traffic, and is replaced by the rather inadequate *Temple Bar Memorial*, a tall pedestal with statues of Queen Victoria and Prince of Wales at the sides, and surmounted by the City Griffin and arms. The old Temple Bar archway, dating from ancient times, and rebuilt by Wren after the Great Fire, stood, black, grimy and dignified, a " silent witness " of London's greatest pageants, up to the present day. Its appearance is well known from its pictures. Each side of it had four Corinthian pilasters, an entablature, and an arched pediment, with niches for royal statues ; while in the centre of each façade was a window lighting a room over the archway, rented by Messrs. Child, the neighbouring bankers. But the most strange and ghastly features of old Temple Bar were the heads of " traitors " that occasionally adorned it, raised high on spikes above the pediment. Unfortunate Royalists—" great-hearted gentlemen," followers of a bad cause—their heads and quarters went to adorn London's triumphal arch—a disgrace to humanity and to England. These gruesome remains stood for years a spectacle to the crowd, dried in summer heats and beaten by winter winds, till, in 1772, the last head mercifully fell down from its spike in a storm, thus ending the pitiful show. The spikes, however, were not removed until the last century. Other offenders also suffered here. The infamous Titus Oates stood in front of the Bar in the pillory, pelted and taunted : while DeFoe, pilloried also for " a libel on the Government," was adorned with flowers by the people, who drank his health and praised him. In old times it was customary for the Sovereign, when visiting the City, to ask admission formally at the closed gates of Temple Bar : then, the Lord Mayor, opening the gates, gave up the City Sword to the Sovereign, who returned it to him on entering. The old Bar archway has been re-erected at one of the entrances to Theobald's Park, Waltham Cross. Many detractors of the present Memorial Griffin say that it is as great an obstruction as the Bar itself. Mr. Samuel Butler (" Alps and Sanctuaries," p. 6) thus defends it ;

" I would put in a word in favour of the much-abused griffin. The whole monument is one of the handsomest in London. As to its being " an obstruction, I have discoursed with a large number of omnibus conductors on the subject, and am satisfied that the obstruction is " imaginary."

But the obstruction of the old gateway was not by any means imaginary. Much as we may regret the ancient relic, there is no doubt that both its abolition, and the widening of the roadway that so many lament, were necessary for modern convenience. "As difficult as to drive six omnibuses through Temple Bar," had become a sort of political by-word, made classical, if we mistake not, by John Bright's speeches. The old *Cock Tavern* (commemorated in Tennyson's line, "Oh, plump head-waiter at the Cock"), has been swept away by this widening—as also Isaak Walton's old house near it. It formerly



The Royal Courts of Justice and Fleet Street.

From a sketch by

Hanslip Fletcher.

stood opposite Middle Temple Lane, on the north side of Fleet Street—with its golden bird over the door for a sign. The golden cock has now been removed to the modern inn of the same name on the other side of the street. Even at the present day, Fleet Street at Temple Bar is wonderfully picturesque, the modern criss-cross of wires overhead having a distinctly good effect. Mr. Samuel Butler, as great an admirer of it as Dr. Johnson says: "I know nothing in any foreign city equal to the view down Fleet Street, walking along the north side from

the corner of Fetter Lane." But, in old times, when the gabled irregular houses were further enlivened by quaint sign-boards hung in mid-air above the shop-fronts, grey with gilding and colour, it must have been a fine sight indeed. With Temple Bar we take our leave of Fleet Street; from here to Trafalgar Square, it becomes the *Strand*

On the north side of the Strand, just beyond Temple Bar, rise the **Royal Courts of Justice**, a modern structure in the Gothic style, of noble and imposing design—occupying 8 acres of ground formerly covered by at least thirty miserable courts and alleys. The clock tower (with its Janus-faced clock) just east of Temple Bar, and the screen of arches fronting the Strand are its most impressive features. The architect was G. E. Street, and the cost of building and site, over £3,000,000; it was opened in 1882. During the vacation, the fine central hall of the building, a noble specimen of early English architecture, with a high stone vault and a mosaic floor, is open to the public from 11 to 3. There are nineteen court-rooms, and 1106 smaller apartments, built with two vast corridors round two quadrangles. In *Butcher's Row*, one of the alleys destroyed on this site, the *Gunpowder Plot* was hatched, in 1600. The new Courts have already proved insufficient, and the buildings are to be extended on the ground, before laid out as gardens, to the west. Farther on, to the south, is *Essex Street*, where in old days stood *Essex House*, the mansion of Queen Elizabeth's favourite. In Devereux Court (also called after the Earl of Essex), was the "Grecian" coffee-house, mentioned by Addison in the old "Spectator." Beyond, Arundel Street, Norfolk Street and Surrey Street, all run south to the Embankment: they also mark the sites of ancient palaces of the Earls of Arundel and Surrey (Norfolk). Peter the Great of Russia once stayed in Norfolk Street. Though the old houses have long succumbed, yet at the present day these streets contain fine tall red-brick mansions, used mostly as clubs and offices. W. H. Smith and Sons' offices are in Arundel Street. The Writers' Club (for women) flourishes on the ground floor of a house in Norfolk Street. Now, in the middle of the Strand, rises, like a little island, the church of **St. Clement Danes**, built in 1682, from Wren's designs. Like most of Wren's parish churches, its beauty is mainly in its steeple, the bells of which are celebrated in the old children's rhyme:

'Oranges and lemons,  
Say the bells of St. Clement's.'

On the north side of the street, a vast quarter of London is still in course of re-construction. After Newspaper Land came aptly **Theatre Land**; many of the theatres which stood here are now things of the past, but a few lines may be spared to the memory of them and other old landmarks :—

The Opera Comique, and the Globe (of "Charley's Aunt" fame) on the site of old *Lyon's Inn* (see Chap. XIX.), begin the long list of Strand theatres. Just behind the Opera Comique was the narrow alley of *Holywell Street*, sometimes called Booksellers' Row, crowded with cheap bookstalls, new and secondhand, where indigent scholars were always to be found, ferreting greedily into the "fourpenny boxes." Holywell Street derived its name from a former "Holy Well," a clear spring which once fed the ancient *Roman Bath*, of which the interesting relics are still to be seen at No. 5, Strand Lane (behind the Strand Theatre). In Holywell Street, and in the narrow *Wych Street*, which ran on the north of and parallel with it, there were many old gabled houses.

All this region, and a large slum-land stretching behind it to the north, have now been swept away, in connection with the "Holborn to Strand Improvement" planned by the London County Council at a cost of some five millions sterling. The objects of the scheme were three-fold :—(1) to remove the slums aforesaid (they have been replaced by many excellent artisans' dwellings in side streets); (2) to create a new main thoroughfare from north to south, and (3) to widen the Strand at what was its narrowest point. Turning northwards after Clement's Inn (just past the Law Courts), the visitor finds himself in an embryo crescent, to which the old name of **Aldwych** has been given. The façade of the recently-opened *Waldorf Hotel* enables us to see how fine this circus will presently become. Here also is the *Aldwych Theatre*; and further on the new buildings of *The Morning Post*. At the middle of the crescent, the broad new thoroughfare, called *The Kingsway*, starts north to Holborn. It was opened to traffic by King Edward VII. in 1907, and fine banks, offices and shops are beginning to line it. Underneath runs the low-level tramway already mentioned.

The Kingsway is remarkable in another respect; it may indeed be described as a street in two storeys; for underneath the roadway there are, besides the tramway lines, two other subways to accommodate gas and water pipes, electric mains, etc. There is easy access to these; so that, except for actual repair of the surface of the road, Kingsway will never be "up."

The thoroughfare is continued, north of Holborn, as Southampton Row, widened and rebuilt. Here on the east side is the *Baptist Church House*, and further on *The Arts and Crafts School* and Day Training College of the London County Council. This block of buildings,



opened by Lord Rosebery in 1908, sets a worthy example of simplicity and dignity.

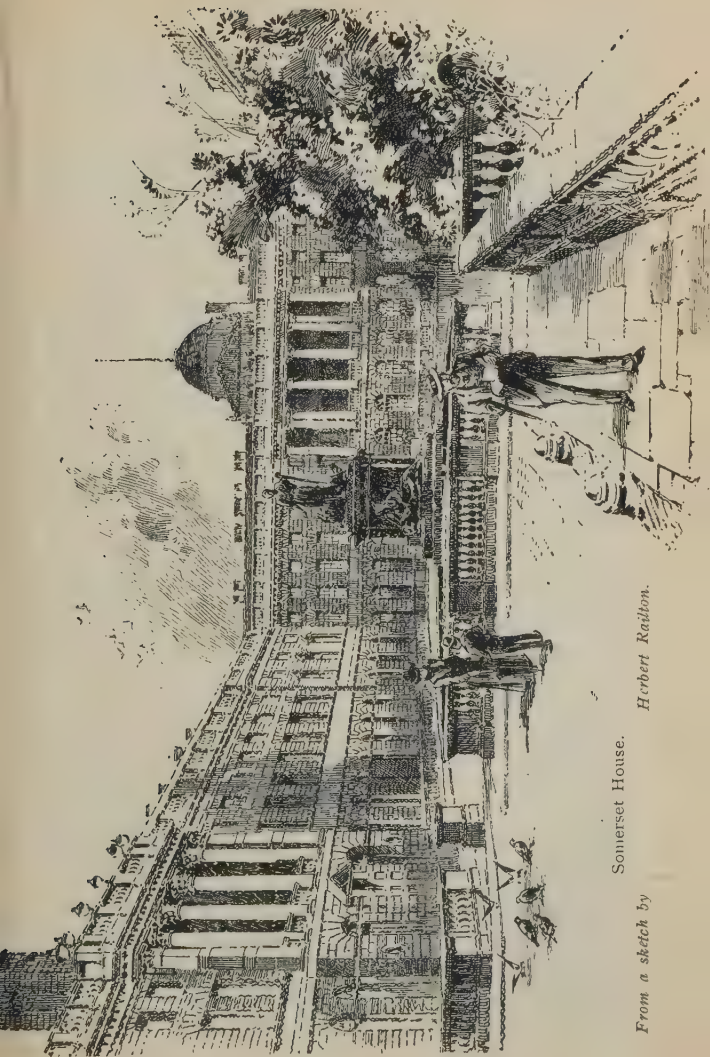
Retracing our steps, we return to Clement's Inn and survey the improvement from the point of view of widening the Strand. Looking westward, the pedestrian will note that the proposed northern line of the Strand is not set back level with where he stands, but will project for a considerable distance. Petitions from Royal Academicians and others were repeatedly presented to the County Council to modify this part of the scheme and throw the line back, so that a yet wider Strand would offer an unimpeded view of the Law Courts. Economy, however, forbade ; the alteration would, it was estimated, cost at least an extra quarter-of-a-million.

The *Gladstone Statue*, erected in 1905, is here a conspicuous object. The sculptor (Hamo Thornycroft) shows the statesman in his robes as Chancellor of the Exchequer, surrounded by groups symbolical of Brotherhood, Education, Courage and Aspiration.

Continuing our course along the unfinished north side of the Strand, we pass the new offices of the *Government of Victoria*, whilst in the middle of the street is the church of **St. Mary-le-Strand**, with a beautiful and picturesque spire, seen from far westward as a beacon to the toiling pedestrian. (The original St. Mary-le-Strand, destroyed by the making of Somerset House, had, in the reign of Stephen, Thomas-à-Becket as its rector.) The present church was built by Gibbs, in 1714, with solid walls to keep out the street noises. The spire, added to the church later, was not in the original design, which explains its seeming to rest on the roof. In front of the site of this church used to stand the famous *Maypole*, 134 feet high, which was destroyed as a "people's idol" by the Commonwealth, but re-erected under Charles II. ; it attracted large crowds of youthful idlers on Sundays and Maydays, and was finally removed, old and decayed, in 1718. *Drury Court*, close by, on the north side of St. Mary-le-Strand, used to be called Maypole Alley ; here Nell Gwynne lodged, as recorded by Pepys in his diary. on May-day, 1667 :—

"To Westminster ; in the way meeting many milkmaids with their "garlands upon their pails, dancing, with a fiddler before them ; and saw "pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings door in Drury Lane, in her smock- "sleeves and bodice, looking upon one ; she seemed a mighty pretty "creature."

The imposing front of the old Strand palace, called **Somerset House** (see p. 236) now rises on the south, just opposite St. Mary's.



Somerset House.

*Herbert Railton.*

*From a sketch by*

Somerset House was erected by Sir W. Chambers in 1776, on the site of a palace of Protector Somerset, dating from the year 1549. The building, which is in the form of a quadrangle, is entered from the Strand: but its river terrace, 800 feet long, and built with columns, etc., in the Venetian style, is its chief beauty. In Somerset House are, first, King's College (now a constituent College of the University of London), occupying the eastern wing: then, the Chief Offices of the Civil Service, notably those of the Inland Revenue, the Audit Office, the Admiralty Register, the Office of the Registrar-General of Births Deaths and Marriages, and the Will Office. All the wills of the kingdom are kept here, and any particular one may be examined, or the calendars searched, by payment of one shilling. The wills of many interesting men may be seen here, notably those of Shakespeare, Van Dyck, Newton, Holbein and Dr. Johnson. The quadrangular court has a bronze group by Bacon, of George III., with an allegorical figure of Father Thames. Queen Charlotte, expressing a very general sentiment, asked the sculptor "why he had made so frightful a figure?" "Art," said the artist, bowing, "cannot always effect the union of beauty and majesty." The Victoria Embankment, which still continues, runs between Somerset House and the river. Opposite Somerset House, on the Surrey shore, once flourished Cuper's Garden. This, the rival of Vauxhall Gardens, was closed in 1753. It was so named from a gardener named Cuper, and the old song,

" 'Twas down in Cupid's Garden,  
" For pleasure I did go."

is really a corruption of Cuper's Garden.

Farther, on the north side of the street, is the new *Gaiety Theatre and Restaurant*, built on the site of Old Exeter Change. The exterior of the theatre, which forms the corner of the widened Strand and Aldwych was designed by Norman Shaw, R.A., and presents a very bold and striking effect. Then comes *Wellington Street*, leading north, to Covent Garden, and south, to *Waterloo Bridge* (see p. 236) and *Waterloo Station*, the terminus of the South-Western Railway, in Waterloo Bridge Road. On the steep hill north of the Strand, is the *Lyceum Theatre*—conspicuous at night by its flaming torches—the scene of the ancient triumphs of Mdlle. Vestris, and at a later date of those of Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Next to Wellington Street comes *Savoy*

*Street*, leading south to the *Savoy Chapel* and the Thames Embankment. The *Savoy Chapel*, first dedicated to St. John the Baptist, but, later on, known as the *Chapel Royal of St. Mary-le-Savoy*, was built in 1505, on the site of the ancient *Savoy Palace*; it is in the Late Perpendicular style, with a fine modern wooden ceiling, and good stained glass. It was in this chapel that the Savoy Conference took place for the revision of the Liturgy at the Restoration. The old *Savoy Palace* (what remained of it was swept away at the making of Waterloo Bridge) dated from 1245, and was given by Henry III. to Peter, Earl of Savoy and Richmond, the uncle of his queen, Eleanor of Provence. The captive King John of France died here soon after his release; and this was also the London residence of John o'Gaunt; it was to punish this later owner that the rebels under Wat Tyler burnt the palace down, the chapel only being spared. The *Savoy churchyard*, little altered by time, is still one of the quietest spots in London; away from the din and bustle of the Strand, its grey old tombstones shaded by plane-trees and lilacs; and until the princely *Savoy Hotel* (*comp.* p. 235) was built, it commanded a splendid view over the river and the towers of Westminster. The modern *Savoy Theatre*, sacred to Gilbert and Sullivan and comic opera, was the first London theatre to use electric light. It is west of the chapel. The new Strand front of the *Savoy Hotel*, etc., with covered courtyard for approach, is handsome; that of the adjoining *Hotel Cecil* (*comp.* p. 235) is perhaps hardly so pleasing. This part of the Strand, now the seat of great hotels, was once a street of palaces, which are commemorated in the names of its tributaries. *Beaufort Buildings*, on the south side, just beyond *Terry's Theatre*, occupies the site of an ancient mansion of the Bishops of Carlisle, called Worcester House, and, later, Beaufort House. Here Anne Hyde, the daughter of the Earl Clarendon (and the mother of two queens, Mary and Anne), was married mysteriously and secretly to the Duke of York. *Beaufort Buildings* itself is no less historic; for here lived Fielding, the novelist. *Southampton Street* and *Exeter Street*, on the north, are built respectively on the sites of *Salisbury House*, the residence of Sir Robert Cecil; *Bedford House*, the old town mansion of the Earl of Bedford; and *Exeter House*, the mansion of the great Lord Burleigh. "Exeter Hall," which stood opposite *Terry's Theatre*, was a great place for religious meetings. It is now replaced by a hotel. Passing

the *Vaudeville* and *Adelphi Theatres*, we reach on the south Adam Street, leading south to the region called "The Adelphi" (a Greek word meaning "brothers") which, in the surrounding streets, called *John Street*, *Robert Street*, *James Street*, *William Street*, and *Adam Street*, as well as in the *Adelphi Terrace*, enshrines the memory of four enterprising architects of the Adam family. The Adam brothers built large arches over the site of the ancient *Durham House* (where Lady Jane Grey was married and Sir Walter Raleigh lived), and by means of them, raised the streets to the level of the Strand. These *dark arches of the Adelphi* had a bad name as the haunt of thieves, but gaslight and police supervision have now overcome the evil. On the centre house in Adelphi Terrace (fronting the Embankment Gardens; see p. 235) a tablet commemorates David Garrick, who died here in 1779. The *Savage Club* is located at Nos. 6 and 7 of this terrace. In John Street, Adelphi, are the rooms of the *Society of Arts*: also the office of the *National Lifeboat Institution*. The Adelphi Theatre—in the Strand, opposite Adam Street—is sacred to melodrama, and is under the management of Messrs. Gatti, whose admirable and moderately-priced restaurant adjoining the theatre is well known. *Bedford Street* now ascends the steep hill to the north, towards Covent Garden. The next turnings (north) are Adam Street (where the new building of the British Medical Association has some external sculpture in the early Greek style) and *King William Street*, with the Charing Cross Hospital. Then comes (on the site of the old Lowther Arcade) the new and dignified front of *Coutts's Bank* (formerly on the other side of the Strand), a noted firm with whom the royal family have banked for two centuries. Now we come (south) to the large *Charing Cross Station*, the terminus of the South-Eastern Railway, situated at the extreme west end of the Strand, filling the whole space between it and the river. The *Charing-Cross Hotel*, built over it, is one of the largest in London. The station was built on the site of the old *Hungerford Market*, which was demolished to make way for it. In front of it stands a modern copy, by E. M. Barry, R.A., of *Eleanor's Cross*, a Gothic monument erected to Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I., in the centre of the ancient village of *Charing* or *Cherringe*, which was where Trafalgar Square now is. (The old cross, pulled down in 1647 by the Puritans, was originally raised at Charing because it was there that the queen's coffin rested

on its way to Westminster ; see p. 54). Just east of Charing Cross Station are *Villiers Street* and *Buckingham Street*, built on the site of the palace of the Duke of Buckingham, raised, in its turn, on the ruins of the more ancient *York House*. The beautiful *York Stairs*, or *Watergate* of the mansion, still remains : it was designed by Inigo Jones, and gives some idea of the style and splendour of the structure. The Watergate shows the ancient level of the river, and the height to which the embankment has been raised. In old days there was a river ford at York Stairs. Just behind the Watergate



Charing Cross.

is No. 15, Buckingham Street, the only bit remaining of the Duke of Buckingham's palace. It is now used by the Charity Organization Society ; but retains its old stuccoed and painted ceilings. These old Strand palaces must have been as beautiful as the Venetian palaces are at the present day, with their river frontage, their watergates, their gilded barges, their stately façades and columns, and their beautiful gardens. The memory of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, is perpetuated near his palace by *George Street*, *Villiers Street*, *Duke Street*, *Buckingham Street*, and *Of Lane*, which once connected them. On No. 14, in Buckingham Street, is a tablet commemorating the residence there of the painters



William Etty and Clarkson Stanfield, and the fact that Samuel Pepys and Robert Harley (Earl of Oxford) lived in a house formerly on the site. Returning to the Strand, beyond Charing Cross Station, we reach the narrow *Northumberland Street*, and opening south from Trafalgar Square, *Northumberland Avenue*, which commemorate the last and latest-destroyed of all the Strand palaces. In *Northumberland House* the Dukes of Northumberland had lived for two and a half centuries; its noble Jacobean Strand front was surmounted by the lion of the Percys. Not only antiquarians lament it, but art-lovers mourn its loss as that of "the most picturesque feature in London." It was pulled down in 1876 at a vast expense (repaid by the enormous value of the land, some of which was sold for building), to make room for Northumberland Avenue, a greatly-needed thoroughfare, which, by opening up the Embankment, much shortens the route to the City. Close by is the *Golden Cross Hotel* in the Strand, celebrated in the *Pickwick* annals, and once a well-known hostelry for the deputy mail coaches.

And now **Trafalgar Square** (with a tube station on the Baker Street and Waterloo line) opens before us, with its tall *Nelson Column*, its fountains, and its Landseer lions shining in the sun, or, hardly less imposing, looming dimly through a "London particular." This is the finest "open space" in London; indeed, Sir Robert Peel pronounced it the finest site in Europe. Here, 300 years ago, stood a few small houses, the village of "Cherringe"; and on the north, where the National Gallery now stands, were the "King's Mews," where the royal hawks were kept. It is now the very centre of the metropolis. In modern times Trafalgar Square has been the scene of many public meetings and political "demonstrations," now less frequent than formerly. It was named Trafalgar Square in honour of Nelson's latest victory, and was laid out by Barry. The massive granite column in the centre of the square, to the memory of Nelson, is 145 ft. high. It is a copy of a Corinthian column of the temple of Mars Ultor (the avenging God of War) at Rome, and is crowned with a statue of Nelson of heroic size, by E. H. Baily, R.A. On the pedestal of the column are four reliefs, *viz.*;

*North.*—The battle of the Nile.

*South.*—The death of Nelson.

*East.*—The bombardment of Copenhagen

*West.*—The battle of St. Vincent.

The bronze lions at the foot of the column were added by Landseer; their noble simplicity is striking.

The outlines of the great animals (says Richard Jefferies), the bold curves and firm touches of the masterhand, the deep indents, as it were, of his thumb on the plastic metal, all the technique and grasp written there, is legible at a glance. Then comes the pose and expression of the whole, the calm strength in repose, the indifference to little things, the resolute view of great ones. Lastly, the soul of the maker, the spirit which was taken from nature, abides in the massive bronze. The only noble open-air work of native art in the four-million city, they rest **there** supreme and are the centre.

Behind the Nelson Column is a fine statue of *General Gordon*, by Hamo Thornycroft. On each side of the column are statues of the military commanders, Sir Charles Napier and Sir Henry Havelock (Indian Mutiny), and at the north-east corner of the square is an equestrian figure of *George IV.*, by Chantrey. The *Fountains* were designed by Barry; the water for them is supplied from two neighbouring Artesian wells, containing 70,000 gallons. They play for thirteen hours daily in summer, and seven in winter, and are a great boon to London, so destitute of fountains otherwise; a crying contrast, indeed, to Rome in that respect, though London water does not require to be brought for many miles over aqueducts. Around the fountains are stone benches, greatly utilized by "dossers" in want of a night's lodgings; that is, when the police have not their eye on them. North of Trafalgar Square is the rather inadequate façade of the **National Gallery** (see Chap. VIII.) with its pepperbox dome; north-east, the handsome portico of *St. Martin-in-the-Fields* (see Chap. XIX.), and *St. Martin's Lane*: east, the office of the *Royal Humane Society*; at the south-east corner, the solid front of *Morley's Hotel* (where Ruskin used often to stay) and the opening of the Strand along which we have come; south, Northumberland Avenue, with its large hotels (the "*Grand*," the "*Victoria*," and the *Metropole*), and *Whitehall* (see Chap. V.); west, the new Processional Road, and Cockspur Street and Pall Mall East (see Chap. XXIV.), between which are the *Union Club* and the *Royal College of Physicians*. The real spot called *Charing Cross* is on the south side of Trafalgar Square, between the Strand and Whitehall, a great point of intersection for omnibus lines, and the centre of the life of London, as well as of the four and twelve-mile circle on the Post-office Directory Map.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## Through Covent Garden, St. Giles's and Soho—Theatrical and Foreign London.

"Enrolled in the tribe who subsist by their wits,  
 "Remember'd by starts; and forgotten by fits,  
 "Now artists and actors, the bardling engage,  
 "To squire in the journals, and write for the stage.  
 "Now soup *à la reine* bends the knee to ox-cheek,  
 "And chickens and tongue bow to bubble and squeak,  
 "While, still in translation employed by "the Row,"  
 "The Poet of Fashion dines out in Soho."

THE quarter we are now to traverse may not be remarkably prolific of public buildings, "sights," or points of view; but it is richer in purely literary association than any other part of London. On the district round Covent Garden alone, many books have been written; books full of pleasant gossip about the wits, the poets, and the celebrities who, at one time or another, lived in its streets, and frequented its clubs and coffee-houses. Indeed, the quarter generally may well be called "haunted London"; for it is as rich in historic memories, as in literary anecdote. Round about here—when little London, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, hardly extended further westward than this, and the rival city of Westminster, as Agas' map of 1560 shows, was a separate walled enclosure across the fields—was the convent garden of the Westminster monks; and "Convent Garden" is still its name, though the "n" has been dropped in the lapse of centuries by cockney laziness. In rather later days the surroundings of Covent Garden and Soho were the height, even the "tip-top" of fashion, as fashion is understood in our own day in Mayfair. But then they gradually became what is called "Bohemian" and artistic; and, as being artistic, in the eighteenth century, did not necessarily mean having social pretensions, or nourishing a public affection for blue china, but sometimes a tendency to boisterous living (the æsthetic cult not being then developed, and the poor artist and author being objects of little social consideration), the whirligig of fashion deserted Covent Garden and its neighbourhood, which descended more and more into rowdiness and disreputableness. The nineteenth century somewhat redeemed the character of the quarter, and it is now mainly commercial and theatrical, with an occasional sprinkling of publishers' houses, and a foreign element coming into it from Leicester Square and Soho.

Starting from the Charing Cross Terminus, we turn to the left, and crossing the Strand at Trafalgar Square (*see* p. 300), we go up St. Martin's Lane, which trends north from the Church of **St. Martin-in-the-Fields**. This church, situated at the north-east corner of the square, opposite the National Gallery (*see* Chap. VIII.), is, according to Mr. Hare, the "best church of its class, and the only perfect example of a Grecian portico in London." Its portico, approached by a flight of steps (somewhat curtailed by a recent widening of the thoroughfare), is Greek; it was built in 1726 by Gibbs, on the site of an earlier church of the same name, erected, as the name implies, at a time when this locality was literally open country. (Till the seventeenth century, indeed, there was nothing west of this spot but open tracts of fields.) The church was always patronized by royalty (whose babies were registered here) and whose armorial bearings are carved over the portico. Nell Gwynne was buried here, and here her funeral sermon was preached by Archbishop Tenison. In early Georgian days, too, this was the most fashionable parish in London. Among celebrated people buried in the vaults were Roubiliac, the sculptor (1762), Farquhar, the dramatist (1707), James Smith (1839), the author of "Rejected Addresses," and the beautiful Mrs. Anne Turner, who was hanged at Tyburn in 1615 for participating in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury and who, wearing at her execut on "a yellow Tiffany ruff and cuffs," occasioned the disuse of starch as a fashion. The bells of the church are still rung weekly, by the terms of a legacy left by Nell Gwynne. The tower has a fine effect from the top of St. Martin's Lane; and the vane of the cross bears a crown to show that this is a royal parish (Buckingham Palace being within its bounds). In the vaults of the church may be seen an ancient *whipping-post* (date about 1600), for the punishment of men who ill-treated or deserted their wives. The interior of the building is fine, though somewhat heavy; it has a good modern stained-glass east window, and contains a bust of Gibbs, its architect. The churchyard has been paved and made into a public playground. St. Martin's Lane—which in the time of the Commonwealth was a country hedged lane, bounding the western wall of the "Convent Garden"—afterwards became a resort of distinguished artists and poets; and in one of its entries, St. Peter's Court, was the first house of the Royal Academy (now pulled down). There were labyrinthine

rookeries and slums at the bottom of St. Martin's Lane, near the church; these were known in early days as "the Bermudas," or "The Straits of the Strand"; indeed, the entrance to the street is still inconvenient, and sadly in want of being widened. The locality is now mainly sacred to dentists, eating-houses, theatres, and the "Coliseum," of which the dome is more conspicuous than artistic. St. Martin's Lane presently crosses *Long Acre* (which extends on the left into *Cranbourn Street*), and ascends, through St. Andrew Street to New Oxford Street, passing through the old "rookery of St. Giles's" now altogether cleansed and improved), and the well-known *Seven Dials*, so called from a conjunction of seven streets, starting here, like spokes from a wheel. "Seven Giles's" it is sometimes called in local slang. The parish from early days had a bad reputation as the haunt of thieves, criminals, and the lowest class of "tippling" poor: witness Hogarth's prints of "Gin Lane" and "Beer Street," with the rest of his "moralities," taken generally from this neighbourhood. ("Gin Lane" has for its background the church of St. George, Bloomsbury, dated 1751). "Tom Nero," the ruffian in the "Four Stages of Cruelty," is a St. Giles's charity-boy: and in a night cellar near here, the "Idle Apprentice" is taken up for murder. (Hogarth, indeed, with his brush—as Dickens with his pen—was inimitable in his caricature of the darker shades of London street life.) The early moral taint of St. Giles's seems partly to have arisen from the ancient custom of presenting condemned prisoners (the notorious Jack Sheppard among them), on their way to execution at Tyburn, with a "parting cup" at an inn near High Street, "The Bow" (now destroyed). This helped to make St. Giles's a retreat for noisome and squalid outcasts, the "scum of society." Indeed, "as bad as Seven Dials," used to be the worst term of reproach; but now the place bears quite a respectable and well-to-do air, as compared with certain haunts round about King's Cross and Somers Town. It is, besides, a frequented omnibus route, being a short cut from New Oxford Street to Charing Cross. A Doric column, with a dial bearing seven faces, used to stand in Seven Dials, but it was removed in the last century, to make way for a less elevating adornment. Gay, the poet, thus describes the locality:

"Where famed St. Giles's ancient limits spread,  
 "An in-railed column rears its lofty head;  
 "Here to seven streets seven dials count the day,  
 "And from each other catch the circling ray,"

So much unnecessary and ill-judged charity has been bestowed on this district that, in our own day, Sir William Gilbert has felt constrained to remind us that ;

“Hearts just as pure and fair

“*May* beat in Grosvenor Square

“As in the gloomy air of Seven Dials !”

The people drive flourishing trades as bird and beast fanciers, old clothes men, balladmongers, leather sellers, and saddlery makers. The principal thoroughfare is noisy with the chattering of parrots, the yapping of little dogs confined in cages, and the clucking of fowls in coops, at which ill-natured little boys poke straws, after the manner of their kind. Dickens, who knew London by rote, and could have written a better guide-book to it than even his son—which is saying much (for his knowledge of London, like Sam Weller's, was “extensive and peculiar”)—has left us a graphic little sketch of one of the purlieus of Seven Dials—then “Monmouth Street,” but now re-christened “Dudley Street”—the haunt of Jewish old clothes dealers. “The burial-place of the fashions,” “Boz” called it. All this region has, however, been much altered by the making of the two new (and much needed) streets of *Charing Cross Road* and *Shaftesbury Avenue*, leading from New Oxford Street to Piccadilly Circus. It was the formation of New Oxford Street that abolished the worst rookery in St. Giles's ; but some faint idea may be gathered of the old slums, from an alley leading into the present Dyot Street. At the top of St. Andrew Street, branch off to the right and left Broad Street and High Street. In High Street is the church of **St. Giles-in-the-fields**, a blackened old building that in summer peeps out picturesquely enough from among its green trees. It was built in 1734, on the site of an ancient hospital for lepers, which stood “in the fields.” The old vineyard of the hospital now rejoices in the name of “Vinegar Yard.” The church has a very handsome spire, and an old lych-gate of earlier date, with a carving in oak of the “Resurrection,” forms the western entrance to its churchyard, which contains many interesting monuments. Here are the tombs of Chapman, the translator of Homer ; Richard Penderell, who aided the escape of Charles II. after Worcester (his epitaph is “Unparalleled Pendrell”) ; Shirley, the dramatist ; Andrew Marvell, the poet ; and many others.

Broad Street, to the right of St. Andrew Street, leads to *Drury Lane*, a rather squalid thoroughfare, running down from New Oxford Street to St. Clement Danes’



Church in the Strand. Although so wretched-looking now, it was lined in the time of the Stuarts with aristocratic mansions, and derives its name from old Drury House, which stood where the Olympic Theatre now stands. Drury Lane is the scene of Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress." The district has been much improved of late years by the London County Council, whose new streets and buildings preserve many theatrical memories. *Drury Lane Theatre*, a name which means so much to the average school-boy or school-girl, raising dreams of Christmas pantomimes, is not in Drury Lane at all, but between it and Brydges Street, near Covent Garden. It is the oldest theatre in London, and the fourth erected on this site, the three previous ones having been successively burned down. The last burning (in 1809) was memorialized by the publication, by the brothers James and Horace Smith, of the poems called "Rejected Addresses." This was a volume of excellent parodies of well-known poets, pretending to be "prize poems," for recitation at the re-opening of the theatre. The earliest theatre on this site was opened, under a patent of Charles II., in 1663. Nell Gwynne (formerly a local orange-girl), Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, Kean, Garrick, Sheridan and Macready all appeared on the boards at Drury Lane. The fountain at the north corner of the front of the theatre is a memorial to Sir Augustus Harris, who was manager of the theatre from 1879 to 1896. In Great Queen Street, east of Drury Lane, is the large Freemasons' Tavern and Freemasons' Hall. *Long Acre*, which opens west out of Drury Lane, and is a continuation of Great Queen Street, is a street of carriage builders, devoted to them since 1695; but the old order changes, and the carriages, here exposed for sale, are now mostly motors. Oliver Cromwell and Dryden both lived here, and in modern times Stothard and Stacy Marks, the painters, were both born here. *Bow Street*, a special haunt of the theatrical world, opens south out of Long Acre. Here is the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, and here are also mysterious shops that sell false jewellery, beads and accoutrements; shops of wigs and terrifying masks and stage "properties"; and shops of costumiers galore. Bow Street, like Drury Lane, which runs parallel to it, was once very fashionable; to quote from the epilogue of one of Dryden's plays:—

"I've had to-day a dozen *billets doux*,

"From fops, and wits, and cits, and Bow Street beaux."

Sir Walter Scott has observed truly, "a *billet doux* from Bow Street would be now more alarming than flattering." For Bow Street is best known nowadays by its Police Court, the most important of the Metropolitan police courts. It is a gloomy enough place outside, though often the fashionable resort of those who are ever on the look-out for new "sensations." Adjoining the Covent Garden Opera House is the *Floral Hall*, now used as a foreign fruit market. The present opera house occupies the site of the old *Covent Garden Theatre*, and was opened in 1858; it holds about 2000 people. The Covent Garden Fancy Dress Balls, which take place here, are largely frequented. The bas-reliefs of the front, facing Bow Street, are by Flaxman. Farther down, Bow Street becomes Wellington Street, and leads south, down a steep hill, past the Lyceum Theatre (*see* p. 296), straight to the Strand and Waterloo Bridge. The slope to the river is just here remarkably steep, making us realize that London can claim to be built on as many hills as Rome.

*Russell Street* leads west out of Bow Street to **Covent Garden Market**, a space which, as far back as 1222, was the convent garden (*see* p. 302) of Westminster, and which, curiously enough, is still consecrated to flowers and fruits, though these are no longer *growing* here, but are heaped in rich luxuriance from every nation and clime. As to its purlicus—well!—"Mud-salad Market" they have been unkindly nicknamed, and, though considerably improved during recent years, yet on wet days they certainly deserve the name. But to see Covent Garden in all its glory—and that it is one of the "sights of London" no one will deny—the visitor should rise early and betake himself thither on a May morning at about 5 a.m., when the bustle of the day is at its height, when the itinerant flower and plant vendors are making their "bargains," and when the flower-girls are tying up their "button-holes." Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, being market days, had better be chosen for the expedition. The show of flowers is seen to best advantage from 7 to 10 a.m.; that of Easter-eve is especially brilliant. The Covent Garden porters and market-women are a rowdy and cheery folk, who, though they may occasionally indulge in loud witticisms at other people's expense, yet mean no harm. It was different in the old days of the street ruffians, called "Mohocks," and "Scourers," who terrorized the Covent Garden of the past. The *Middle Row* of the market, lined with gay shops, is perhaps an expensive place to buy in, but at any

rate here you are sure to be able to procure the finest flowers and fruit to be had anywhere for love or money. Here, in the blackest winter weather, exotics "blossom like the rose," and forced fruit and vegetables are to be seen from all quarters of the globe. The shopper may note, however, that the booths outside are cheaper. Above the Middle Row, on a terrace roofed in with glass, all kinds of ferns and creeping plants are exposed for sale. The land on which the market is built belongs, with the neighbouring "Bloomsbury," to the Duke of Bedford, and in 1831 the then reigning Duke erected the present market buildings, which have subsequently been much extended. Covent Garden Square used to be noted for its good old hotels, of which the *Bedford*, the *Tavistock*, and the *Hummums* still remain as examples. At *Evans'*, on the north side of the market, were famous concert and supper rooms; it is now converted into a club, and is the scene of many boxing entertainments. In a line with *Evans'* was the so-called "Piazza," an open Italian colonnade, a portion of which still remains, though much spoiled by ugly plaster. There is an interesting picture in the National Gallery (No. 1453), which shows how the market looked in the last century.

West of the market is **St. Paul's Church**, a plain, solid building erected by Inigo Jones, when St. Martin-in-the-Fields became too small for its parishioners. The church (rebuilt, all except the portico, on the old plan in 1795), although rather barn-like—indeed, Francis, Duke of Bedford, who commissioned it, said he could not afford much more than a barn, Inigo Jones replying that "it should be the handsomest barn in England"—is not unpicturesque where it stands, with its boldly projecting roof and its pillared portico. Hogarth's well-known print of the market, called "Morning," shows this church, with the famous "King's Coffee-house" just under its portico, and "Evans'" in the background. Thackeray, who sometimes stayed at the "Bedford," thus describes the place as he knew it:—

"The two great national theatres on one side, a churchyard full of  
 "mouldy but undying celebrities on the other; a fringe of houses studded  
 "in every part with anecdote or history; an arcade often more gloomy  
 "and deserted than a cathedral aisle; a rich cluster of brown old  
 "taverns, one of them filled with the counterfeit presentments of many  
 "actors long since silent, who scowl and smile once more from the canvas  
 "upon the grandsons of their dead admirers; a something in the air  
 "which breathes of old books, old painters and old authors. . . . a  
 "common centre into which Nature showers her choicest gifts . . .  
 "a place where the very latest suppers and the earliest breakfasts jostle  
 "each other over the footways."

Many celebrated men have in their day lent lustre to the square. Garrick and Hogarth belonged to the "Beef-steak Club," which met at the old "Bedford"; Richard Wilson, the painter, had his studio at the "Tavistock"; while in Russell Street, close by, were the three great coffee-houses of "Will's," "Tom's," and "Button's," frequented by wits and *savants* who led the opinion of the day, in that remote period before newspapers existed. "Will's," or the "Wits' Coffee-House," was Dryden's special resort; "Button's" was the haunt of Addison, Steele, and Swift; "Tom's" that of Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, etc. Here in Russell Street, Charles Lamb, with his sister Mary, lived for some years; in "the individual spot" he liked "best in all this great city." In *Maiden Lane*, between Covent Garden and the Strand, was born J. W. M. Turner, the painter; and it was probably from his early association with Covent Garden that the boy got his love of oranges as bits of colour in his pictures, and also his less admirable "market-womanly types of humanity." In Maiden Lane was the *Bedford Head Tavern*, panegyrised by Pope:

"When sharp with hunger, scorn you to be fed,  
"Except on pea-chicks at the Bedford Head."

*Tavistock Street*, which bounds the market on the south, was the "Bond Street and Regent Street" combined of the Stuarts, just as Covent Garden was their "Belgrave Square"; its shop-fronts were continually blocked by a line of grand equipages. Tavistock Street was later rendered notorious by the murder of Miss Reay, the beloved of Lord Sandwich, who was shot in 1779, as she was returning from the opera, by the Rev. Mr. Hackman, another jealous admirer.

The district south-west of Covent Garden, belonging also to the Duke of Bedford, was the site of many famous palaces long vanished, and is called *Bedfordbury*; it is now principally occupied by solid publishers' mansions. **Bedford Street**, in which are the spacious red-brick buildings of the *Civil Service Stores*, leads north to Garrick Street, and the *Garrick Club*, located at Nos. 13 and 15. This club is dramatic and literary; its cooking is excellent, its society delightful, and its members noted for their late—or rather early—hours. The club has been removed here from its original habitation in King Street. It should be seen for its very interesting collection of theatrical portraits; visitors are admitted, accompanied by a member, from eleven to three.

From Garrick Street, **Cranbourn Street**, a continuation of Long Acre, leads past Charing Cross Road into Leicester Square. Cranbourn Street is famous for its trimming shops. London here becomes almost entirely foreign ; for Leicester Square contains, besides its two palatial music halls, many large hotels and restaurants for foreigners who foregather in this quarter. The very shops round Leicester Square have French names, and stick foreign bills in their windows. One might, if it were possible to forget the London smoke, almost imagine oneself at Paris or Berlin. This French aspect of Leicester Square, and of Soho generally, arises from the French refugees who have sought a home here at various times in the troubled history of their own country. The place teems with French restaurants ; and even up as far as Seven Dials, the organ grinders find the "Marseillaise" the most lucrative tune to play. Soho and Covent Garden are still noted places for dining, just as they were in the eighteenth century. The foreign restaurants, after the style of those of the "Palais Royal," are often good and moderate. The two music halls or "theatres of varieties" in Leicester Square are the *Alhambra* and the *Empire*. Both are very splendid and ornate to outward view ; and both have elaborate ballets. As to **Leicester Square** itself, few places in London have gone through more changes of fashion. Here, until the reign of Charles II., was mere open country. Then, it became the site of great princely mansions, Leicester House (long the residence of Frederick, Prince of Wales) and Saville House. Later, the grandees forsook the square, and it became the especial abode of painters, among others, Hogarth and Reynolds (the studio of the latter, now an auction room, was at No. 47, on the west side of the square). Sir Isaac Newton lived at No. 35, St. Martin's Street, close by, and passed, he said, "the happiest years of his life in the observatory there." The house looks dilapidated now ; but it was also once the abode of Miss Burney, who wrote her novel, "Evelina," here. There is a large *Dental Hospital* in the square. In the time of Leicester Square's grandeur, its enclosure was adorned by a statue of George I. : it was a picturesque place then, with trees and greenery, affording a favourite "cover" for duels (as narrated by Thackeray in "Esmond"). In the general decline of the neighbourhood, the square fell into ruin and dilapidation, the street imps knocking the statue to pieces, and the enclosure being turned into a rubbish heap. Nor did the erection

of the show called "Wyld's Globe," started here in 1851, much improve matters. At last, Albert Grant took pity on the square, and at his own expense cleared it, set up a fountain, seats and flower-beds, and opened it to the public. That it is vastly appreciated, no one can deny who sees the tired workers resting there in luxurious contentment on a summer's evening. A statue of Shakespeare (by Fontana) is in the centre; and busts of Hogarth, Newton, Hunter and Reynolds, adorn the four corners.



No. 47, Leicester Square.  
Reynolds' House.

From Leicester Square *Wardour Street* (noted for its artistic old-furniture and "curio" shops) ascends directly to Oxford Street, crossing the new street of *Shaftesbury Avenue*. This street, which cuts direct from New Oxford Street to Piccadilly Circus, is wide, and planted with trees; its making abolished some very squalid slums. Close to Wardour Street, and running parallel with it, is Dean Street, containing the church of **St. Anne, Soho** (dating from 1686). This church was dedicated to the mother of the Virgin, out of compliment to Queen—then Princess—Anne; it has also a Danish tower, to compliment, it is said, her Danish husband. St. Anne's is chiefly remarkable for the burial of King Theodore of Corsica, who, just released from the "Fleet" Debtor's Prison, died in 1686 as a pauper in this parish; his burial dues being paid by an oilman in Compton Street, who said that he was "willing for once to pay the funeral expenses of a king." Against the outer wall of the church is a tablet erected by Horace Walpole, with some lines by him, ending thus:

"Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,  
"Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him bread."

Hazlitt, the essayist, is also buried here. The churchyard



was opened in 1892 as a public garden. St. Anne's is noted for its Passion week music, which annually attracts many distinguished visitors. Close to the north end of Dean Street is **Soho Square**, built in Charles II.'s time, and distinguished of old as containing the palace of the Duke of Monmouth—old Monmouth House; the present Hospital for Women is built upon its site. Before any houses were built here at all, the place was called "Soho Fields," because this was a favourite hunting place, and "So-hoe" was a hunting cry. It was from his dwelling here that the Duke of Monmouth chose the battle cry "So-hoe!" on the field of Sedgemoor. Monmouth House was pulled down in 1773. On the north side of the square is the French Huguenot church, and on the east, a new Roman Catholic Church. The house on the east side, at the corner of Sutton Street, was famous for the masked balls and concerts of the notorious Mrs. Cornelys—fashionable but not immaculate. Soho Square was, till the middle of the 18th century, one of the most fashionable residences in London. Formerly the enclosure boasted a handsome fountain, but, like other ornaments of the kind in London, it is now removed. "The whole of Soho," says Mr. Hare, "came into fashion in the time of the Stuarts, and failed under the earlier Georges." Charing Cross Road is reached from Soho Square by Sutton Street, where Fauconberg House, the residence of Cromwell's daughter Mary, Lady Fauconberg, still exists as the offices of Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell. We now descend Charing Cross Road to *Cambridge Circus*, where Shaftesbury Avenue bisects it, forming a large space which hopes one day to rival Oxford Circus, though at present it must be said to fall somewhat short of doing so. The new red brick building, however, launched originally upon the world as the *New English Opera House*, is, though fallen to the estate of the *Palace Theatre of Varieties*, one of the handsomest structures in London. Its iron-work is especially good. Electric "search" lights are flashed from it at night, giving the effect of a gigantic comet, and quite startling to the uninitiated. Continuing down Charing Cross Road (now much in favour with second-hand booksellers), and passing by the new *National Portrait Gallery* (see Chap. IX.), we find ourselves once more in Trafalgar Square, and presently regain the spot whence we set out upon our wanderings, in the roar and hum of the busy Strand.

## CHAPTER XX.

## The Inns of Court.

"Gray's Inn for walks, Lincoln's Inn for wall,  
 "The Inner Temple for a garden, and the Middle for a hall."  
*—Distich on the four Inns of Court.*

THE Inns of Court and of Chancery contain some of the most picturesque nooks of London. They are scattered all about the region of Fleet Street, Chancery Lane and Holborn. Of some, such as Lyon's Inn, there are only the vestiges left; some, like Thavies' and Scroope's Inns, have entirely disappeared; but we have still many left, and the ancient buildings, with their old-time court-yards and quiet grass-plots, add a curious collegiate charm to the heart of the City of London. Indeed, all the old Inns, like the Halls of Oxford and Cambridge, were originally so named from the ancient custom of masters receiving scholars—law apprentices in this case—to board and reside with them. After these students had made some progress in the various colleges (or inns) of chancery, they were admitted to one of the four Inns of Court—*i.e.*, Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple and Gray's Inn. Schools for lawyers in early days were called "hostels," whence came the name "inn." The attorneys into whose hands, in course of time, the Inns gradually were transferred, closed them in some cases against students for the Bar, and turned them into places for their own convivial enjoyment. The nine Inns of Chancery, though formerly subsidiary to the four Inns of Court, now have little save local connection with them. Though still inhabited mainly by the legal profession, these "dusty purlieus of the law" house all sorts and conditions of folk beside; painters, journalists, young couples even, find picturesque and quiet homes in the midst of turmoil—"close to the world, yet not of it." People who want cheap and cosy quarters in a central position, and who do not mind the number of rickety stairs to be climbed, or the inseparable frowzy "laundress" (presumably so called because she is so unaddicted to washing), can make themselves very comfortable in these quiet haunts, which ought certainly to be inhabited by ghosts, if ghosts yet walk. How many of the celebrated dead have lived, at one time or another, within these smoky walls! Thus, Charles Lamb not only lived, but was born in the Temple,

where, too, lived Fielding, the novelist, and Cowper, the poet; and the courtly Raleigh is also traditionally said to have dwelt there for a period, while Bacon lived in Gray's Inn (at 11, Coney Court, now burnt down) adjoining the garden in which he took such delight. In this garden of Gray's Inn, Pepys, the gossip, and his wife, used to walk on Sundays, "to observe the fashions of the ladies, because of my wife making some clothes." Evelyn, the diarist, lived in the Middle Temple, while in Furnival's Inn, Dickens spent his early married life, and there, in rooms looking over the shady, quiet court, he wrote his "Sketches by Boz" and began his "Pickwick."

Lawyers, however, now as formerly, are the principal dwellers in the Inns. Lectures, open to all students, are given in them, examinations take place, and scholarships are awarded. The Inns have their private chapels, libraries and "halls," and "*keeping commons*," by dining in hall is an indispensable qualification for being called to the Bar.

"The Inns of Court," says a newspaper writer, "are interesting to others besides lawyers, for they are the last working institutions in the nature of old trade guilds. It is no longer necessary that a shoemaker should be approved by the company of the craft before he can apply himself to making shoes for his customers . . . but the lawyers' guilds guard the entrance to the law, and prescribe the rules under which it shall be practised."

A pleasant afternoon ramble may be taken among the various Inns. The most northerly of the Inns, reached either from Holborn or the Gray's Inn Road, is **Gray's Inn**, of which the principal charm is the quiet old garden with its tall spreading trees. The contrast from the bustle and din of Holborn and Gray's Inn Road to the calm and quiet inside the block of buildings is extraordinary: the visitor can imagine himself, in the space of one moment, far away from "the city's jar." This is what Hawthorne says about it:—

"Gray's Inn is a large quiet domain, quadrangle beyond quadrangle, close beside Holborn, and a large space of greensward enclosed within it. It is very strange to find so much of ancient quietude right in the monster city's very jaws, which yet the monster shall not eat up—right in its very belly, indeed, which yet, in all these ages, it shall not digest and convert into the same substance as the rest of its bustling streets. Nothing else in London is so like the effect of a spell, as to pass under one of these archways and find yourself transported from the jumble, rush, tumult, uproar, as of an age of week-days condensed into the present hour, into what seems an eternal Sabbath."

Bacon (Lord Verulam) originally planted the elm trees in the garden, and also a catalpa, still existing on the north-west corner. Here also is "Bacon's Mount," answering

to his recommendation in his "Essay on Gardens," "a mount of some pretty height, leaving the wall of the enclosure breast high, to look abroad into the fields." There were many rooks here, but these have lately disappeared, Mr. Hare says, by the erection of a corrugated iron building near them a few years ago. Perhaps their æsthetic sense was hurt! A block of houses called "Verulam Buildings," on the Gray's Inn Road side, still preserve the memory of its most distinguished inhabitant, whilst a statue of him, by *Pomeroy*, is placed in the centre of South Court. Overlooking Field Court are the picturesque gates which guard the entrance to the garden (once a fashionable promenade, but now closed), forming a good subject for the artist. On the other side of Field Court are "Fulwood's Rents," a curious court abutting on Holborn by a very narrow archway, in size no bigger than a house door. The Benchers have added not a little to the amenity of Theobald's Road, which bounds their domain on the north, by pulling down a high brick wall and replacing it by iron railings.

Issuing into Holborn, a few steps towards the City bring us opposite **Staple Inn**, a picturesque collection of old wooden-gabled houses that have only lately been saved from destruction. Being old and unsafe they were threatened with demolition, but the Inn was bought and repaired in 1886 by the Prudential Assurance Company, and thus one of the most historical bits of old London is spared to us. The present aspect of Staple Inn gives us a good idea of what the old streets of London must have been. Staple Inn is one of the old Inns of Chancery, and derives its name from the Woolstaplers, to whom it once belonged. Here Dr. Johnson lived for a while, and here, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, he wrote, in the evenings of one week, his "Rasselas."

"I went astray in Holborn," says Hawthorne, "through an arched entrance, over which was 'Staple Inn,' . . . but in a court opening inwards from this there was a surrounding seclusion of quiet dwelling-houses, with beautiful green shrubbery and grass-plots in the court, and a great many sun-flowers in full bloom . . . There was . . . not a quieter spot in England than this. In all the hundreds of years since London was built, it has not been able to sweep its roaring tide over that little island of quiet."

And Dickens thus alludes to it in "Edwin Drood":—

"Behind the most ancient part of Holborn, where certain gabled houses some centuries of age still stand looking on the public way, . . . is a little nook composed of two irregular quadrangles, called 'Staple Inn.' It is one of those nooks, the turning into which out of the

"clashing street imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears and velvet soles on his boots. It is one of those nooks where a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees, as though they called to one another, 'Let us play at country.'"

The humble passage to **Barnard's Inn** is under a hair-dresser's, a little farther down the same side of Holborn. This was a little Inn of Chancery, once called "Mackworth's Inn," because in the time of Henry VI., Mackworth, Dean of Lincoln, dwelt here. The Mercers' Company, which acquired the Inn some years ago, have built red-brick schools here, preserving the old hall of the Inn, however, as the school dining-room. Opposite, again, was **Furnival's Inn**, the abode for a short period of Dickens, and an Inn of Chancery. The fine Gothic building, in red-brick, of the Prudential Assurance Company occupies its site. Close by were Scroope's and Thavies' Inns, now destroyed. Thavies' Inn, which stood close to the present site of St. Andrew's Church, was the most ancient of any of the Inns, and was burnt down at the end of the eighteenth century.

From Furnival's Inn, a short five minutes down the picturesque and winding "Fetter Lane" (so called from the "faiitors" or beggars who once infested this quarter) takes us to **Clifford's Inn**—whose picturesque roofs survived the Great Fire—reached by a humble flagged alley. There are three things to notice in Clifford's Inn: its little bit of turf and trees, its quiet, and its having been the residence of Robert Pullock, the author of "Peter Wilkins." "Here, also, were the chambers of the six attorneys of the Marshalsea Court, a fact which made this little spot the fountain-head of more misery than any whole county in all England." The Inn is for sale, but has not yet been demolished. **Serjeants' Inn**, which opens out of Clifford's Inn, was another small Inn of Chancery, originally intended only for judges and serjeants-at-law—"Serjeants" being supposed to come from the Freres Serjens, or Fratres Servientes—the lower grade or servitors of the Knights Templars. One of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims was a "serjeant-of-lawe."

Emerging from Serjeants' Inn on to Chancery Lane, we reach the new buildings of the *Public Record Office*. This edifice, finished in 1896, has a handsome façade looking down on to Chancery Lane from the east side. The older **Record Office**, east of the new building, is in the Tudor style, with a conspicuous and handsome tower, and adjoins Fetter Lane; it was built 1851-66, by Pennethorne, for the

custody of legal records and State papers that for a long time had been much neglected. A reading-room was necessary to this palace of archives; the documents increased and the building soon became full; in 1870 a new wing was opened; later, it again required enlargement, and Sir John Taylor, architect and surveyor to the Board of Works, planned a splendid edifice in accord with Penne-  
*thorne's* original design, and of which the Record Office, as it had up to then been known, should form but a small portion. The buildings will eventually form a splendid pile of Tudor architecture, round a large quadrangle. The *Rolls Chapel*, which formerly occupied



Record Office.

Sketch by

Herbert Railton.

the space between the older part and the newer, has been worked into the architect's scheme. The buildings, for the sake of the valuable documents which they shelter are made fireproof with much pains, the doors and case-  
 ments being of iron and the bookshelves of slate. The recent building of this new portion of the Record Office has considerably altered the look of all this legal quarter.

In this new wing of the Public Record Office is a unique **Museum** (open free, 2-4 p.m., except on Saturdays and Sundays). The historic records of the realm, that for six centuries and more "kept company with gold 'nobles' and miscellaneous treasure in the iron-bound chests of the Exchequer of Receipt at Westminster," or in the strong rooms of the Tower, had been for some years, indeed, gathered together in the older part of the building. The public, too, was admitted to see them, but space failed for exhibition of any but the greatest treasures. When, however, the old *Rolls Yard*, with its house, court and chapel was pulled down, and the new block was built, much more room became available, and the records and treasures are now shown to advantage to the public, duly framed, glazed, encased and docketed. Truly, the Londoner is a fortunate person to have so many treasures ready and waiting to be seen. Here are the most precious possessions of the nation: the



*Domesday Book*, bound in vellum ; the contents of the treasure-chests of Anglo-Norman kings ; the *Magna Charta*, the foundation of English liberty ; the papers relating to the *Gunpowder Plot* ; and royal deeds and charters in legion—thousands of documents arranged in iron presses on shelves of slate. To this "National treasure house" the public are admitted free ; no ticket even is necessary, only the writing of one's name in a book at the door. It is intended that the Museum in its finished shape shall occupy the area of the old *Rolls Chapel*, but, pending the completion of this building, a temporary and admirably-arranged *Museum* has been furnished in the new wing, and it leaves little to be desired. A chronological arrangement has been adopted that enables even the most casual of students to grasp the development of the State archives for eight centuries, and so to make a veritable historical journey round the room. Papal bulls, royal seals, signatures or photographs of sovereigns of England from Richard II. to James I., Exchequer "tallies," registers to original treaties with France—all are arranged for us to see, while the *Domesday chest*, with its heavy iron sheeting and triplicate lock, reminds us of the primitive days of the monarchy, when such a receptacle as this was enough to hold all the State archives !

To the left, a little higher up Chancery Lane, we enter **Lincoln's Inn**. This, one of the most important of the Inns of Court, is so named because built on a site once occupied by the mansion of the Earl of Lincoln, and before that by an ancient monastery of Black Friars. The Gate-house in Chancery Lane was built in 1518 by Sir T. Lovell, whose arms it bears. "It was ornamented," says Mr. Hare, "by inlaid brickwork of different colours, in the style of Hampton Court, and is the only example remaining in London except the gate of St. James's." It is said that Ben Jonson, a poor bricklayer, was found working on this gate with a "Horace" in one hand and a trowel in the other, when some gentlemen, pitying him, gave him money to leave "so mean a calling" and pursue his studies. Mr. Hare, always on the warpath against modern Philistinism, groans that "a generation which can delight in the Albert Hall and Memorial has no admiration to spare for these grand relics," and predicts that the Gateway of Lincoln's Inn will in time share the fate of Northumberland House. But Mr. Hare was nothing if not pessimistic. He certainly had some justification for his remark, for till 1880 a number of towers and gables with Tudor windows stretched along the inner front of the Inn, and greatly contributed to its picturesqueness. But what is left is still very charming ; the courtyards and gateways have a fine look of antiquity, and two of the gables have sun-dials with quaint Latin mottoes. The Perpendicular chapel to the right of the entrance was originally built from the designs of Inigo Jones. Lincoln's Inn has a large revenue, and Sir Thomas More, Shaftesbury, Oliver Cromwell, William Pitt, with

many other distinguished men, were among its members. It has a handsome dining-hall (the New Hall) in the Tudor style, while its library is the oldest in London, and contains many valuable manuscripts.

**Lincoln's Inn Fields**, though hardly so rural as the name implies, is still the largest and shadiest square in London, though Dickens maligned it by calling it the "perplexed and troublous valley of the shadow of the "law." It was laid out by Inigo Jones, and some of the old houses still surviving on the west and south sides are of his design. It is said to have been designed so as to be exactly the size of the base of the Great Pyramid. The Lindseys, Lord Somers, Digby (Earl of Bristol), Montagu (Earl of Sandwich), the Duke of Newcastle, and the Countess of Middlesex resided here at various dates, whilst Lord Kenyon and Erskine, Sir John Soane, and Mr. Spencer Percival occupied houses here during the last century. The large houses have now been partitioned off into offices, and the square is almost entirely inhabited by solicitors. Formerly this was an open space used for assemblies, fairs, etc. The pillory was often set up here, and it has other tragic associations, for it was on this spot that Lord Russell suffered on the scaffold, and the conspirators for Mary, Queen of Scots, were hanged and quartered. The square had in old times a very bad reputation for thieves and criminals: here is what Gay, the poet, said of it —

"Where Lincoln's Inn's wide space is railed around,  
"Cross not with venturous step; there oft is found  
"The lurking thief."

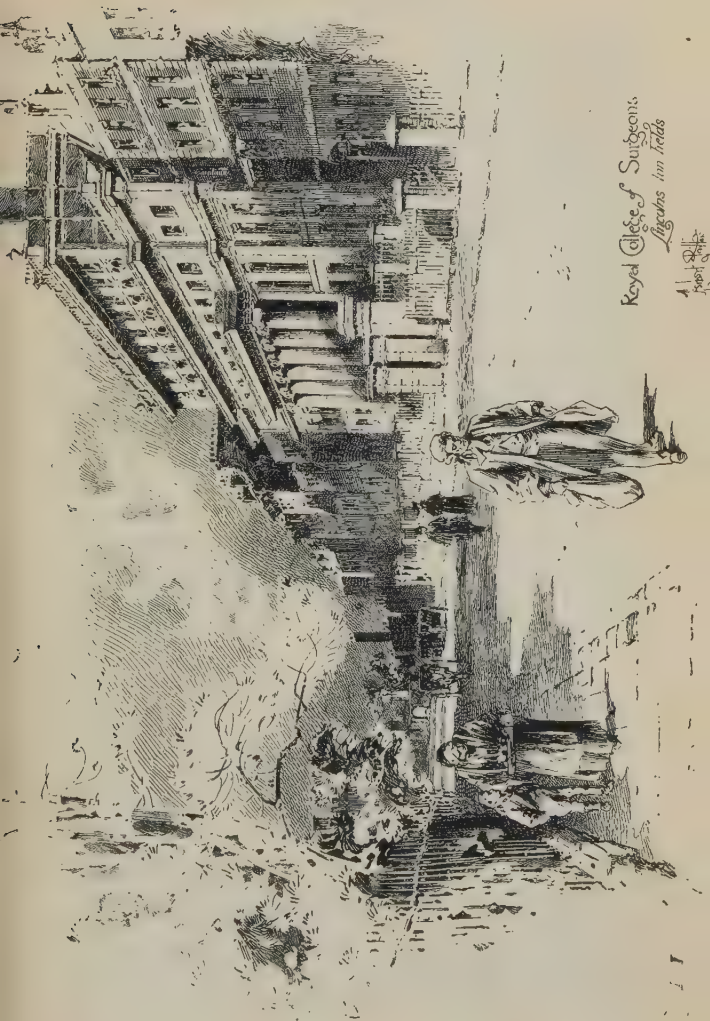
On the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields is the **Royal College of Surgeons**, erected in 1835, from the designs of Barry: it contains the celebrated *Museum of Anatomy and Pathology*, founded by John Hunter, whose picture, by Reynolds, with many other portraits and busts of famous surgeons, adorns the council-room of the College. In the fine library is preserved the cartoon for Hogarth's picture of the grant of the charter to the Barber-Surgeons.

The **Museum** (to the right of the entrance) was intended to illustrate, "as far as possible, the whole subject of life, by preparations of the bodies "in which its phenomena are represented." It contains two chief departments, *viz.*, the *Physiological* series, showing animal organs and bones in a normal state, and the *Pathological* series, showing them in an abnormal or diseased state. The Museum is divided into three halls, named respectively *Western, Middle and Eastern*; in the centre of the room we first enter, the *Western Museum*, is the skeleton of a Greenland whale; south of the hall is a marble statue of Hunter, by Weekes. The wall cases on the right contain eastern and other mummies, skulls of

different nations, deformed skeletons, etc. In the case at the upper end of the room is the skeleton of an Irish giant, 7 ft. 7 in. high; adjoining which, under a glass shade, is that of a Sicilian dwarf, a girl of ten years, 20 inches in height. The *Middle Museum* contains the paleontological collection; in the centre are antediluvian skeletons, a gigantic stag or elk from Limerick, giant armadillos and sloths, from Buenos Ayres; the huge megatherium, restored; and some fossil remains of the great extinct elephant or mammoth. The *Eastern Museum* contains the osteological series; here are skeletons of the large mammalia, notably that of the elephant Chinese, 12 ft. 4 in. high; the poor brute, after many years' exhibition, becoming unmanageable, had at last to be shot, but did not die till its body had received more than one hundred bullets. The skeleton of the horse "Orlando," a Derby winner, is preserved here, also that of the first tiger shot by the Prince of Wales when in India. Round each of the rooms run two galleries, containing numerous preparations in spirit—mostly bottled diseases. A room entered from the Eastern Museum contains a collection of surgical instruments. (Visitors are admitted by written orders from members of the College, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from 10 to 4 in winter and 10 to 5 in summer. The Museum is closed during September. A guide, or synopsis, is sold at the Museum, price 6d.)

On the north side of the square is the curious **Soane Museum**, given as a legacy to the nation by Sir John Soane, the architect of the Bank of England. It is open free from 11 to 5 on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, in April, May, June, July and August, and on Tuesdays and Thursdays in February and March (strangers generally admitted at other times also), and it is well worth a visit, for it contains, besides an interesting collection of books, MSS. and antiquities, a great many pictures, and among them a large collection of Hogarths, notably that well-known series called "A Rake's Progress."

THE SOANE MUSEUM, which we owe to the public-spiritedness and also to the eccentricity of Sir John Soane, an eminent architect, is really an ordinary dwelling-house turned into a museum, and was intended by its donor to show "the artistic and instructive purposes to which it is possible to devote an English private residence." Its contents are most interesting, and deserve to be better known by the general public. The house with its contents, which is just as its owner left it, was called by Mrs Jameson "a fairy palace of *vertu*," while Dr. Waagen said that "the crowded and labyrinthine house leaves an impression as of a feverish dream." The collection is certainly very diversified in character, and it occupies no less than twenty-four rooms, every little corner being also ingeniously turned to account. Of course, among so many objects all are not of prime interest, but among the most valuable are the pictures, and the Egyptian and Oriental antiquities. In the Pompeian *Dining-room*, which the visitor first enters, are *Lawrence's* portrait of *Sir John Soane*, and Reynolds' "Snake in the Grass," a replica of the National Gallery picture. The ceiling paintings are by *Henry Howard, R.A.* Now, passing some small rooms, we enter first the *Museum*, containing marbles, etc., and then to the right, the *Picture Gallery*, where are the eight pictures of Hogarth's "A Rake's Progress," and the four of another series, "The Election;" also two Venetian pictures by *Canaletto*, "The Rialto" and "The Piazza of St. Mark." This picture room has moveable panels, which serve as double walls, on each side of which are hung the pictures. The rooms on the ground floor are hung with statuary, models, etc., and



Royal College of Surgeons  
*Angels in Fields*

Al. D. 1845  
Post 1845

behind the cast of the *Apollo Belvedere* is another picture gallery, with a Canaletto, two Turners, etc. From the hall with the columns we descend into a sort of crypt, where, after wandering through an extraordinary and heterogeneous number of casts and ancient relics, we reach the most interesting object of the whole collection, a splendid Egyptian sarcophagus, discovered in 1817, in a royal tomb near ancient Thebes, and covered with hieroglyphics—no less than the tomb of Seti I., father of Rameses the Great. On the south of this dimly-lit chamber is the *Monument Court*, with architectural groups of various nations. A small room called *The Monk's Parlour* has its walls covered with fragments and casts of mediæval buildings. In the *Monk's Yard* are Gothic fragments of the ancient palace at Westminster, arranged to resemble a ruined cloister. The *Drawing-rooms* (on the first floor) contain, among other treasures, a carved ivory and gilt table from Tippoo Sahib's palace at Seringapatam, while the *Library* has many beautifully illuminated MSS. and other literary curiosities accessible to the student. A general description of the contents of the Museum, price 6d., is to be had on the premises.

Sir John Soane, who died in 1837, carried his eccentricity so far as to play, by his will, a little *post-mortem* joke on the nation he benefited. This he did by provisos that three sealed cupboards—like Bluebeard's cupboards—in his museum house should not be opened till respectively thirty, fifty and sixty years after his death. Which cupboards being dutifully and ceremoniously opened, in presence of a grave assemblage of trustees, on the said dates—the last being quite recent—lo and behold ! nothing was found on any occasion but worthless papers, relating either to accounts or to family quarrels. Let us hope that the shade of the testator was amused by this practical joke !

Leaving Lincoln's Inn Fields again, in the direction of the Strand, we pass the large *King's College Hospital*, and the squalid and crowded neighbourhood of *Clare Market*, arriving, in a few minutes, at **Clement's Inn**, a small Inn of Chancery close to the church of **St. Clement Danes**, in the Strand, and called after the "fair fountain" of Clement's Well, which formerly existed here. Oliver Cromwell lived near here, as a student of Lincoln's Inn. In old days, the quiet garden square of Clement's Inn contained a curious kneeling figure of a Moor supporting a sun-dial, on which a clever squib (after the manner of the Roman "pasquinades") was once found attached :—

"From cannibals thou fled'st in vain,  
 "Lawyers less quarter give;  
 "The first won't eat you till you're slain,  
 "The last will do't alive."

The "Moor" is now removed to the garden of the Inner Temple.

And now, emerging on to the *Strand*, we turn our faces again city-wards. A few minutes' walk will take us to where the Strand becomes *Fleet Street*, and just here, on the right, is the picturesque gateway built by Wren, which leads to the **Middle Temple**. The Inner and the Middle Temple are the most historically interesting of any of the



Inns of Court, They occupy the whole large area between Fleet Street and the Victoria Embankment on one side, and Whitefriars to Essex Street, Strand, on the other. The Temple, as its name indicates, was originally the abode of those soldier priests, so picturesque in history, the Knights Templar, who moved here from Holborn in 1184, and attained to great power and riches during the years of their prowess in the Crusades. At first austere and earnest, they degenerated in the course of time into a corrupt and useless body, and being also proud, arrogant and rich, they were persecuted and spoiled, and their order at length formally abolished by the Pope. In the fourteenth century, therefore, the Temple having lapsed to the Crown, it was leased to the lawyers, and in the year 1609 it was declared by royal decree the free, hereditary property of the Corporation of the Inner and the Middle Temple. From its unique history, it is rich not only in relics of the past, but also in literary associations. Thus, Spenser writes of the Temple :—

“ those bricky towers,  
 “ ‘The which on ‘Thames’ broad aged back doe ride,  
 “ ‘Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,  
 “ ‘There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,  
 “ ‘Till they decayed through pride.”

And Shakespeare makes the Temple Gardens the spot whence were plucked the red and white roses that were assumed in the Civil Wars as the badges of York and of Lancaster, and makes Warwick say (*Henry VI., Part I., Act II.*) :—

“ This brawl to-day,  
 “ Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,  
 “ Shall send, between the red rose and the white,  
 “ A thousand souls to death and deadly night.”

The *Temple Gardens*, it is true, no longer grow roses, for the smoky atmosphere now forbids such an attempt, but the gardens are still famous for their yearly show of chrysanthemums, which is one of the special autumn sights for every visitor to London.

From the Middle Temple Gateway, a few steps farther down *Fleet Street* lead us to the second, or **Inner Temple** Gate-house, traditionally said to have been the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey. Once it was very picturesque, but only a fragment of the ornamental portion now remains, adorned with the feathers of Henry, Prince of Wales. The sides of this gate bear the arms of the Inner Temple—a Pegasus. The gate of the Middle Temple bears the lamb with the banner of innocence, and



the red cross, which was the badge of the Templars. Of these armorial bearings, it has been ironically said of the lawyers :—

“ The *Lamb* sets forth their innocence,  
“ The *Horse* their expedition.”

The **Temple Church**, or St. Mary's, the most interesting relic of the whole enclosure, belongs in common to the Inner and to the Middle Temple. The church, which only just escaped the Great Fire (it destroyed most of the Inner Temple), is divided into two sections, the Round Church and the Choir. The former is a small circular church—a Norman edifice admirably enriched—built by the Knights Templar in 1185, after their return from the second crusade. It is one of the only five remaining round churches in England, and is built in recollection of the Round Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The choir, in the Early English style, was added in 1240. During the Protectorate the ceiling paintings were whitewashed, and the old church afterwards got so dilapidated that it was necessary to thoroughly restore it—a proceeding which some antiquarians loudly deplore—in 1839. Lawyers used formerly to receive their clients in the Round Church, each occupying his special post like a merchant “ on change.” The preacher of the church is called “ the Master of the Temple” Hooker and Sherlock were among the “ Masters.” In the Round Church are nine *Monuments of Templars* of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, recumbent mailed figures of dark marble, recalling Spenser's lines :—

“ And on his breast a bloudie cross he bore,  
“ The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,  
“ For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,  
“ And dead, as living, ever Him adored.”

On the stair leading to the encircling Triforium is a penitential cell, 4 ft. 6 in. × 2 ft. 6 in., with slits towards the church, through which the prisoner, unable to lie down, could still hear mass. Here the unhappy Walter le Bachelier, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, was starved to death for disobedience to the Master of the Templars. The church is entered by a grand Norman arch under the western porch.

By the side of a paved walk along the north side of the church is a modern monument (1860) to *Oliver Goldsmith*, who is buried here. Nos. 1 and 2, Inner Temple Lane, where Dr. Johnson and Lamb respectively lived, have been replaced by *Dr. Johnson's Buildings*. In *Crown*

*Office Row* Lamb was born. In *Tanfield Court*, old Mrs. Duncomb with her companion and maid was murdered by a "laundress" called Sarah Malcolm, who was hanged in 1732, and is celebrated as having "sat" to Hogarth, the painter, two days before her execution, dressed all "in scarlet." Turning to the Middle Temple, its prettiest nook is the far-famed *Fountain Court*, well known to lovers of Dickens, for was it not here that little Ruth Pinch used to come and meet her brother and her lover, and then how "merrily the fountain "leaped and danced, "and merrily the smiling dimples twinkled and expanded "more and more, until they broke into a laugh against "the basin's rim and vanished." Here, too, in this court, is *Middle Temple Hall*, a fine Elizabethan building used as a dining-room, and notable for its handsome old oak ceiling. Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was acted in this hall during the poet's lifetime.

Charles Lamb, who knew the Temple as well as any man, thus describes it lovingly;—

"I was born and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple. "Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountains, its river I had almost "said—for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a "stream that watered our pleasant places?—these are my oldest recollections. . . . What an antique air had the now almost effaced "sun-dials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that Time "which they measured." . . .

But for us, too, the sun-dial will now have measured the fleeting hours; we have finished our afternoon's ramble through the Inns, ending with the greatest. If we have done our work properly it will be getting dark, even for a summer evening, and as we emerge on to the Temple Avenue and the Embankment, the city and river will lie before us like a pale "nocturne in grey and gold, the 'gold' being the deceitful lights of London," which, twinkling invitingly from myriad lamps, seem to illuminate not a large and murky town, but an enchanted and glittering palace.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Oxford Street—from Holborn Circus  
to Notting Hill Gate.

"Thou lengthy street of ceaseless din,  
 "Like culprit's life extending,  
 "In famed St. Giles's doth begin,  
 "At fatal Tyburn ending."

—*John Wilson Croker.*

"Oxford Street, the stony-hearted step-mother."

—*De Quincey.*

"On the spot where Tom Idle (for whom I have an unaffected pity) made his exit from this wicked world, and where you see the hangman smoking his pipe as he reclines on the gibbet and views the hills of Harrow or Hampstead beyond—a splendid marble arch, a vast and modern city—clean, airy, painted drab, populous with nursery-maids and children, the abodes of wealth and comfort—the elegant, the prosperous, the polite Tyburnia rises, the most respectable district in the habitable globe!"—*Thackeray.*

OXFORD STREET is the longest and straightest of the main arteries of London, and though unequal in point of view of architecture, it is improving in appearance so steadily that it ought soon to be also the finest. It certainly contains some of the finest and most frequented shops. It is only called "Oxford Street" from Tottenham Court Road to Edgware Road: but, with its nearer prolongations of New Oxford Street and Holborn on the east, Bayswater Road and Uxbridge Road on the west, it extends in a perfectly straight line all the way from Holborn to Notting Hill Gate, running more or less parallel to the other great artery of Piccadilly and Knightsbridge (*see* Chap. XXIII.). We will suppose ourselves to journey along it on the top of an omnibus. From Holborn Circus, the convenient light-green "Bayswater" omnibus will take us the entire distance for the moderate outlay of threepence. We shall not have long to wait: here it comes,

"its stately form arrayed  
 "In richest hues of green and gold,"

as Calverley's poem puts it.

At Holborn Circus is an equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort. North of the Circus, branches off the new road to Smithfield, called *Charterhouse Street*, and south of it is the church of **St. Andrew**, which escaped the Great Fire, but was nevertheless rebuilt by Wren in 1686. It contains some good stained glass. Lord Beaconsfield was baptized here, and also Savage, the poet.

The church, which used to stand much above the roadway, is now considerably beneath it, owing to the changes caused by the making of the Viaduct. There is a curious relief of the Day of Judgment against its north outside wall. Almost opposite the church, on the north side of the road, is the entrance to **Ely Place**, formerly the site of the historical palace of the Bishops of Ely. Here now are merely two rows of modern houses (including the offices of the famous solicitors, Lewis and Lewis), but the locality has a long and eventful history. The only relic now remaining of the old palace is **Ely Chapel** (now a Roman Catholic Chapel, St. Etheldreda's). It escaped the fire of 1666, and, although lately restored, is still a good example of fourteenth century work; it retains its ancient oaken roof. The rose garden and strawberries of old Ely Place were famous, and Shakespeare alludes to the latter in "Richard III.," when he makes the Duke of Gloucester say to the bishop:

"My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn  
 "I saw good strawberries in your garden there;  
 "I do beseech you, send for some of them!"

*Ely Place Garden* was leased by one of the bishops to Sir Christopher Hatton, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, and Lord Chancellor; but the prelate retained the right, not only of walking in the gardens, but of gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly. (A sad thing it is to reflect, in this connection, that in these days of soot and manufacture, roses will not grow in any part of London—much less Holborn—at any price.) The names of the neighbouring "Saffron Hill," (made notorious by Dickens as the locality of the Thieves' Kitchen kept by Fagin) and Vine Street, still bear witness to the renowned gardens of Ely Place. Sir Christopher Hatton, financed by the Queen, spent much money upon Ely Place, which the bishop had agreed to repay. It was when Elizabeth found the said payment not forthcoming, that the following historical letter was written in the Queen's own pithy epistolary style:

"Proud Prelate!—I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement, but I would have you to know that I, who made you what you are, can unmake you; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by God I will immediately unfrock you.—ELIZABETH."

John o'Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," died in Ely Place. The name of Sir Christopher Hatton is perpetuated in the neighbouring *Hatton Garden*. Opposite Ely Place, on the south side of Holborn Circus, was

*Thavies' Inn*. Proceeding westward along Holborn, we come to *Fetter Lane*, a narrow winding street running south towards the Strand; almost exactly opposite it, *Leather Lane* trends north, a street principally inhabited by Italians and their instruments of torture, the street organs that make London hideous to the sensitive, and delight the hearts of children, who dance so beautifully to their wheezy tunes. Italian plaster image makers also live here. *Leather Lane* should be visited on a Saturday night, as it is a costers' market, and interesting to such as wish to know how the poor live. On the same side of Holborn was *Furnival's Inn*, and opposite it is *Barnard's Inn*. On the north side, opposite the wonderfully picturesque and carefully restored gables of *Staple Inn* (see p. 315), is *Brooke Street*; in the garret of a house in this street, the young poet, Thomas Chatterton, committed suicide, in 1770—

"the marvellous boy,  
"The sleepless soul that perished in his pride."

The house No. 39—that of "Mrs. Angell, the sail-maker"—was destroyed in 1880. At the end of *Brooke Street*, in Baldwin's Gardens, is the gate of the church of **St. Alban's**, Holborn, opened 1865. It is a handsome brick edifice built by Butterfield, and celebrated for the high ritual and devoted labours of its late vicar. Mr. A. H. Mackonochie. *Baldwin's Gardens*, as well as *Fulwood's Rents* (see p. 315), opening on to Holborn, opposite Chancery Lane, have had from of old a bad character, owing to their having been "places of sanctuary," by royal charter, for criminals and debtors. Nearly opposite *Brooke Street* stood old *Holborn Bars*, the city boundary, demolished in 1867. Now on the north comes in the wide and dreary thoroughfare of *Gray's Inn Road* (formerly called *Gray's Inn Lane*), extending to King's Cross, with its *Great Northern Railway Terminus* and Hotel. It is by *Gray's Inn Lane* that Fielding's hero, Tom Jones, is described as entering London, to put up at the "Bull and Gate," in Holborn. In *Gray's Inn Road* are the *Royal Free Hospital* (for the free admission of the sick poor) and the *Ophthalmic Hospital*. Just opposite the *First Avenue Hotel* and the gateway of *Gray's Inn* (see p. 314), is the opening of *Chancery Lane*, which trends south to Fleet Street. Now the street of Holborn widens out considerably, and the shops put on a more interesting and "West-end" appearance. *Bedford Row* (see Chap. XXVII.), lies to the north, beyond *Hand*

*Court*, and a little further on *Red Lion Street* and *Dean Street* lead to *Red Lion Square* (see Chap. XXVII.). The *Red Lion Inn* was just opposite the "George and Blue Boar," at No. 285, High Holborn. This last-named inn is chiefly celebrated for having been a last "house of call" for condemned criminals on their way to execution at "Tyburn" (at the Marble Arch), in the days when Holborn was dubbed the "Heavy Hill," just as at Venice the prison bridge was named the "Bridge of Sighs." In Gay's "Beggar's Opera," allusion is made to this custom, and to the nosegays presented to the victims at St. Sepulchre's Church. Going to execution, in olden days, was a kind of triumphal progress, and fine ladies watched the procession from the crowded windows of Holborn. Thus, with regard to the "George and Blue Boar," Swift says of "Tom Clinch";

"As clever Tom Clinch, when the rabble was bawling,  
 "Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling,  
 "He stopt at the George for a bottle of sack,  
 "And promised to pay for it when he came back. . . .  
 "And as from the windows the ladies he spied,  
 "Like a beau in a box he bow'd low on each side."

Holborn (which at its western or hilly end is called High Holborn) is named from the "**Hole and Bourne**" or Hollow Bourne, which in ancient days flowed a clear stream through a valley here to join the Turnmill Brook, and growing foul and insanitary, was done away with and converted to an underground sewer. A few steps beyond Dean Street, *Southampton Row* opens on the north, and *Kingsway* on the south (leading to the Strand). At the east corner of the Kingsway is the Holborn Station of the King's Cross and Piccadilly tube; at the west corner, *Holborn Restaurant*, a large establishment, very handsomely decorated inside. Public dinners are often given here. A little farther on is *Hart Street*, leading past **St. George's Church**, Bloomsbury, with its curious steeple (see Chap. XXVII.), to Theobald's Road and Clerkenwell. Close by Hart Street, *Museum Street* (leading to the *British Museum*, (see Chap. XII.), opens north, and just at its corner is the well known *Mudie's Circulating Library*. Now several streets lead down towards Seven Dials and the Strand, among them *Drury Lane* (see p. 305), and *Endell Street*. *Bedford Chapel*, in Endell Street, where Mr. Stopford Brooke used to preach, is now pulled down. From Drury Lane, Holborn becomes **New Oxford Street**, and the numbering of the shops begins anew, making the locality often very puzzling



to strangers. The shops just here are devoted to special patents and mechanical appliances. Still proceeding westward, the fine offices of Messrs. A. & F. Pears, the soap makers, will be noticed on the left. Here is a charming gallery of pictures always on view, the pictures bought by the firm for the purpose of reproduction as artistic advertisement "posters," notably the delightful painting called "Bubbles," and the original of the ubiquitous statuette known as "You Dirty Boy!" The place, which has a handsome entrance-hall and fountain, is well worth a visit.

Just at the east corner of Tottenham Court Road are the large buildings of Meux's Brewery. And now we come to **Tottenham Court Road** itself, the wide and noisy thoroughfare that extends from Oxford Street to Euston Road, the extremest limit of the West End and of fashion, the street of furniture shops and brass shops. Beyond Euston Road it becomes the **Hampstead Road**, the dreary street, scored with innumerable tram-lines, that extends north to Camden Town and Highgate. And yet, not so much as three centuries ago, even "Totten Court" or "Tothnam Court" was a country manor in the fields, the summer evening haunt of Londoners. George Wither wrote in 1628 :

"And Hogsdone, Islington, and Tothnam Court  
"For cakes and creame had then no small resort."

And here is its modern description (quoted by Mr. Hare from the "Speaker," in 1891) :

"Sunlight reveals no fresh beauties in Tottenham Court Road, and "gaslight cannot glorify it. It remains sordid—sordid in its virtues, "sordid in its vices. It has not the brilliant activity of the City, nor the "wealth and repose of the West. There are few less inspiring places "in London."

On the right in this road, at the corner of Great Russell Street (which leads to the British Museum), is the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association (removed from Exeter Hall). Further up Tottenham Court Road, on the left, is the *Whitefield Memorial Church*, built in 1899 on the site of Whitefield's Tabernacle; it was known as "Whitefield's Soul Trap," and was built by the celebrated preacher in 1756 (*see* p. 136). His wonderful oratory attracted enormous crowds of both ignorant and educated. His pulpit is still preserved, in which also John Wesley preached. Goodge Street, leading west out of Tottenham Court Road, has a Saturday costers' market. Close to the Oxford Street end of the

street, opposite the *Horseshoe Restaurant*, is the narrow entrance to Hanway Street, a small and ancient by-way, filled with shops of rare embroideries and old silver, of curious Dutch and English origin; its other end abuts in Oxford Street. It has been identified as the street in which the "Cohens," of George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda" lived. From its junction with Tottenham Court Road, New Oxford Street becomes simply **Oxford Street**.

This junction is of five cross-roads, noisy with omnibuses, flower-girls, and paper sellers. On the south, the new *Charing Cross Road* (see p. 305), runs down to Trafalgar Square, and west, High Street, leads to Shaftesbury Avenue. The kaleidoscope of shops still continues; indeed, an unbroken line of them extends from Holborn Circus to the Marble Arch. Oxford Circus in "sale times" is almost impassable. The street numbering now once more begins anew; at No. 14, is the "Oxford" Music Hall, a popular "theatre of varieties." We now pass, on the left, the region of *Soho*, with Dean Street and Wardour Street (see p. 311). On the right are *Newman Street*, with its shops for artists' materials; *Berners Street*, with its music shops; and *Wells Street*, with its church of **St. Andrews'**, famed far and wide for its beautiful singing. **All Saints' Church**, Margaret Street (just out of Wells Street), is close by; its services and ritual are equally renowned; and its interior is the richest in London, with alabaster, marble, stained windows, encaustic pavement, and really beautiful sculpture. The architect of this handsome modern Gothic church was Mr. Butterfield. The place in its chancel usually occupied by the east window is filled with mural paintings by the late W. Dyce, R.A. It is to be regretted that the "dim religious light" admitted into the church hardly allows them to be properly seen, and that the paintings themselves have fallen into a state of bad preservation. Near Wells Street is the *Princess's Theatre*, built originally as a bazaar, and best known under the management of Mr. Charles Kean. Nearly opposite it is the *Pantheon*, an imposing building that has been successively a concert room, a theatre, and a bazaar; and which is now utilised by Messrs. Gilbey as a wine warehouse. It was once called the "Winter Ranelagh."

The intersection of Regent Street now forms the space called **Oxford Circus** (sometimes also, in error, *Regent Circus*), noted for its gay assemblage of flower-girls, and for its brilliant array of fashionable drapers' and milliners'

shops. Here the "West End" may truly be said to begin. Beyond the circus, on the right, is *Cavendish Square* (see Chap. XXVI.), leading to *Harley Street* and *Wimpole Street*, mostly dedicated to the medical profession. (*Wimpole Street* is the "long unlovely street" of Tennyson's "In Memoriam.") At a house in *Queen Anne Street*—which crosses *Harley Street* just north of *Cavendish Square*—lived the artist, J. M. W. Turner (the house in his day was No. 47, but it is now rebuilt as No. 23), and here he kept his famous gallery of pictures, cobwebbed and dirty, living like a hermit with no one but a wretched old woman to tend him and clean his house, which in consequence was always easily known from its neighbours by its dirt and neglect. "Other houses got done up and painted from time to time; this one, never." In *Harley Street*, Mr. Gladstone was living during the "Jingo" excitement of 1876, in consequence of which one night, his windows were smashed; at No. 38 in this street also lived "Barry Cornwall" (Bryan Waller Procter), and his daughter Adelaide, the poetess, wrote many of her poems here. On the left of the Circus are *Hanover Square* (see Chap. XXVI.) and *New Bond Street*. **New Bond Street** is reputed a most fashionable and costly shopping-place, for "*articles de luxe*" generally: its shops are quite Parisian in appearance. Here are many world-famed perfumers, with jewellers and other Court tradesmen: and here also many Fine Art galleries. The upper parts of many of the houses are let as fashionable apartments:

"There are the windows of (Thackeray's) Harry Warrington's 'lodgings in Bond Street, 'at the court end of the town;' geraniums and 'lobelias flourish in them to this day, and no doubt they are let to some 'sprig of fashion; but to me they are Harry's rooms, hired from Mr. 'Ruff, the milliner's husband; and the 'Archie' or 'Bertie' in possession 'to-day is a mere interloper, whom Gumbo would have politely shown 'downstairs.'—*Byways of Fiction in London*.

At No. 35, *New Bond Street*, is the *Doré Picture Gallery*, now the "Gallery of Sacred Art": at No. 47 is the *Hanover Gallery*; at No. 135, the *Grosvenor Club*, with pleasant rooms where ladies and gentlemen can have tea together. At No. 136 was the "*Grosvenor Gallery*" in past years; it now forms part of the club. At No. 147, Lord Nelson lived in 1797. At its junction with *Conduit Street*, *New Bond Street* becomes *Old Bond Street* (see p. 357).

Returning to *Oxford Street*, a little beyond *New Bond Street* (Central London tube station) is *Duke Street*, leading to **Grosvenor Square**, which has

been for a century-and-a-half the most fashionable place of residence in London. John Wilkes, the demagogue, lived at No. 45. No. 44 was the house in which the "Cato Street Conspirators," under Thistlewood, plotted (in 1820) that the Ministers of the Crown were to be murdered while dining with Lord Harrowby, President of the Council. But the plot was discovered just in time, and the conspirators were seized and hanged. In Grosvenor Square, as in Bloomsbury, old iron work and old torch extinguishers may be noticed before some of the doors. This aristocratic square was proud of its torches, or "flambeaux" as they were called, and refused to adopt gas until driven to do so by public opinion. This whole district, bounded by Oxford Street and Piccadilly, Pall Mall and Park Lane, is known as **Mayfair** (see Chap. XXIV.), and is the very centre of fashion, rents being higher here than in any other quarter. Oxford Street here is the "dividing line," for the streets and squares north of it are already less sought after. *Portman Square*, however, reached by Portman Street, is noted as containing the town mansion of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and in *Manchester Square*, close by, is the Wallace Collection in *Hertford House* (see Chap. XI.). Farther north, the streets recede into the comparative dowdiness and obscurity of the *Marylebone Road*, or further west, into the "debateable ground" of Paddington and Bayswater. *Baker Street*, leading straight to the Marylebone Road and to Madame Tussaud's wax-works (see Chap. XXVI.), opens north of Oxford Street; its southern part is called *Orchard Street*. It is a street of photographers. M. Taine has rather unkindly in his "Notes sur l'Angleterre," called this whole district "a funereal vista of broad, interminable streets, with nothing to catch or amuse the eye." He must have seen it in a November fog, for it is not so bad as that. The shops on the north side of Oxford Street are attractive to various classes of shoppers, especially to book-lovers and dress-lovers. For the former the large building of the "Times Book Club" caters; as for the latter, the street is rapidly becoming a continuous line of drapers' shops, which vie with each other not only in the attractiveness of their wares, but in magnitude of architectural effect. The façade of "Selfridge's"—an enormous building of Portland stone, columns, iron and glass—is the latest addition to the number. In Wigmore Street, which runs parallel to Oxford Street a little further north, a new building for

Debenham & Frebody is also a notable addition to London's shop-architecture.

Just before reaching the Marble Arch, *Park Lane* (see Chap. XXIV.), opens on the south, with its vista of beautiful palaces and flowering trees, overlooking Hyde Park itself, which spreads like a green carpet before us. Here, in the centre of an open space, stands the **Marble Arch** a triumphal arch in the style of the Roman Arch of Constantine (of which some have called it a "caricature") erected by Nash at a cost of £75,000; it was originally raised by George IV. at the entrance of Buckingham Palace, but was removed here in 1851. The Marble Arch, when cleaned (a process it often needs in the London atmosphere), has nevertheless a fine appearance. Its south reliefs are by *Baily*, its north by *Westmacott*: its bronze gates are admirable. The open space has been formed by setting back the entrances to the Park—an improvement which London owes to the suggestion of Mr. F. W. Spraight, and which has sensibly relieved the congestion of traffic, as well as giving greater dignity to the arch.

Close by this corner of Hyde Park, was the ancient *Tyburn*, where public executions took place before they were transferred, in 1783, to Newgate. The condemned were brought here in a cart from Newgate—"thief and parson in a Tyburn cart"—having been presented (see p. 251) with a nosegay and a bowl of ale on the way. Round the gallows were raised seats, which were let to spectators. The district round here is still called "Tyburnia." Here were hung the exhumed bodies of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw (see p. 70), and here suffered a long list of political and criminal offenders, such as *Perkin Warbeck*, for pretending to the Throne (nominally for escaping from the Tower); *Prior Houghton*, of the Charterhouse (see p. 275), and his monks, for speaking against Henry VIII.'s spoliation of Church lands; *Robert Southwell*, the Jesuit poet, for "high treason" (otherwise, his faith); the lovely *Mrs. Turner*, in a yellow ruff, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; *Catherine Hayes*, who was burnt alive by the mob, for the murder of her husband; the notorious *Jack Sheppard*, in the presence of 200,000 people; *Earl Ferrers* (wearing his wedding clothes), for the murder of his steward: the drop was first used for him (1760) instead of the cart; *Mrs. Brownrigg* (see p. 289) for whipping to death her two female apprentices; and *Dr. Dodd*, the divine, for forgery. In connection with the Marble Arch improvements, a triangular stone is inserted in the roadway on the site of the gallows, with the inscription, "Here stood Tyburn Tree. Removed 1759." An original stone, inscribed "Half a mile from Tyburn Gate,"—one of the very few remaining relics of Tyburn—is now fixed on the Edgware Road branch of the Capital and Counties Bank, which premises are situated half-a-mile from the position of the old turnpike gate.

**Edgware Road**, which starts north from the Marble Arch, extends to Paddington, Maida Vale and Kilburn. It follows the line of the ancient Roman road to St. Albans, and is one of the main arteries of London traffic.

Edgware Road leads to St. John's Wood Road, where is *Lord's* well-known *Cricket Ground* (see Chap. XXVI.), so crowded at the fashionable matches; some way down Edgware Road, on the left (opposite *Chapel Street*, is *Harrow Road*, leading to *Paddington Green*, where is a marble statue of *Mrs. Siddons*, the actress, who lies buried in St. Mary's Church, Paddington, close by. The statue is modelled from Reynolds' famous picture of "The Tragic Muse" (see the Dulwich Gallery, Chap. XXXI.), and is the work of the French sculptor, *Chavalliaud*. St. Mary's Church is a Grecian edifice with a cupola and portico; in its churchyard are buried also Hayden and W. Collins, the painters.

Just where Edgware Road joins Oxford Street, on the east, is *Surrey House* (which in the time of its late owner, Lord Battersea) was a beautifully decorated mansion, filled with all kinds of art treasures. After the Marble Arch, our street again changes its name; it is now the **Bayswater Road**, and extends along the pleasant north side of Hyde Park, shaded on one hand by tall trees, and lined on the other by succeeding terraces of stately mansions—Hyde Park Gardens, Lancaster Gate, Inverness Terrace, Palace Court, etc.

A little beyond Edgware Road, and facing Hyde Park, is a small cemetery, belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover Square (open 10 to 4 on Sundays, 2 to 4 on holidays); it contains the grave of *Laurence Sterne* (1768), whose memorial stone—under a plane tree near the western wall—is inscribed, "*Alas! poor Yorick!*" In a vault under the adjoining chapel lies *Mrs. Anne Radcliffe* (1823), authoress of "*The Mysteries of Udolpho*." It is on a tablet in the ante-chapel of this building that the following often mis-quoted epitaph occurs, to a certain *Mrs. Jane Molony*, the relict of three husbands; there is a great deal more of it, but we only give the generally quoted part:—" . . . The said Jane was cousin "to the late Countess of Buckinghamshire. . . . She was hot, "passionate and tender, and a superb drawer in water-colours, which "was much admired in the Exhibition Room at Somerset House some "years past. For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

A beautiful place of rest, still unknown for the most part even to Londoners, is the **Chapel of the Ascension**, built (from designs by H. P. Horne) on the site of the old Mortuary Chapel. The chapel was erected, and the paintings on the interior walls commissioned, by the late Mrs. Russell Gurney. She had been struck in Florence by a small chapel, where no services were held, but which was always open for meditation and prayer; and conceived the idea, which is expressed in the inscription on the left side of the central doorway:—

"Passengers through the busy streets of London,  
Enter this building for rest and silence and prayer.  
Let the pictured walls within speak of the past  
Yet ever continuing ways of God with man."

The paintings (in oil upon canvas, fixed upon slabs of slate, with an air-chamber behind) are by Frederic J. Shields, and depict the story of the Divine Dispensation—Patriarchal, Mosaic and Christian.

*Inverness Terrace* and *Queen's Road* lead directly to the tavern known as the *Royal Oak*, a great starting-point for omnibuses, and beyond it, to the *Great Western Railway Terminus* of *Paddington*. Close to the *Royal Oak* are *Westbourne Park* and *Westbourne Grove*, celebrated more for their enormous shops than for aught else, and visited, on their account solely, by every "country cousin" who comes to the metropolis, the name of the "Universal Provider" being one to conjure with.



After Lancaster Gate is passed, Hyde Park becomes *Kensington Gardens* (see p. 338), and Tyburnia on the other side imperceptibly merges into Bayswater, as we approach High Street, Notting Hill (a corruption of the more countrified "Nutting Hill"), From this point we may proceed, if we like, to **Shepherd's Bush**, with its large common, or to *Kensal Green Cemetery*, by way of Lad-broke Grove ; Kensal Green, the Père-la-Chaise of London in point of interest, but inferior to Highgate Cemetery in natural beauty. We have, however, now reached the extremest limits of Oxford Street, which follows the line of the old Roman road to the south-west of England. Though it is the high road to Oxford, it derives its name merely from the Earl of Oxford, owner of the Manor of Tyburn ; it was formerly called the *Tyburn Road*, and Oxford Street proper ends with Tyburnia.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### Hyde Park, Kensington and Campden Hill —Artistic and Leisured London.

"Hyde Park has still about it something of Arcadia. There are woods and waters, and the occasional illusion of an illimitable distance of sylvan joyance."—*Disraeli*, "*Tancred*."

"Faith, and it's the old Court suburb that you spoke of, is it ? Sure, an' it's a mighty fine place for the quality."—*Old Play*.

"Calm soul of all things ! make it mine

"To feel, amid the city's jar,

"That there abides a peace of thine

"Man did not make, and cannot mar."

—*Matthew Arnold* :

"*Lines written in Kensington Gardens*."

**HYDE PARK**—often called *High Park* by the Cockney, who also persists in calling Westminster "Westminster"—the principal "open space" and recreation ground of London, consists of 390 acres, and is named from an ancient manor called *The Hyde*, which once stood in Knightsbridge. This old manor was a possession of Westminster Abbey, and when Henry VIII. dissolved the monasteries, he had the ground laid out and planted as the first park of London. The park in its early days contained stags and deer, and was used for hunting in Elizabeth's time, but under Charles II., who first laid out the circular drive called "The Ring," it was devoted to horse-racing. Though "The Ring" was already very fashionable in Charles's time, later on it became neglected, and was the scene of frequent duels, notably that between

Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton, in 1712, when both principals were killed. King William III., took a large piece out of the park in order to enlarge Kensington Gardens, he being much attached to Kensington Palace (see p. 341), but he also improved it, as did, later, Queen Caroline, wife of George II., to whom the artificial piece of water called the *Serpentine* (now fed from the Thames) is due. Hyde Park is in our day the recreation-ground of all classes of society. Here, on fine afternoons in the season, the "upper ten"—all that is highest in rank and fashion—walk, or drive in carriages; here, in Rotten Row, may be seen the finest horses and the best riders in the world; here, early in the morning in the *Serpentine*, mudlarks and majors bathe (as the latter, in their letters written to the *Times* in winter, take pains to inform us); here, on the green space opposite the Marble Arch (near what is called the "Reformer's Tree") peaceful political and religious meetings, uninterfered with by the police, take place on Sundays: and here—most touching sight of all—all along the northern (Oxford Street) side of the park, may be seen on summer Sundays working men and tramps lying about on the soft turf, motionless as an army mown down by a Maxim gun, enjoying their birthright for once without any tax, for even here, in much-abused London,

"No price is set on the lavish summer;  
"June may be had by the poorest comer."

The area of Hyde Park forms almost a square, bounded by Oxford Street and Bayswater on the north, Park Lane on the east, Knightsbridge on the south, and Kensington Gardens on the west: it is enclosed by a high iron railing, and provided with nine gates for carriages, as well as a great many smaller ones for pedestrians: all the gates are shut at midnight. The nine carriage entrances are: *Kensington Gate* and *Queen's Gate*, in Kensington Gore, near the Palace; *Prince's Gate* and *Albert Gate*, in Knightsbridge; *Hyde Park Corner*, in Piccadilly; the *Stanhope* and *Grosvenor Gates*, in Park Lane; and the *Cumberland* and *Victoria Gates*, towards Paddington and Bayswater. Of these, the most frequented are the Hyde Park Corner Gate and the Cumberland Gate at the *Marble Arch* (see p. 333), this part of the "Ring" being widely used as a thoroughfare for carriages passing from the Oxford Street to the Piccadilly route. No carts or vans are allowed in the park, and even cabs are only admitted to one roadway across it—that near Kensington Gardens; whilst motor-

cars are not admitted during the crowded hours of the afternoon (4 to 7). **Rotten Row**, said to be a corruption of "Route du Roi," the fashionable *ride* of London, a mile and a half long, extends along the extreme south of the park, and the side-walks adjoining it nearest to Hyde Park Corner are thronged during the season from 12 to 2, just as the corresponding walks beside the parallel **Queen's Drive** are thronged from 4 to 7. These are the sights that always interest visitors to London; and here, on penny green chairs, placed under the broad shady avenues, they are content to sit under the trees and gaze all day long at passing celebrities, count the coroneted carriages, and study the fashions. This, in a word, is the modern "Mall" (*see* Chap. XXV.). Here, by the "Row," also takes place the Sunday "church parade" (from 1 to 2 p.m.), where it is now "the thing" for all the rank and fashion of London to show themselves. The "*Ladies' Mile*" is the name given to that part of the drive north of the Serpentine. In the height of the season the number of carriages is enormous—a black, moving mass. The fashionable lady, who considers "three rounds of the park" her day's due, must, surely, find the process slightly wearisome. In the Ladies' Mile, the *Coaching* and *Four-in-Hand Clubs* meet during the season, making a brilliant display. The flower-beds in the park are always beautiful, but the June rhododendron show is especially famous. The **Serpentine** (a not particularly appropriate name) adds much beauty to the park, as do the shady trees and sylvan expanses of grass around it, the distant view of buildings peering over trees—seen from the bridge crossing it at the west end of the park—being especially enchanting: the blue mist peculiar to London adds a peculiar charm to such views. Boats may be hired on the Serpentine, and skating is extensively practised here in winter. Suicides have also been frequent here; among others, [that of Harriet Westbrook, the unfortunate wife of Shelley. Passing to the monuments of the park, the triple *arch* or *screen* at Hyde Park Corner (*see* p. 362) was erected in 1828, and is due to *Decimus Burton*, who designed the reliefs of the frieze from the Elgin Marbles, now in the British Museum (*see* p. 170). There are three entrances for carriages and two for pedestrians, the structure being supported by Ionic pillars. On a mound just within this gate is the so-called *Achilles Monument*, a large bronze statue by *Westmacott*, inscribed "by the women of England to Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions

in arms." Though popularly called *Achilles*, it is really a (partial) copy of one of the famous figures on Monte Cavallo at Rome; it was cast from cannon captured in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo, and was erected in 1822. In Hamilton Gardens, opposite, is a poor statue (seated) of *Lord Byron*, by *Belt*, erected in 1880, and near it, at the south end of Park Lane, is a handsome *Fountain* by *Hamo Thornycroft*, with sculptured figures of Tragedy, Comedy, Poetry, Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Milton, surmounted by a statue of Fame. West of Hyde Park, and separated from it by a sunk fence, are the beautiful **Kensington Gardens**, of 261 acres—a paradise of lovely sylvan glades and avenues, hardly less picturesque than St. James's Park, and, like the "Tuileries" gardens in Paris, an elysium of the children of the rich and their attendant nurserymaids. And yet, so secluded are some parts of Kensington Gardens that Matthew Arnold could thus write of them :—

"In this lone, open glade I lie,

"Screen'd by deep boughs on either hand;

"And at its end, to stay the eye,

"Those black-crown'd, red boled pine trees stand."

Many other writers have paid their tribute to Kensington Gardens, among them Haydon, the painter (*see* p. 357), who said that "here in Kensington are some of "the most poetical bits of tree and stump, and sunny "brown and green glens and tawny earth"; and Disraeli, who wrote as follows :

"The inhabitants of London are scarcely sufficiently sensible of the "beauty of its environs. On every side the most charming retreats open "to them. . . . In exactly ten minutes it is in the power of every man "to free himself from all the tumult of the world; the pangs of love, the "throbs of ambition, the wear and tear of play, the recriminating boudoir, "the conspiring club, the rattling hell, and find himself in a sublime "sylvan solitude superior to the cedars of Lebanon, and inferior only "in extent to the chestnut forests of Anatolia. It is Kensington Gardens "that is almost the only place that has realized his idea of the forests "of Spenser and Ariosto."

No carriages are allowed to traverse the sacred shades of Kensington Gardens, where the latest innovation is afternoon tea *al fresco*, set out daintily on little tables under the trees by an enterprising club, and much frequented just now by the fashionable world, who consider it "the thing" to be seen having tea there. The gardens were laid out by William and Mary as the grounds of their favourite palace of Kensington. A bridge, erected in 1826, connects them with Hyde Park. The **Round Pond** of Kensington Gardens—a favourite place for children

to sail their toy boats—has on its west side a marble statue of Queen Victoria, by *Princess Louise*, unveiled in 1893 : and on the north of the gardens is a sitting figure of Dr. Jenner, erected in 1823, by *Marshall*. Between the Round Pond and the Serpentine is a bronze cast of an equestrian group by *Watts*, representing "Physical Energy." It was exhibited in the quadrangle of the Royal Academy in 1904 ; the design had occupied some part of the artist's thoughts for thirty years, and he was at work upon it almost to the end of his life. It has been justly complained that the majestic effect of the horse and rider—wrought very roughly and intended to be seen at a considerable height—is lost by the low pedestal on which the authorities have placed it—perhaps only temporarily (1908). The beautiful **Broad Walk** leads through Kensington Gardens, connecting *Bayswater Road* (see p. 334), with *Kensington Gore* (see Chap. XXIII.) ; and finally, on the extreme south of the enclosure, exactly opposite the **Albert Hall**, rises the **Albert Memorial**, a rich and costly monument erected by the Queen and Parliament to the late lamented Prince Consort, on the site, appropriately enough, of the Great Exhibition of 1851, which owed its success in great part to his exertions. Though the monument is certainly a magnificent one (it cost £120,000), and was erected from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott, yet its success as a work of art is doubtful.

The seated bronze statue of the Prince Consort, by *Foley*, of colossal size, and gilded like those of the ancient Roman emperors, occupies a Gothic shrine, with a tall spire surmounted by a cross. The monument is 175 feet high, and is adorned with bronze and marble statues, granite columns, gilding and mosaics, in such richness that the whole effect of it is almost unpleasantly dazzling. The classicism of the pedestal contrasts strangely with the Gothic structure above it ; it is decorated with a large number of statuettes in high relief (169 figures), "representing" (says Mr. Hare) "different painters, sculptors and musicians, "from Hiram and Bezaleel, Cheops and Sennacherib, to Pugin, Barry "and Cockerell !" At the angles of the pedestal are marble groups representing "Agriculture" (*Calder Marshall*), "Industry" (*Weeks*), "Commerce" (*Thornycroft*), and "Architecture" (*Lawlor*). The platform on which the pedestal stands is reached on all sides by granite steps, at the angles of which again are four groups of sculpture, allegorical representations of the four quarters of the globe : Europe (*Macdowell*), Asia (*Foley*), Africa (*Theed*), and America (*Bell*). The canopy of the shrine bears the inscription, in blue mosaic letters on a gold ground :—"Queen Victoria and her people, to the memory of Albert, Prince Consort, as a "tribute of their gratitude for a life devoted to the public good."

The wrought-iron Park Gates, opposite the Albert Memorial, were made for the south transept of the Exhibition Building of 1851. Adjoining Kensington Gardens on the west is **Kensington Palace**, of historical interest as a royal residence. In old times it was called *Nottingham House*, and it was William III. who first made it a royal palace in 1690, when he bought it from the Lord Chancellor and enlarged it, employing Wren to add a storey to the old house and to build the present south front. William, who suffered greatly from asthma, preferred Kensington Palace to any other as a residence, thinking he could breathe more freely in its purer air. Here he lived with his wife Mary, and here they both died; here also Queen Anne and her Danish husband lived and died. In 1721 the Palace was enlarged for George I. by William Kent. George II. was the last sovereign to use it as a residence: but here lived the unfortunate and ill-used wife of George IV., Caroline of Brunswick (*see* p. 42), whose erratic behaviour, in the little "rival court" she kept here, occasionally scandalized the sober inhabitants of "the old court suburb." But Kensington Palace derives, as far as we are concerned, its principal interest from being the birthplace of *Queen Victoria*, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and born on May 24th, 1819. Here the Queen lived during her infancy and early youth, and many are the recollections of her bound up with Kensington Palace and its gardens, where, as Princess Victoria, she used daily to take her walk, or ride in a goat or donkey carriage, attended by her nurses. Often we are to be seen:

"A party consisting of several ladies, a young child, and two men-servants, having in charge a donkey, gaily caparisoned with blue ribbons, and accoutred for the use of the infant . . . who skipped along between her mother and her sister, the Princess Feodore, holding a hand of each. . . . Even at this very early age, the infant Princess took great pleasure in mixing with the people generally, and seldom passed anybody in the gardens, either when riding in her little carriage or upon her donkey, without accosting them with "How do you do?" or "Good morning, sir," or "lady."

The Queen's own recollections of the Palace were not altogether pleasant, as a passage given in her *Letters* shows:—

"My earliest recollections are connected with Kensington Palace, where I can remember crawling on a yellow carpet spread out for that purpose—and being told that if I cried and was naughty my "Uncle Sussex" would hear me and punish me, for which reason I always screamed when I saw him! I had a great horror of bishops on account



of their wigs and aprons, but recollect this being partially got over in the case of the Bishop of Salisbury, by his kneeling down and letting me play with his badge of Chancellor of the Order of the Garter."

A little later, Kensington Palace became the scene of an historical event portrayed in a picture at the Tate Gallery which we have already seen. The chief account of the event, there quoted from the Queen's own diary, may be supplemented by an account for which we are indebted to the "*Diary of a Lady of Quality*":

"At Kensington Palace the Princess Victoria received the intelligence " of the death of William IV., June, 1837. On the 20th, at 2 a.m., the " scene closed, and in a very short time the Archbishop of Canterbury and " Lord Conyngham, the Chamberlain, set out to announce the event to " their young sovereign. They reached Kensington Palace about five ; " they knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before " they could rouse the porter at the gate ; they were again kept waiting in " the courtyard ; they turned into one of the lower rooms, where they " seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, desired that the " attendant of Princess Victoria might be sent to inform Her Royal " Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. " After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the " attendant was summoned, who stated that the *Princess* was in such a " sweet sleep she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, ' We " are come to the *Queen* on business of State, and even her sleep must " give way to that.' It did ; and, to prove that *she* did not keep them " waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white " nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off and her hair falling upon " her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly " collected and dignified."

The prevailing characteristic of the palace—not unnaturally, considering its renovation under William III.—is what Leigh Hunt called its "*Dutch solidity*;" and the same author adds that if Windsor Castle is a place to receive monarchs in, and Buckingham Palace to see fashion in, Kensington Palace "*seems a place to drink tea in.*" A large part of the Palace is now used as residences for members of the royal family, and others to whom the Sovereign allots apartments. In the south-west wing Princess Louise and her husband (the Duke of Argyll) reside. The west front of Kensington Palace, which opens on to *Palace Green*, has a picturesque tower and archway leading to its inner court. In *Palace Green*, the royal standard used to be hoisted daily when the court lived here.

The **State Rooms** of the Palace were, by command of Queen Victoria, put into repair and first thrown open to the public on the occasion of her 80th birthday (open on week-days, except Wednesdays, from 10 to dusk ;

on Sundays from 2 p.m. to dusk. (An excellent illustrated guide by Mr. Ernest Law is on sale). The entrance, at the north-west angle, is reached from the Broad Walk by a path which passes the *Orangery*, a masterpiece of "Queen Anne" architecture, built by Wren for that queen.

Ascending the *Queen's Staircase*, we reach *Queen Mary's Gallery*, with a fine chimney-piece (by Wren) and royal portraits. From the windows there is a good view of the *Gardens*, which Evelyn found "very sweete"—especially charming in spring, when the trim lawn is seen surrounded by lilacs and acacias and pink chestnuts, with the water of the Round Pond sparkling through them and the great avenue beyond. There are some interesting portraits and historical pictures in successive rooms, passing through which we reach *Queen Caroline's Drawing-room*, then the *Cupola Room*, very elaborately decorated; it was here that Queen Victoria was baptised, June 24th, 1819. In the *King's Drawing Room* is the grand piano used by the Queen. Here, again, are many royal portraits, whilst the view from the windows over Kensington Gardens is charming. The *Nursery*, used by Queen Victoria when a little girl, always interests the visitor; her dresses and dumb-bells are among the relics exhibited. In the same room the Princess of Wales was born, May 26th, 1867. *Queen Victoria's Bedroom* is that in which she was sleeping when the news of her accession came, as described above; to receive the Archbishop she passed through the ante-room, whence a staircase descends to the drawing-room (not open to the public). In the bedroom are now placed Queen Victoria's toys. "The doll's house is so plain that the smart dolls of to-day would scorn to live in it, and the toys would be voted dull by the surfeited possessors of the mechanical marvels of these more luxurious days." The *King's Gallery*, on the south façade of the Palace, was built by Wren and the ceiling decorated by Kent. Here are naval portraits transferred from Hampton Court. Here, too, are bookcases containing books from Queen Victoria's private library; many of them with the autographs of their authors; "and among them open for all visitors to read, is a human document of great interest. This is the Princess Victoria's first account book, given to her by her mother on the occasion of her eighth birthday. 'On this day, dearest Victoria, you begin,' says the description, 'to receive a regular allowance. Resolve, my dear child, how it is in our power by order and regularity to assist others.' On another open leaf are the little girl's accounts. The allowance was £7 a month, and out of the first instalment she gave £1 to 'a poor lady at Dover.' The 'order and regularity,' thus impressed on the Princess was a lesson which Queen Victoria never forgot." (Cassell's "British Isles"). At the end of this Gallery is the *King's Grand Staircase*, adorned by fine iron-work and painted by Kent. The *Presence Chamber* has a carving by Grinling Gibbons and some historical pictures. We now re-enter Queen Caroline's Drawing-room, and passing again through the earlier rooms leave by the way we came. The apartments on the first floor, occupied by Princess Henry of Battenburg and not accessible to the public, include the room in which Queen Victoria was born, the drawing-room in which she received news of her accession, and the Hall in which she afterwards held her first Council.

Beyond Kensington Palace and Gardens, is the long residential street of **Kensington Palace Gardens**, extending in a straight direction from High Street, Notting Hill, to High Street, Kensington. Here are many fashionable

dwellings. At No. 2, Palace Green (the second house to the left in Kensington Palace Gardens), Thackeray died in 1863. He had moved here from another house in Kensington, the bay-windowed house known as the "Cottage," at No. 13 (now No. 16) Young Street (off Kensington High Street), where "Vanity Fair," "Esmond," and "Pendennis" were written;

"Most of Thackeray's work was done in a second-storey room (in 'Young Street'), overlooking an open space of orchards and gardens. An 'entablature is now placed under the window, upon which, between the 'dates 1847 and 1853, the initials 'W.M.T.' are grouped in a monogram, 'and in the border the names of 'Vanity Fair,' 'Esmond,' and 'Pendennis' are inscribed."

Already in Kensington, London becomes more suburban and less "towny," and the trees often "crowd into a shade," in front of the pretty villa residences, much favoured by artists. The "old court suburb" has changed in appearance since the days of which Miss Thackeray wrote so picturesquely in her novel, "Old Kensington," days when

" . . . The hawthorn spread across the fields and market gardens "that lay between Kensington and the river. Lanes ran to Chelsea, to Fulham, to North End, where Richardson once lived and wrote in his "garden house. The mist of the great city hid the horizon and dulled the "sound of the advancing multitudes, but close at hand . . . were "country corners untouched—blossoms instead of bricks in spring-time, "summer shade in summer."

Though "the mist of the great city" still hides the horizon and though here and there are still to be found bits of Old Kensington almost inviolate—the "country corners" of old-fashioned garden-plots—its ancient charm is rapidly being improved away; and its rural character (so marked in 1835 that a bell used to be rung on Sunday evenings to summon the people returning to town, so that they might walk in companies along the dangerous London road) has vanished. The Great Exhibition of 1851 had a great part in the change, by the rapid impulse it gave to building. But, about here, as elsewhere in the West End—Chelsea, Fulham, etc.—are often to be seen such pretty modern dwelling-houses as Gabriel Mourey ("Passé le Detroit") describes:

"In front of the pretty little façades of the little red-brick houses, the "style of which Philip Webb, the architect, invented, and which is so "happily appropriate alike to the requirements of English life and to the "colour and movements of the atmosphere, it is pleasant to dream of an "existence in which all is calm, intimate and gravely happy. The "windows are guillotine-like, half hidden by balconies with trailing "plants, and through them one catches sight of neat, bright furniture

"designed at once for utility and decoration. A woman is seated at the window, working or reading, of quiet and placid beauty. The children come in from playing in some neighbouring park. They are supple and vigorous like young animals, frank and direct of aspect, not spoilt by any unhealthy precocity. The husband comes in from the city, his bag in hand; after his hours of feverish business, the joy of the same horizon found every evening, the sweetness of home: happiness composed of simple, various elements, a sensation of prosperity in all the little houses, all alike the same comfortable contentment. And as before a camera or in reading a book, one likes to imagine or evoke the soul of the artist, so here the personality of this Philip Webb claims me, the soul of the architect who like Solness, the master builder, has passed his life in building, not palaces or churches, but simple houses."

Miss Thackeray's charmingly described "Church House," ("Old Kensington") stood close to the modern Church Street. Here (bounded north and south by High Street, Notting Hill, and High Street, Kensington) rises steeply the district of **Campden Hill**, full of artistic associations, quaint corners, and unsuspected country-gardens behind high walls. The heights of Campden Hill are much sought after by artists, as well as by those who yearn for health, and for that *rus in urbe* so dear to Londoners, who love (to quote Calverley)

"Mine own green door on Campden Hill,"

even though by that doo

"Two bands at least, most likely more,

"Are mingling at their own sweet will."

Close to Church Street is *Campden House*, which gives its name to the district. The present building is a restoration of the old house, which remained nearly unaltered till it was burnt down in 1862, and all destroyed except the ancient gateway, which is yet to be seen, built up in the east wall of the garden. The old Campden House dated from 1612, and was associated with Queen Anne's poor precocious little son, the Duke of Gloucester, whose residence it became. The boy being heir to the throne, Campden House was taken for him that he might be near his aunt, Queen Mary, who was very fond of him, and sent for him every day to visit her at her palace of Kensington (see p. 341). West of Campden House is the steep *Campden Hill Road*, which crosses the hill from the metropolitan station (inner circle) of Notting Hill Gate to that of High Street, Kensington, and leads to *Argyll Lodge* and *Holly Lodge*, celebrated as the residence of Lord Macaulay, who died here in 1859, while seated in his library chair, his book open beside him:

"Holly Lodge occupies the most secluded corner of the little labyrinth of by-roads which, bounded to the east by Palace Gardens, and to

"the west by Holland House, constitutes the district known by the name of Campden Hill. The villa—for a villa it is—stands in a long and winding lane. . . . The rooms in Holly Lodge were for the most part small. But the house afforded in perfection the two requisites for an author's ideal of happiness—a library and a garden. Nothing in the garden exceeded thirty feet in height, but there was in abundance all that hollies, and laurels, and hawthorns, and groves of standard roses, and bowers of lilacs, and laburnums could give of shade and scent and colour."—*G. O. Trevelyan, "Life of Lord Macaulay."*

South of Campden Hill—in High Street, Kensington—is the fine church of **St. Mary Abbot's**, rebuilt by Sir Gilbert Scott in 1877, and containing the tomb of Edward, Earl of Warwick, of Holland House (*see below*), Addison's stepson. In the churchyard is the grave of Mrs. Elizabeth Inchbald, the novelist (1821), whose quaint epitaph records that she was "a beauty, a virtue, a player, and the authoress of 'A Simple Story.'" In Kensington High Street is one of the oldest confectioner's shops in London, that of *Herbert & Jones*, who still make gingerbread after the receipt of Queen Caroline of Anspach. Farther, on the right, past Upper Phillimore Place, are the gates leading to the historical **Holland House**, which stands, amid lovely gardens, on Campden Hill—the gardens where the youthful George III. used to flirt with Lady Sarah Lennox, who, attired as a shepherdess, played at haymaking there while the King rode by.

"How many there are who remember with gratitude the relief of turning in from the glare and dust of the suburb to the shade of its great elm avenue, girt with dewy hayfields which might be a hundred miles from London, and the pleasure of seeing the noble old house, surpassing all other houses in beauty, rising at the end of the green slope, with its richly-sculptured terrace, and its cedars, and its vases of brilliant flowers."—*Hare, "Walks in London."*

The old house was originally built in 1607 (on the site of the old manor-house of Abbot's, Kensington) in the Tudor style, by John Thorpe for a certain Sir Walter Cope, gentleman of the bed-chamber of James I. But it was his son-in-law, the first Earl of Holland (the same who was beheaded in the Royalist wars, in his white satin dress, at Westminster, in 1648), who gave Holland House all its characteristic wings and arcades: and after his execution the house came into the possession of the Parliamentary generals Fairfax and Lambert; being, however, restored in 1665 to the disconsolate widow, who comforted herself by indulging privately here in the theatricals so strictly forbidden by the Puritan Government. Early in the eighteenth century, the old house became associated with *Addison* (of "*Spectator*" fame), who lived here for a few years after his ambitious marriage with Charlotte,

Countess of Warwick, widow of the third Earl of Holland and Warwick. Despite Holland House and its lovely gardens, report says that Addison's married life was not happy; Dr. Johnson says that it was "on terms very much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.'" Later, in 1762, the house came into the possession of the Fox family, being sold to Henry Fox (father of the famous Charles James Fox), who was afterwards created Baron Holland. By the death of old Lady Holland, widow of the third Lord, the historic abode became the property of Lord Ilchester. But, beyond its history, the great interest of Holland House lies in its having been for so many years the centre of a great literary and political *coterie*, and the resort of Whig orators and politicians. In the life-time of the third Lord Holland (who died in 1840), Holland House was at the zenith of its splendour as a world-renowned intellectual centre. "All that was most brilliant in European society was welcomed uninvited to that hospitable dinner-table." Indeed during the life-time of old Lady Holland, the mansion still retained the celebrity of being "the most charming house in England." Holland House, in the present craze for demolition, may soon vanish; indeed, Macaulay long ago wrote in sad prophecy:

"The wonderful city may soon displace those turrets and gardens which are associated with so much that is interesting and noble—with the courtly magnificence of Rich, with the loves of Ormond, with the councils of Cromwell, with the death of Addison."

And Sir Walter Scott also feared its downfall:

"Not" (he says) "that Holland House is fine as a building; on the contrary, it has a tumble-down look, and although decorated with the bastard Gothic of James I.'s time, the front is heavy. But it resembles many respectable matrons, who, having been absolutely ugly during youth, acquire by age an air of dignity."

Holland House, with its lovely terraced gardens and elm avenues, is not shown to the public, but the summer flower-show of the Royal Horticultural Society is held in the grounds; the house itself is full of historical relics, paintings, and rare china. Many of its pictures are by Watts; and in a room called the "Sir Joshua" room, are also several noble works by Reynolds; the house also contains many historical pictures of members of the Holland family, by different artists.



"The gardens of Holland House are unlike anything else in England, Every turn is a picture. Art has combined with Nature to make it so and has never intruded upon Nature. A raised terrace, like some of those which belong to old Genoese palaces, leads from the house, high amongst the branches of the trees, to the end of the flower garden opposite the West Rooms, where a line of arches festooned with creepers—a picturesque relic of the old stables—forms the background. Facing a miniature Dutch garden here is 'Rogers' Seat' inscribed:—

"Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell  
"With me those pleasures that he sings so well."

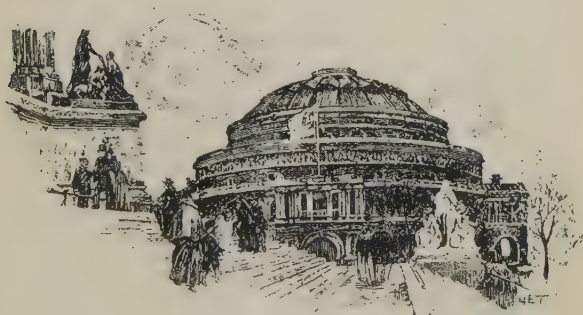
On the south side of the mansion, facing Kensington Road, is a statue of Lord Holland. The handsome Town Hall of Kensington contains stained-glass windows with portraits of such past local celebrities as Lord Holland, Fox, Addison, and Thackeray.

No. 2, Holland Park Road (just west of Holland Park), is **Leighton House**, formerly the residence of Lord Leighton, P.R.A., and presented to the nation after his death in 1896, by his sisters (admission daily, except Sundays, 11 a.m. to dusk; free on Saturday, on other days 1s. An illustrated catalogue, with essays on Leighton, etc., has been published). This house (built for the painter by his friend *G. Aitchison*) is very beautiful, and contains a large collection of pictures and studies by Leighton, and other memorials of his work. It is intended, both as a memorial to Leighton, and as an art-centre for the district; concerts and exhibitions are accordingly held in it from time to time:—

☐ "The entrance to the house is by a plain hall that leads to a 'patio,' lit from the sky, where enamels shine brilliantly in the full light; from this one passes into a *twilight corridor*, where enamel and gold detach themselves from an architectural ground of a richness somewhat severe; it is a transition which prepares the eye for a jewel of Oriental art, where the most brilliant productions of the Persian potter are set in an architectural frame inspired by Arab art, but treated freely; the harmony is so perfect that one asks oneself if the architecture has been conceived for the enamel or the enamel for the hall." (*M. Choisy*). This *Arab Hall*, which has been called "the most beautiful structure erected since the 16th century," was very dear to Leighton, and forms the background to some of his pictures. The tiles which Leighton collected on his visits to Rhodes, to Cairo and to Damascus were made in that century, and are among the most beautiful and valuable in the world. The harmony of the whole is exquisite, while individual specimens deserve minute study for their beauty of colour and decorative design. In the *Dining Room*, *Staircase*, *Silk Room* and *Ante-Room* are studies for Leighton's pictures, and photographs of his work. In the *Large Studio* are further exhibits of the same kind, and an important oil painting by Leighton, "Clytemnestra from the battlements of Argos watching for the beacon fires which are to announce the return of Agamemnon;" this was exhibited at the Academy in 1874. "Very fine," said Watts, "a grand pictorial realization of Greek sculpture and Greek poetry, very noble in form and expression, and singularly fine in the arrangement

"of drapery : a better example of Leighton at his happiest could not, "I think, be found." The original studies for the picture, which also may be here seen, enable the visitor to understand the careful work on which Leighton's pictures were built up.

Near Holland House, also, is *Melbury Road*, another haunt of artists ; indeed, the whole neighbourhood is filled with beautiful artists' houses, and with associations of famous men and women of both past and present. In Church Street, in old days, lived Sir David Wilkie ; and at No. 15, Holland Street (which runs out of it), was the dwelling of the poetess and novelist, Jean Ingelow. Westward from Holland Park lies Addison Road, so called from the shade of Addison, which gives its name also to the metropolitan station (outer circle) that stands at the doors of the huge iron building called *Olympia*, a pleasure resort where the Royal Military Tournament (in June) and other shows are held. Behind it, in Blythe Road, is the large new building of the Post Office Savings Bank, accommodating a staff of 3200 persons. Round about here are the rapidly-growing residential quarters of West Kensington, Brook Green and Shepherd's Bush. Continuing along the main road, we notice on the left the handsome red-brick building of St. Paul's School, removed here from the city (*see* p. 100). Soon afterwards we arrive at the semi-suburban region of Hammersmith (*see* Chap. XXX.), a great railway and omnibus centre, where our present wanderings may conveniently cease.



Albert Hall and Albert Memorial.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## From Piccadilly Circus to Kensington.

"Gay shops, stately palaces, bustle and breeze,  
 "The whirring of wheels, and the murmur of trees;  
 "By night or by day, whether noisy or stilly,  
 "Whatever my mood is—I love Piccadilly."

—Locker, "*London Lyrics*."

"In Piccadilly . . . there is a bustling crowd, a surging traffic, an amount of obstruction which our busiest and most frequented boulevard cannot parallel. Paris is mediocre compared with these . . . rows of monumental buildings of massive stone, with porticoes, with sculptured fronts, these spacious streets . . . Everything is on a large scale here; the clubs are palaces, the hotels are monuments. . . ."  
 —Taine, "*Notes on England*."

THE important street of **Piccadilly**, one of the great main arteries of London, runs on the south of, and parallel with, *Oxford Street*, (see Chap. XXI.) Indeed, continued westward in more or less direct lines, under several names, the two streets may be said to run parallel as far as Hammersmith and Shepherd's Bush. All Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens lie between these two main thoroughfares, to know which thoroughly is one of the first things necessary in learning the geography of the great city. Once get the bearings of Oxford Street and Piccadilly, with their prolongations, well into your mind, and you have mastered your A B C of London. Piccadilly proper begins at the Haymarket, a little east of Piccadilly Circus, and, extending to Hyde Park Corner (beyond which point it is called Knightsbridge), is nearly a mile long. The origin of its curious name is rather doubtful; some maintain that it was derived from "piccadillies," the favourite turn-down collars of James I.'s time, and some that it comes down to us from the ancient *Piccadilla House*, which in Elizabeth's time stood on the site of Panton Square. This house was a fashionable gambling and bowling resort, and its name may have been derived from the Spanish "peccadillo"—a venial fault. In the little bit of Piccadilly between Coventry Street and the Circus, we see on the north, close to *Great Windmill Street*, the *London Pavilion Music Hall*, and opposite it, the large *Criterion Theatre and Restaurant* (familiarily called "the Pav." and "the Cri"). Close by the steep street of the Haymarket (see Chap. XXIV. descends south to *Pall Mall*, and *Coventry Street* continue

Piccadilly towards *Leicester Square* (see p. 310). Already the locality is puzzling enough; but now, as we enter Piccadilly Circus, yet more streets diverge in all directions, making this an easy place to lose one's bearings, a danger that is in no wise lessened by the shouts and yells of many omnibus drivers, with whom this is a stopping-place. *Regent Street* (see Chap. XXVI.) here bisects Piccadilly, forming the Circus, and to the north-east opens the new street of *Shaftesbury Avenue* (see p. 311), leading to *New Oxford Street*; to the north-west, *Glasshouse Street*. The triangle in the centre of the Circus is occupied by a *Memorial Fountain to Lord Shaftesbury*, the philanthropist (died 1885), by Alfred Gilbert, R.A., unveiled in 1893. The fountain, decorated with sconces and dolphins, forms a large pedestal surmounted by a flying bronze figure of Mercury—very graceful, but by some, thought almost too light and aerial for its surroundings. It is the fashion to abuse this fountain, but we may here remark that its appearance is heavily handicapped by the meagre allowance of water (comp. p. 301) vouchsafed to it by the authorities. We pride ourselves on our fondness for water, but were this in any foreign capital, water would dash over the stone shells and basins in innumerable jets and gushes, instead of the present miserable trickle. The idea of the fountain—borrowed, doubtless, from the Florentine bronzes—is to be commended. Luckily, however, the bronze figure is placed high out of temptation to the youth of our city, who are less reverently-inclined to art than the Florentine—witness the poor broken-nosed statue of a girl in front of the Foundling Hospital in Bloomsbury. A bright touch of colour is given by the baskets of the flower-girls who have made the steps around the fountain their own. From Piccadilly Circus, a beautiful view of Westminster may be had on a fine day. Handsome shops line the circus.

Leaving the Circus, and still travelling westward, we notice first, on the right, after Air Street (a short cut leading into Regent Street), the imposing *Piccadilly Hotel* (extending back to Regent Street (see p. 393), opened in 1908, on the site of the old St. James's Hall:

That Hall (built 1857, demolished 1905) was the principle home of concerts in London. There also Dickens gave his famous "readings" in one of the smaller rooms, where also flourished for many years the entertainers known first as the *Christy Minstrels*, and now as the *Moore and Burgess Minstrels*. Many political demonstrations of historic importance were also held in St. James's Hall.

Opposite the Hotel, on the left, is the *Royal School of Mines and Museum of Practical Geology* (built 1850, and now attached to the Royal College of Science at South Kensington, *see* p. 198), which is entered from the other side in *Jermyn Street* (Nos. 28-32). The museum is open free daily, Fridays excepted, from 10 to 5 (on Mondays and Saturdays from 10 to 10).

The building contains, besides the museum, a lecture-hall admitting five hundred people (where evening lectures are delivered to working-men) and a library. Ranged along the hall are busts of celebrated geologists; in it are also displayed stones used in building and for architectural decoration; and in its upper end is a colossal copy of the *Farnese Hercules* in Portland limestone. A staircase on either side of the Hall leads up to the **Museum**, which contains a valuable collection of the minerals of the United Kingdom, with a complete series of fossils, rocks, and ores; collections of porcelain, enamels, glass, mosaics and other things connected with the science of geology. Especially to be noticed are: a geological model of London and the Thames valley; a large vase of Siberian quartz, a gift from the Emperor of Russia; and models of the largest known diamonds, such as the "Koh-i-noor" and the "Regent." In a case on the east side is a penny, rolled out into a strip of copper ten yards long; and here are also to be seen all kinds of crystallizations of precious stones, from their rough state to exquisitely polished jewels. Among other precious metals is a model of a huge nugget of pure gold. The two upper galleries round the hall chiefly contain fossils; and in the adjoining rooms are exhibited models of mines, geological strata, and various kinds of machinery.

Just beyond the Museum is **St. James's Church**, built by *Wren*, in 1682. Though ugly externally, its interior, especially in the construction of the roof, is admired as a masterpiece of skill; it is probably *Wren's* best church interior, only excepting *St. Stephen's, Walbrook* (*see* p. 260). The organ, ordered by *James II.* for his Catholic chapel at *Whitehall*, was subsequently given to the church by his daughter *Mary*. The white marble font is a beautiful work of *Grinling Gibbons*, representing the story of *Adam and Eve*. *Gibbons* also executed the foliage over the altar. This church and its carving were much admired by *Evelyn*, the diarist. The stained windows representing the *Passion* are modern. The vestry is hung with portraits of former rectors of *St. James's*, three of whom—*Tenison*, *Wake* and *Secker*—afterwards became archbishops. Both the Dutch painters, the *Vandeveldes*, were buried here; also, *Akenside*, the poet, *Mrs. Delany*, and *Tom d'Urfey*, the dramatist. Opposite *St. James's Church* is *Swallow Street*—since the building of *Regent Street* shorn of all its old importance (it once extended, along the present line of *Regent Street*, as far as *Oxford Street*). Here is the oldest Scotch Episcopal Church in London: it belonged originally to

Huguenot refugees, but is now a *Theistic Church*. Near by is *Vine Street Police Station*. Next comes *Sackville Street*, noted for its fashionable tailors, and also, some say, for being the longest street in London, without a turning or a tributary. *Sackville Street* enjoys also the distinction of retaining the quaint old form of gas-lamp, projecting from the walls of the houses. On the left, just beyond *St. James's Church*, is *Princes' Hall*, formerly used for concerts and balls, but since 1896 converted into a restaurant; on the floor above it is the gallery of the *Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours* (opened 1883), decorated with busts of famous artists. Exactly



From a sketch by Piccadilly, with Burlington House. Hanslip Fletcher.

opposite *Princes' Hall*, at 47 and 49, Piccadilly, is the *Albany*, built round a courtyard, and reaching far back into *Burlington Gardens*. It was formerly the residence of the Duke of York and Albany (hence its name), but is now let out in suites of chambers for bachelors. "In the quiet avenue of the Albany," wrote Blanchard Jerrold, "memories of the illustrious crowd on you"—of Byron, Canning, Monk Lewis, Bulwer Lytton, Macaulay, and Mr. Gladstone, who have all lived and worked here. Next to the Albany is **Burlington House**, an imposing structure, erected by *Banks & Barry*, in 1868-74, on the site of *Old Burlington House*, the famous palace of Richard,



Lord Burlington, dating from 1743, which was painted by Hogarth and sung by Gay. The old building was bought up by Government in 1854, and reconstructed in the present grandiose style, a style which is, however, much criticised, the outer façade especially, with its incongruous top storey and its "heavy, meaningless vases." The "piazza" of the old palace, that formerly stood here, was much admired, and Horace Walpole said that it "seemed one of these edifices in fairy tales that are raised by genii in a night-time." The inner courtyard of the present building is, however, handsome. The edifice, though immense, is not too big for the many learned societies it shelters. Of these there are no less than seven, viz. :—1. The *Royal Academy of Arts*, with which Burlington House is mainly associated. 2. The *Royal Society* (see below). 3. The *Geological Society*, with an interesting museum and library. 4. The *Chemical Society*. 5. The *Society of Antiquaries*, with an excellent library, antiquities and paintings. 6. The *Royal Astronomical Society*. 7. The *Linneæan Society*, for the promotion of botany and zoology. Of these, the Chemical, Geological and Royal Societies occupy the buildings to the right of the quadrangle; the Linnæan, Astronomical and Antiquarian those to the left.

The **Royal Society**, the great scientific society of England, and indeed of Europe was founded in 1660, originating first in Gresham House (see p. 258). It was established here after several removals, and holds weekly meetings here in winter and spring, to which visitors are admitted on the personal introduction of a Fellow of the Society. It has a large and valuable scientific library, with some excellent busts and portraits of its most famous members; the best portraits being those of *Sir Isaac Newton* (Jervas), *Dr. Halley, the mathematician* (Murray), *Sir Christopher Wren* (Kneller), *Pepys* (Kneller), *Martin Folkes, the antiquary* (Hogarth), *Sir Humphrey Davy* (Lawrence), and *Sir Joseph Banks* (Phillips). Of *Sir Joseph Banks*, forty years President of the Society, there is an excellent bust by *Chantrey*, who has also contributed the bust of *Mrs. Somerville*, the only lady who has the honour to be placed here. The society also possesses many interesting relics, such as *Newton's* telescope, watch, and sundial; a model of *Davy's* safety lamp, etc., etc. (Admission—as to the other learned societies—by order of a Fellow.)

Burlington House is, however, best known for its yearly picture exhibitions, which open in May and last till the beginning of August. (Admission, 1s.; catalogue, 1s.) Here, day by day, splendid carriages line the courtyard; here, for the space of three months, may be seen thousands of "country cousins" toiling, hot and dusty, through the arcade that leads, by the inner courtyard, to the Exhibition building, people who would probably never bestow a sixpence to go and see the National Gallery

or any other permanent collection of standard works, but who must above all be "up-to-date," and have seen and know the last and newest things. The Academy picture show does, however, represent the talent of the kingdom, being an exhibition of works by living, and mainly British artists; works which must have been finished during the year, and not exhibited anywhere else.



and Tringham

*From a sketch by The Civil Service Commission. Holland Tringham.*

The Society—which is governed by a President, forty-two Royal Academicians or R.A.'s (an honour most coveted by artists), and thirty Associates or A.R.A.'s—possesses a School of Art for male and female students (the Academy Schools), a theatre for lectures, and a fine library. The R.A.'s have the privilege of sending eight pictures each to the exhibition, the rest of the pictures are sent in from outside, and chosen by merit, by the governing body. The "Academy Private View," held by invitation of the Academicians before their show is opened to the public,

is a great event of the season, and much thronged by the fashionable world. At private views generally, we may observe, the dresses and personalities obtain much more attention than the pictures. The "Academy Soirée," held a little later in the season, is also a great social function, and the greatest of all is the "Academy Dinner," restricted to men, and generally to celebrities, when important speeches are made (a custom abandoned, temporarily or otherwise, in 1908), with the president in the chair. During the winter (from the first Monday in January to the second Saturday in March), works by the old masters are exhibited. Hence it is said that the two questions most often heard in London society are either "Have you seen the Academy?" or, "Have you been to the Old Masters?" It is the shibboleth of the diner-out. The *Gibson* and *Diploma* Galleries (not sufficiently known or visited; open free daily, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.) are reached by a staircase in the corner to the right. These contain, besides the Gibson collection of sculpture, the diploma pictures presented by the R.A.'s on their election, and some valuable Italian paintings by early masters. Among the ancient works the most important are: "Mary with Jesus and St. John," a relief by *Michael Angelo*; "Madonna, Holy Child, St. John, and St. Anne," a celebrated cartoon by *Leonardo da Vinci*; and a copy of *Leonardo's* "Last Supper," by his pupil *Marco d'Oggiono*.

The Royal Academy building itself is in the Renaissance style, and was designed by *Smirke*. On its façade are statues of *Phidias*, *Leonardo da Vinci*, *Flaxman*, *Raphael*, *Michael Angelo*, *Titian*, *William of Wykeham*, *Wren* and *Reynolds*. Behind the Academy, and facing *Burlington Gardens*, is the **Civil Service Commission**, which has taken over the building formerly occupied by the University of London (now removed to the Imperial Institute, p. 212). It occupies the gardens of the ancient Burlington House, and is another Renaissance building, with a façade in the Palladian style: it was erected by *Pennethorne*, in 1869.

The functions of the new and the old occupants of the building are much the same; for the old London University was an examining body, and the Civil Service Commission is the body who examines the competitors for clerkships in the government service. The edifice contains a large lecture-theatre, examination and other rooms, library, etc. The façade is adorned by a series of statues of famous men—those of *Milton*, *Newton*, *Harvey*, and *Bentham* (by *Durham*) as representing the four faculties—being placed above the portico.

Out of Burlington Gardens open *Savile Row*, *Burlington Street*, and *Cork Street* (with its famous tavern, now rebuilt, the "Blue Posts"). Between Burlington Gardens—which, by the way, are no gardens, only a street—and Piccadilly, is the *Burlington Arcade*, built 1819—a covered gallery with shops, the "Palais Royal" of London—where the "*jeunesse dorée*" of the metropolis loves to linger over trinkets and gloves. Opposite Burlington House is *Duke Street*, and beyond it the offices of the P.L.M., the great French railway leading from Paris through Lyons to the Mediterranean, and inviting

Londoners to leave their fog for the sunny south. Then comes a new block of shops, etc., built upon the site of the old Egyptian Hall :—

The Hall, built 1812, for a museum of natural history was used for popular entertainments. Outside the hall, supporting the entablature, was colossal figures of Iris and Osiris. Here, among other exhibitions, took place that of Tom Thumb, the American dwarf, in 1844, which attracted thousands of sightseers a day, while poor Haydon's picture show in the next room hardly drew a few shillings; the painter committed suicide as the result.

In part of the new block occupying this site is the *New Egyptian Hall*, and in another the *New Dudley Gallery* (water-colour exhibitions). Opposite, adjoining the Burlington Arcade, is the narrow and winding *Old Bond Street*, a continuation of *New Bond Street* (see p. 332), which reaches north to Oxford Street, containing, like Piccadilly itself, some of the best and most expensive shops in London. Farther on, on the same side, is *Albemarle Street*, built on the site of old Clarendon House, and containing the *Royal Institution* (for the promotion and teaching of science, with a Research Laboratory presented by Dr. Ludwig Mond in 1896) and the *Royal Asiatic Society* (No. 22), with a valuable library. In this street (No. 50a) is the house of the publishing dynasty of Murray, famous for "The Quarterly Review," and in connection with Byron and other illustrious authors. In Albemarle Street are also the *Royal Thames Yacht Club*, and other club-houses. The *Albemarle Hotel* stands at the corner of the street facing Piccadilly. Opposite Albemarle Street is the wide St. James' Street (see Chap. XXIV.), with new buildings at each corner—the offices of the Norwich Union on the east, and those (more curious than beautiful) of the Royal Insurance Company on the west. The next turning beyond it on the left is *Arlington Street*, where Lady Mary Wortley Montagu once lived, and also Sir Robert Walpole, and where No. 20 is now the town house of the Marquis of Salisbury. The west side of Arlington Street is a charming spot to live in, for here the houses look on to the *Green Park* (see Chap. XXV.), which beyond them borders Piccadilly on the south. At the corner of Arlington Street, facing Piccadilly, is the new *Ritz Hotel* and Restaurant, with shops on the ground floor and the public footway under its colonnade.

Opposite Arlington Street is the "*New White Horse Cellar*" (now Hatchett's, with a restaurant), which has here taken the place of the old "*White Horse Cellar*," famous in mail-coaching days. From here, during spring and summer, well turned out four-in-hands may still be seen taking their departure to Windsor, Guildford, St. Albans, Dorking, and other

pleasant spots within a day's outing from London. In this way visitors may make pleasant excursions, at moderate cost.

*Dover Street*, nearly opposite *Arlington Street*, contains many club-houses and a station on the King's Cross-Piccadilly and Hammersmith tube. Beyond *Dover Street*, between *Berkeley Street* (with the *Berkeley Hotel* and Restaurant at the corner) and *Stratton Street* is *Devonshire House*; its courtyard formerly hidden from Piccadilly by a high brick wall, is now visible through iron gates in the centre. It was built by Kent for the third Duke of Devonshire, after the burning of the older *Berkeley House*, on this site.

The house is a plain building set among large gardens and high trees; it has a winding marble staircase and handsome reception-rooms, with fine ceilings, associated with the brilliant crowd that surrounded the beautiful Georgiana Spencer, fifth Duchess of Devonshire, the heroine of the lost picture by Gainsborough, mysteriously cut out of its frame and stolen. The pictures, though few of them are important, comprise portraits by *Van Dyck*, *Reynolds*, *Jordaens*, *Dobson*, *Kneller*, *Lely*, and *Franz Hals*; and a beautiful "Adoration of the Magi," by *Veronese*. The library contains a fine collection of English plays, formed by *Kemble*, and a collection of gems. *Devonshire House* is difficult to see, being only shown by a special order from the family.

*Devonshire House* looks into the *Green Park* from *Piccadilly*, which now has only houses on one (the right) side. At the corner of *Stratton Street*, facing *Piccadilly*, is the house where *Sir Francis Burdett* lived, afterwards the house of the *Baroness Burdett-Coutts*, and acquired after her death for the *Imperial Colonial Club*. The mansions of *Piccadilly*, scattered among clubs, that now face the *Green Park*, are considered the tip-top of fashion, as also are the narrow tributary streets that run down to the *Park* from *Curzon Street* (see Chap. XXIV.) and *Bolton Row*; *Bolton Street*, *Clarges Street*, and *Half-Moon Street*. These latter streets are mostly let out in flats or apartments for fashionable folk who "come up to town for the season." *Clarges Street* will awake echoes in all readers of *Thackeray*:

"Here, *Baroness Bernstein* takes her chocolate behind the drawn curtains; she is the *Beatrix Esmond* of brighter days and fortunes. "By-the-by, *Clarges Street* has a *raison d'être* of its own, which is worth noting: it was built and named in the early days of the 'glorious Restoration,' after the family of *Anne Clarges*, the fascinating little 'laundress and purveyor of scented washballs at the sign of the Civett Cat in the Strand,' who caught the heart of *General Monk*, and preferred the attentions of His Excellency to those of her lawful husband."—*Byways of Fiction in London*. At No. 11 once lived *Nelson's Emma*, *Lady Hamilton*; at No. 12, *Edmund Kean*.

In *Clarges Street* is the *Turf Club House* (*Piccadilly*, by the way, may divide with *Pall Mall* the honours of Club-Land), and between *Bolton Street* and *Clarges*

Street is *Bath House* (now the residence of Sir Julius Wernher), built in 1821 for the first Lord Ashburton: "that eternal Bath House," as Mrs. Carlyle plaintively called it, to which the Sage of Chelsea used to betake himself in the evening, leaving his wife to darn his clothes. The street of Piccadilly, from here to Hyde Park Corner, presents as gay a scene as any in London, its gently undulating slope crowded with carriages, motors, smart hansom, omnibuses, and pedestrians: the flowers and "green pastures" of the Park on one side, on the other, fine houses, whose window-boxes and balconies display every variety of floral decoration, as well as often a gay parade of awning. Truly, London is a fine city to be rich in, and yet, even in these wealthiest parts, the saddest contrasts of poverty meet the eye. Between Half-Moon Street (so named from an old tavern) and White Horse Street, at No. 94, Piccadilly, is *Cambridge House*, where in 1850, Lord Palmerston, the then Prime Minister, lived, and where his wife dispensed large hospitalities, "leading the world of fashion." Before 1850, Queen Victoria's uncle, Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge, lived here; and here she was once attacked, when driving away, by a lunatic named Robert Pate. It is now the *Naval and Military Club*. At No. 100 is the *Badminton Club*; and near it, the *Junior Constitutional Club*. The *Isthmian Club* (No. 105), the *St. James's* (106), and the *Savile* (107), follow. At No. 116, is *Hope House*, occupied since 1864 by the *Junior Athenæum Club*. The *Cavalry Club* is at No. 127, and the *Lyceum Club* (for literary ladies) at No. 128. Now, at the western corner of the junction of Piccadilly with *Park Lane* (see Chap. XXIV.) we see a new block containing what are probably the most palatial and luxurious flats in London. They occupy the site of *Gloucester House*, for many years the residence of the Duke of Cambridge, Queen Victoria's cousin, and Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. It was to this house that Lord Elgin first brought the famous "Elgin Marbles" (see p. 170), and which was hence called by Byron the

"general mart

"For all the mutilated blocks of art."

In the block between Hamilton Place and Apsley House are the town-houses of the Rothschilds and other wealthy personages. At Nos. 138-139 Piccadilly (then one house), lived the eccentric Duke of Queensberry known as "Old A" who used to ogle the fair passers-by



from under his parasol on the balcony ; and later on, when the houses were divided, Lord Byron lived at No. 139 ; here he and Lady Byron spent their short year of married life ; and here his daughter Ada was born. (A delightful companion for a walk in this part of London is Mr. G. S. Street in his pleasantly gossiping "Ghosts of Piccadilly.") *Apsley House*, with a pillared façade, first built in 1785 for Henry Bathurst (Lord Apsley), was bought by Government in 1820, and presented to Arthur Wellesley, first Duke of Wellington by the nation, as part of the reward for his services. The house was enlarged in 1828, and the stone front and portico added. Over it,



Apsley House and Hyde Park Corner.

From a sketch by

Hanslip Fletcher.

on fine afternoons, the sun used to throw a spirit-like shadow from the old statue of the great Duke (now removed) from the opposite gateway. The Duke of Wellington died here in 1852, after being for many years the people's idol ; at the gates of Apsley House they used to watch patiently for the appearance of the white-haired old man in his well-known blue coat and white waistcoat and trousers.

The house, which is not shown except by personal introduction to the present Duke, contains a room devoted to a *Museum of Relics* of the hero (his royal presentations, gifts, orders, swords, battle cloak, field glasses, etc.) ; and besides a picture gallery, many portraits and statues of celebrated persons. At the foot of the stairs is a colossal statue of Napoleon, by Canova, given by the Prince Regent in 1817. The *Waterloo Gallery* (a magnificent room, where the "Waterloo Banquets"—as the well-known picture represents—were held every year till the Great Duke's death) contains, among other pictures, a splendid *Correggio*, "Christ on the Mount of Olives" (a copy of it is in the National Gallery), several fine pictures by *Velasquez* ; *Landseer's* "Van Amburgh in the Lion's Den ;" and *Wilkie's* "Chelsea Pensioners."

The triangular space at Hyde Park Corner, opposite Apsley House, has of late years known many changes. This has always been a busy centre for traffic, and needed the widening it received in 1883, when the tall Corinthian arch, designed by Decimus Burton, (copied from one in the Roman Forum), that forms the entrance to the Green Park, was removed from its original position just in front of Apsley House, and set back on Constitution Hill—thus greatly improving the view from Hyde Park Corner. Lord Michelham has undertaken to defray the cost of completing the arch, according to the architect's design original design, by surmounting it with a four-horsed chariot; the sculptor is Mr. Adrian Jones. The arch, in its former position, supported an equestrian statue of the "Iron Duke," by Wyatt, placed there in 1846 (called by Thackeray "a hideous equestrian monster"), continually vituperated, and finally removed in 1883 amid a perfect storm of ridicule. It is now set up in Aldershot Camp; while in the roadway, just opposite Apsley House, another and smaller bronze equestrian statue of the Duke, by *Boehm*, has been erected. The pedestal is of red granite, and at its angles are figures full of originality, representing a Grenadier, a Highlander, a Welsh Fusilier, and an Inniskillen Dragoon. Hyde Park and the Green Park were once joined together here; their being divided dates from the Civil Wars, when the Royal troops had got as far as Brentford, and all London was arming for its defence. The great bulwark of 1642 was raised just where Piccadilly now divides the parks, which were never afterwards united; all classes worked at it.

"From ladies down to oyster-wenchies.

"Laboured like pioneers in trenches,

"Fell to their pickaxes and tools

"And helped the men to dig like moles."

The turnpike toll-gates at Hyde Park Corner were abolished in 1825. Close to Apsley House was the tavern called "The Pillars of Hercules,"—where Fielding represents Squire Western in "Tom Jones," as coming to seek for Sophia. Behind Apsley House are the *Byron* and the *Achilles* statues (see p. 338), both in *Hyde Park*, which now borders the main thoroughfare on the right—the line of houses being now changed to the left. (For Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, see Chap. XXII.) The handsome triple gateway (see p. 341) that forms the principal park entrance at Hyde Park Corner, now comes into view on the right. Here is a great meet-

ing of the ways, proportionately crowded during the season. From Hyde Park Corner, *Grosvenor Place* (see Chap. XXV.) trends south to Belgravia: *Constitution Hill* diverges east to the *Mall* (see Chap. XXV.) and Piccadilly, now becoming **Knightsbridge**, still extends in a westerly direction. Opposite Hyde Park Corner, at the angle formed by Grosvenor Place and Knightsbridge, is *St. George's Hospital*, with 356 beds. It occupies the ancient site of Lord Lanesborough's house, which bore the couplet, then, doubtless, more appropriate than now :

"It is my delight to be

"Both in town and in country."

In *St. George's Hospital*, *Hunter*, the great surgeon, died in 1793. Close by it was the original site of "Tattersall's," or "Tat's," the famous stables and horse-auction yard, now removed to the Brompton Road, off Knightsbridge, about a quarter of a mile westward. Just beyond *St. George's Hospital* is a tube station and the *Alexandra Hotel*. There are now no houses north of the road which forms Hyde Park's southern boundary. Crowded and blocked with carriages as Knightsbridge is now, it is difficult to realize that only in the 19th century it was a lonely spot infested by highwaymen. Proceeding along Knightsbridge, we pass, on the park side, the *Albert Gate*; nearly opposite here was the *Japanese Village*, destroyed by fire in 1885. This part of London is, like many others, being greatly altered just now by the erection of large residential flats; the move in this direction has been considerable of late years, and "flats" will probably soon overstock their market. The long, straight, busy thoroughfare of *Sloane Street*, leading south to *Sloane Square*, which contains the little Court Theatre, now falls in to Knightsbridge. *Sloane Street* consists, northward, of shops; and southward, penetrating as it does the aristocratic districts of Belgravia, Cadogan Place and Pont Street, of fine new houses; whilst at the southern end, a few paces to the left, is the *Christian Science Church*, or Faith-Healers' Cathedral, as it has been called. The scale and costliness of this fine building seem to testify to the popularity of the new cult.

Opposite the Knightsbridge end of *Sloane Street*, in an island in the crossways, is a fine equestrian statue of *Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn*, by Ford. It is cast, as its inscription says, "from guns taken in 1858 by the Indian Field Force, and presented by the Government of India."

Lord Strathnairn distinguished himself in the Crimea and in the Indian Mutiny, and succeeded Lord Clyde as Commander-in-Chief in India. He died in 1885, but this statue was not erected till 1895. It is of bronze, with some gilding, being the only gilded statue in London, except that of the Prince Consort in the Albert Memorial. The roads leading westward now bifurcate; we will walk first along the more southerly, the **Brompton Road**. At the corner is *Tattersall's*, a famous horse-mart. Presently, on the right, we reach the fine Roman Catholic Church, known as the "**Brompton Oratory**," properly *The Oratory of the Immaculate Heart of Mary*. A statue of Cardinal Newman is close by. The Oratory is the best modern example in London of the Italian Renaissance style, and was erected for the Oratorians, 1880-82, in imitation of St. Andrea della Valle, at Rome, from designs by *Gribble*. The whole church is splendidly decorated, with domed vaulted ceilings, lofty marble columns, and various chapels adorned with mosaics and carvings. The sixteenth century altar, of Our Lady of the Rosary, richly jewelled, came from the Dominican church at Brescia. Opposite it is the beautifully decorated chapel of S. Philip Neri, the founder of the Oratorians. The two gilt-bronze seven-branched candlesticks are copies of the Jewish one on the Arch of Titus, at Rome. *Faber*, the hymn writer, was the first *Superior* here. Adjoining, in peaceful and pleasant juxtaposition, is **Trinity Church**, with its quaint, long, flagged churchyard. At the Brompton Oratory, the *Fulham Road*, extending to the suburbs of *Parsons' Green* and *Walham Green*, and containing the *Cancer Hospital* and the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, branches off in a southerly direction from the Brompton Road. On the *Old Brompton Road*, and close to *West Brompton Station*, is the large and crowded *Brompton Cemetery*. The continuation of the Brompton Road in a direct line from the Oratory becomes the *Cromwell Road* and leads to the South Kensington Museums (Chap. XIII.).

Returning to Knightsbridge, and continuing our walk westward, we pass on the right the *Cavalry Barracks*, beyond them, the *Prince of Wales's Gate* opens into the park. On the other side are *Rutland Gate* and *Prince's Gate*. No. 49, Prince's Gate contains the celebrated "Peacock Room," decorated by Whistler in 1876. Now, our road is no longer Knightsbridge, but *Kensington Gore* (the name comes from old *Gore House*, see below); and

on our left, the wide, straight *Exhibition Road* leads downhill to the *South Kensington Museums* and the *Imperial Institute* (see Chap. XIII.), of which the tall towers appear in the distance. Several fine mansions have hitherto adorned our road, notably *Kent House* (Louisa, Lady Ashburton), *Stratheden House*, *Alford House* (an admirable brick edifice), and *Listowel House* (which belonged to the notorious Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, see p. 373) : but *Lowther Lodge*, which faces the park at the top of Exhibition Road, is the most picturesque of all, with its tall red-brick chimneys and gables. It is a very successful example of *Norman Shaw's* "modern-antique" style. Just beyond it is the great building of the **Albert Hall**. This is a vast roofed-in amphitheatre in the style of the Italian Renaissance, destined for concerts, exhibitions, and scientific assemblies, its real name being *The Royal Albert Hall for Arts and Sciences*.

Though it appears to be circular, it is really elliptical in form, measuring 270 feet by 240 feet, and 800 feet in circumference ; its exterior is of red brick and terra-cotta. Though it is primarily intended for concerts, yet some cavillers will have it that the vast size of the hall (it is so big that a London fog can get well inside it) prevents the singers being well heard. The first idea of the hall originated with the Prince Consort after the exhibition of '51, and it was built by a company in 1867-71, at a cost of £200,000, Queen Victoria laying the first stone. The hall will hold 10,000 people. The magnificent *Organ*, the largest in the world, has 8,000 pipes, and its bellows are worked by two steam engines. The outer gallery round the hall (ascent, one penny, by lifts) commands a fine view. The terra-cotta frieze, which encircles the whole building above the gallery, was executed by *Minton & Co.*, and represents the different nations of the globe. The whole pile is impressive merely from its size ; but even those who most abuse it, allow its porches to be "imposing in form and effective in shadow and colour." The Hall is often hired for political demonstrations on a large scale.

The Albert Hall is built on the historic site of old *Gore House* which, though perhaps less famous as an artistic "centre" than Holland House, yet exercised great social and political influence at the beginning of the last century.

William Wilberforce, the philanthropist, lived here, and, later, Lady Blessington, who kept in it a kind of literary "court," which all the celebrated men of the day—Thackeray, Dickens, Lytton, D'Orsay, Landseer, Moore, etc.—attended. During the Great Exhibition of 1851, it was used as a restaurant, where M. Soyer, the culinary genius, shone as "chef" ; and finally, it was bought up by the Commissioners of the Exhibition, pulled down, and the present building erected in its place.

Exactly opposite the Albert Hall, in the Park, is the *Albert Memorial* (see p. 340) ; and to the west of the Hall is *Alexandra House*, a home opened in 1886 by her present Majesty for the use of young ladies who come from a distance to attend the musical and other colleges which

here abound. Hyde Park, so long on our right hand, has now merged into *Kensington Gardens* (see p. 338), through which, on the right, goes the *Broad Walk* (see p. 339.)

Behind the Albert Hall is another statue of the Prince Consort, who looks down from the raised terrace on which he stands upon a group of other piles devoted to one or other of the arts and sciences. Immediately opposite, on the south side of Prince Consort's Road, is the **Royal College of Music**, an institution in which the Prince's son, his present Majesty, has always taken the warmest interest.

The present building was opened by His Majesty when Prince of Wales, in May, 1894; its entrance hall contains statues of the King and Queen, by the late Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, and a bust of Mr. Samson Fox, the donor of the building. The *Donaldson Museum of Musical Instruments* (admission free daily, except Saturdays, 10-5) contains many objects of personal and historical interest, such as a guitar belonging to Louis XV., and Titian's zither.

Behind the College, and facing another road which has been cut through the former Horticultural Gardens, stands the Imperial Institute. One reaches this cross-road by Exhibition Road, the east side of which is occupied with private residences, and the west with a succession of public institutions—the City and Guilds Technical Institute, the School of Art Carving and the School of Needlework. Lower down, we reach the South Kensington Museum, etc. (Chap. XIII.).

Turning to our right at the bottom of Exhibition Road, we walk along the Cromwell Road and pass the Natural History Museum (see p. 214). Then we may turn up to the right into *Queen's Gate*, a broad street with spacious residences and so regain Kensington Gore.

A little way farther on, on the right, is the road called *Kensington Palace Gardens* (see p. 343). Kensington Gore, now becomes Kensington High Street, penetrates old Kensington with its row of smart shops, having the air almost of a suburban village. The street is winding and even picturesque; on the right ascends Campden Hill (see p. 345). Now *Church Street* (see p. 345) goes off on the right, and opposite it is *Young Street* (see p. 344), leading to the quiet old-fashioned *Kensington Square*, quite "a haunt of ancient peace" after the bustle of High Street. A little farther on is the Metropolitan Station of High Street, Kensington; opposite it is **St. Mary Abbot's Church** (see p. 346); and beyond on the left, is the Roman Catholic "Pro-Cathedral." Now our road, twice more changing its name, though not its direction, becomes *Phillimore Place*, and finally, *Kensington Road*. (For continuation westward see end of last chapter).



## CHAPTER XXIV.

## Through Pall Mall, St. James's and Park Lane; Club-land and Mayfair.

"Oh, bear me to the paths of fair Pall Mall!"

—Gay, "*Trivia*."

"In town let me live then, in town let me die,

"For in truth I can't relish the country, not I;

"If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,

"Oh! give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall."

—Charles Morris.

"She shall have all that's fine and fair,

"And ride in a coach to take the air,

"And have a house in St. James's Square."

—Old Ballad.

PALL MALL, one of the handsomest streets in London leads west out of Trafalgar Square (*see* p. 300) to St. James's Street. A third of a mile in extent, and mainly a long series of palaces and palatial clubs, its charms have been sung by many literary men and many poets. It has been the Fleet Street of the leisured and monied bards of three centuries. Defoe wrote of it

"I am lodged in the street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the Queen's Palace, the Park, the Parliament House, the theatres, and the chocolate and coffee houses, where the best company frequent. If you would know our manner of living, 'tis thus:—We rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levées find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as at Holland, go to tea tables. About twelve, the *beau-monde* assembles in several coffee or chocolate houses; the best of which are the Cocoa Tree and White's chocolate houses; St. James's, the Smyrna, Mr. Rochford's and the British coffee houses; and all these so near one another that in less than one hour you see the company of them all."

The taverns here alluded to no longer exist, for their place is taken by the modern club-houses, none of which date beyond the present century. In the last century, however, Pall Mall was filled by taverns where literary and convivial societies met. (For the origin of the strange name of "Pall Mall," *see* p. 380). Running parallel with the Mall, Pall Mall skirts the northern edge of St. James's Park (*see* p. 378). In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was a fashionable suburban promenade, and had really a "sweet shady side," as a row of elm trees grew luxuriantly on both sides of the street, in front of "fair mansions enclosed with gardens" on the south, and haystacks on the north, so modern is even central London. Two short streets, *Cockspur Street* and *Pall Mall East*, lead from Trafalgar Square to Pall Mall proper. Into Pall Mall East fall, on the north, *Whitcomb Street* and *Suffolk Street*. Suffolk Street, which opens just beyond the rooms of the *Old Water-Colour Society*, was the

residence of Charles II.'s "beloved Moll Davis"; of Swift's unhappy "Vanessa," otherwise Miss Esther Vanhomrigh; and of Richard Cobden, who lodged and died here. Suffolk Street was also, in 1735, the scene of a tavern brawl, between the Jacobites and the Puritans. On its eastern side is the *Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists* (admission 1s.). Out of Cockspur Street, which joins Pall Mall on the left, goes *Warwick Street*, where stood *Warwick House*, an abode chosen by the Regent for his daughter Princess Charlotte. The street recalls a pleasant anecdote of the high-spirited and affectionate girl. Stung by petty tyranny, she escaped one day unattended, and crossing Cockspur Street, "flung herself into the first hackney coach she could find and drove to her mother's house in Connaught Place." Cockspur Street is now, as well as the neighbourhood generally, crowded with offices, agencies, etc.; indeed every inch of ground here seems priceless. At the junction of Cockspur Street and Pall Mall East, stand Wyatt's *Equestrian Statue of George III.*, erected 1837. Here Pall Mall begins, and hence ascends on the right (north) the wide street called the *Haymarket*, which climbs the steep hill to *Coventry Street* and *Piccadilly Circus* (see p. 350). The Haymarket, so-called from having been the market for hay and straw in Queen Elizabeth's time, contains, on its east side, the *Haymarket Theatre*, with a colonnade and portico, once the scene of the Bancrofts' and Kendals' triumphs: afterwards tenanted by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, whose new theatre is on the opposite side of the street, on the old site of *Her Majesty's Opera House*, demolished in 1893. The *Carlton Hotel* and Restaurant adjoin it. Other theatres in the vicinity are the *Criterion*, in Piccadilly Circus; the *Comedy*, in Panton Street; and the *Prince of Wales's*, in Coventry Street. On the opposite side of Pall Mall, at the corner of Waterloo Place, is the leading naval and military club, that of the *United Service*. (For *Waterloo Place*, that here intersects Pall Mall, and its monuments, see p. 393). Beyond Waterloo Place, on the left (south) side of Pall Mall, is a succession of large clubs. First comes the *Athenæum Club*, built in 1829, with a frieze copied from the Parthenon. This is the club *par excellence* of literary men, bishops and cabinet ministers; and distinguished foreigners may be elected honorary members of it during their stay in London. "The Athenæum," wrote Matthew Arnold, "is a place at which I enjoy

“something resembling beatitude.” The Athenæum has the best club library in England. The statue of Minerva on the exterior of the building has called forth the following irreverent epigram :

“Ye travellers who pass by, just stop and behold,

“And see, don’t you think it a sin,

“That Minerva herself is left out in the cold

“While her owls are all gorging within?”

Adjoining the Athenæum is the *Travellers’ Club*, with a handsome façade towards Carlton House Terrace (see p. 380), which here runs parallel with Pall Mall. It was built in 1832 by Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament. The club, which dates from 1819, is supposed to be restricted to gentlemen who have travelled at least a thousand miles in a direct line from London. Barry also designed the next club, the *Reform*, built in 1839; it is a very good imitation of an Italian palace. This club dates from the great Reform Bill and agitation; it is the home of Liberals and Liberal Unionists. It possesses an excellent library and several good portraits of Liberal statesmen. Next to the Reform comes the *Carlton Club*, with polished red granite pillars, an imitation of St. Mark’s Library at Venice; this is the famous Conservative Club founded by the Duke of Wellington in 1831. Beyond it, stood the old War Office; this has been pulled down since the completion of the new War Office in Whitehall (see p. 84), and the site has been acquired by the *Royal Automobile Club*. Opposite, on the right, are the *Junior Carlton* and the *Army and Navy Clubs*; the latter situated at the corner of *St. James’s Square*, a large and aristocratic square just north of Pall Mall (with which it communicates by two short streets), about whose distinguished residents whole books have been written. Dating from the time of Charles II. (as may be seen by the names of the neighbouring streets, *Charles Street* and *King Street*), this square marks the beginning of the West End. Up to the end of the Commonwealth, the Londoner, journeying westward from Charing Cross or Leicester Square, saw little but meadows and orchards and country lanes. The building of the West End dates from the year 1662, when that gay court favourite and man of pleasure, Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, whose association with the spot is still commemorated in the name of the adjacent Jermyn Street, obtained from the King a building lease of forty-five acres of St. James’s Fields, and forthwith proceeded to plan

out the present St. James's Square. It still shares with Grosvenor Square the distinction of being the most aristocratic in London, though club-houses and offices are gradually encroaching into it. In it lived the Duke of Ormonde, the Earl of Strafford, Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II. (who took refuge here till the purchase of Leicester House, *see* p. 310), Lord Castlereagh, etc.; and here still are the mansions of the Duke of Norfolk (No. 31), the Earl of Derby (33), and among other



From a Sketch by

The Carlton Club.

Herbert Railton.

peers, of Lord Falmouth, whose family name is Boscawen, and in front of his house, No. 2, are some rough iron posts, made from French guns taken by Admiral Boscawen in a sea fight off Finisterre. In Charles II.'s day, many of the court beauties favoured St. James's Square as a residence, notably Moll Davis, Arabella Churchill, and Catherine Sedley. In St. James's Square is located that well-known institution, the *London Library*, a circulating library with 100,000 volumes, invaluable for reference and research. The Library occupies No. 14 in the Square, once the

residence of the third Countess of Buckinghamshire, and of great fame for its splendid masquerade parties. In the centre of the Square is a bronze equestrian statue of William III., by *Bacon*. At the west end of Pall Mall, are (south) the *Oxford and Cambridge Club*, the *Guards' Club*, and the *New Oxford and Cambridge Club*. Behind them is *Marlborough House* (see p. 381), and opposite (on the north) is the *Marlborough Club*, small and very select, many Princes being among its members. At No. 79 (a house now rebuilt and tenanted by the *Eagle Insurance Co.*) lived Nell Gwynne—"the indiscreetest and wildest, "creature that ever was in a court"—for many years; and it was here, on the terrace overlooking the gardens on the back, that the moralist Evelyn—

"saw and heard a very familiar discourse between the King and Mrs. "Nellie, as they cal'd an impudent comedian, she looking out of her "garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and the King standing on "ye greene beneath it."

With the New Oxford and Cambridge Club we reach the corner of the road leading south to St. James's Palace (see p. 383). Here Pall Mall is continued toward the west by *Cleveland Row*, leading to *Bridgewater House* (see p. 385), and the *Green Park* (see p. 386), and hence at right angles with Pall Mall, and opposite the old brick gateway of the palace, the wide and handsome street called **St. James's** ascends the steep hill to Piccadilly. Here many more clubs come into notice, which, when St. James's Street is illuminated for royal anniversaries and weddings, show their loyalty by contributing to make it appear a perfect fairy-land of radiating light. On the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, long garlanded pikes were placed slanting across the wide street to form a kind of avenue for the royal procession, with wonderful effect. St. James's Street, with its immediate surroundings, *Duke Street*, *Jermyn Street*, *Bury Street*, is still the favoured abode of men of fashion, as in the days when Sheridan wrote :—

"The Campus Martius of St. James's Street,  
"Where the beaux' cavalry pace to and fro,  
"Before they take the field in Rotten Row."

But in the many bachelors' lodgings round St. James's Street the prices now range rather higher than they did, say in 1710, when Dean Swift wrote to Stella from Bury Street :—"I have the first floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week, *plaguy dear*." The St. James's Street clubs are (on the left as we ascend the street : The *Thatched House Club*, at the corner of Cleve-

land Row, on the site of the famous old *Thatched House Tavern*, the home of the "Dilettanti Society," a sometime Bohemian club whose "nominal qualification for membership," according to Horace Walpole, "was having been in Italy, the real one being drunk"; the *Conservative Club* (No. 74), established in 1840 to receive the overflowings of the Carlton; *Arthur's Club* (No. 69), founded as Arthur's Chocolate House in 1765; the *Cocoa-Tree Club* (No. 64), established 1765, named after the *Cocoa-Tree Chocolate House*, a Tory resort which stood here in Queen Anne's time; and *Brooks's Club* (No. 60), at the corner of Park Place, since 1778 the headquarters of the Whig aristocracy. It is known for its luxurious stateliness, which has given rise to the remark that "dining at Brooks's is like dining at a duke's house with the duke lying dead upstairs." Brooks's was named, like several other clubs, from its second proprietor, its first was Almack, a Scotchman, who afterwards founded Almack's (now Willis's) Rooms in King Street, over the way, and was famous, like White's (see below), for its gambling, as well as for being the meeting-place of Charles James Fox and his Whig allies. Beyond Brooks's Club are the *New University Club* (Nos. 57 and 58), and the *Devonshire Club* (No. 50), a large building at the corner of Piccadilly, built on the site of the well-known *Crockford's Gaming-House*. The *Devonshire Club* is an off-shoot of the Reform Club. On the right side of St. James's Street, beginning again from the bottom of the street, are:—The *Junior Army and Navy Club*, at the corner of King Street; *Boodle's Club* (No. 28), the club of the county gentlemen, "every Sir John," it was said, "belongs to Boodle's"; and *White's Club* (Nos. 37 and 38), between Jermyn Street and Piccadilly, a Tory club built by Wyatt, on the site of *White's Chocolate House*, noted in the last century for its bets and betting duels, "the most fashionable hell in London." A room in White's old club-house is represented in the sixth picture of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," here designated as "Black's." In King Street, the first turning out of St. James's, on the right, is *Willis's Restaurant*, on the site of "Almack's," the select and very exclusive assembly where the high aristocracy gave balls, and held complete sway over the admission thereto, "the seventh heaven of the fashionable world." The entry to Almack's, in the beginning of this century, was as high a social certificate as the fact of having been presented at Court, hence the couplet:—



"If once to Almack's you belong,  
 "Like monarchs, you can do no wrong. . . ."

Close to Willis's Rooms is the *St. James's Theatre*, which under the capable management of Mr. George Alexander, following that of Messrs. Hare and Kendal, has a great reputation for high-class comedy. In King Street are also Messrs. Christie & Manson's *Auction Rooms* (known as "Christie's"), celebrated for the sale of valuable works of art. (The chief sales take place on Saturdays during the season.) Opening out of St. James's Street on the left, opposite King Street, is *St. James's Place*, where Addison lived, and where Samuel Rogers, the old banker-poet, had his home for fifty-five years, and gave his famous "literary breakfasts." In *Park Place*, the next street on the left, Hume the historian lived for two years. *Bennet Street*,—Byron lived for a year at No. 4 and wrote *The Bride of Abydos* here—higher up, leads to *Arlington Street* (see p. 357). In *Jermyn Street*, opposite, are the Turkish Baths, called the *Hammam*, the best in London. At the top of St. James's Street, we cross *Piccadilly* (see p. 350), and a few steps westward along it will take us to *Berkeley Street*, which runs past



Byron's House, 4, Bennet Street.

*Devonshire House* and *Lansdowne House*, from Piccadilly to *Berkeley Square*. Here we leave Club land, and enter the district known specially as *Mayfair*, commanding some of the highest rents in London (comp. p. 388). It has no parochial or official recognition, and yet its boundaries — from about Piccadilly and Portman Square on the north and south, Park Lane and Regent Street east and west — are well defined. The name comes from a fair held here in May in James II.'s time, which, leading to evil ways, was eventually suppressed. Afterwards, "in the course of time," says an American writer :—

"May Fair, as the place was then called, became one of the most fashionable districts in London, and is even now a select quarter for the more retired portion of the aristocracy. But the evil reputation of the old fair long clung to it. Even when Curzon Street was built, Dr. Keith's chapel was renowned for marriages at a minute's notice, the West-end parson being as unscrupulous as his brethren of the Fleet. Hasty beauties and eager swains were here tied together with the utmost celerity, and it is said that no fewer than six thousand of these hasty marriages were celebrated in one year. The beautiful Miss Chudleigh was wedded in this fashion to the Duke of Kingston and the still more beautiful Miss Gunning, the youngest of the lovely sisterhood who turned the heads of young Englishmen a hundred years ago, came hither with the Duke of Hamilton, half-an-hour after midnight, and was married with a bed-curtain ring."—Emerson, "*How the Great City Grew.*"

Entering Berkeley Street, and passing Devonshire House (*see p. 358*), we note that at No. 9, was the London residence of *Alexander Pope*. On our left, beyond Devonshire House, is *Lansdowne Passage*, a stone alley cut through the gardens of Lansdowne House, leading to *Bolton Row*. A bar crosses its entrance; this is a curious relic of London highwaymen; it was put up in the 18th century to prevent their escape, a noted highwayman having once ridden full tilt up these steps, after robbing his victims in Piccadilly, and escaping through Bolton Row. This is also the "dark uncanny passage" chosen by Trollope as the scene of a murder in his novel, "*Phineas Redux.*" On the right is *Hay Hill*, where Sir Thomas Wyatt's head was exhibited on a long pole after the rebellion of 1554. Here George IV. and his brother were once stopped in their youth by robbers, who held pistols at their heads while demanding money, but "had to go away disappointed, for they had only a half-a-crown between them." On the left, behind a thick green of trees, rises **Lansdowne House**, situated in a large garden, its gates decorated with the beehives which are the family crest. The house contains a good picture gallery and a collection of ancient Roman sculpture. Though not open to the public, Lansdowne House is sometimes shown on application.

The collection of sculptures, most of them discovered at Hadrian's Villa, near Rome, by Gavin Hamilton, in the eighteenth century, is unrivalled in any private gallery out of Rome. Among them are an admirable seated figure of *Juno*, a beautiful statue of *Mercury*—found on the Appian Way—and a colossal bust of *Minerva*. In the *Dining-Room* is also a lovely *sleeping female figure*, the last work of the sculptor Canova. The pictures, scattered through the different rooms, comprise paintings by *Rembrandt*, *Velasquez*, *Murillo*, *Van Dyck*, *Giorgione*, and many portraits by *Reynolds*, as well as by *Gainsborough*, *Raeburn* and *Lawrence*. Among the Reynolds portraits are those of *Garrick*, *Sterne* ("a matchless work with all its expression of intellect and humour"), *Horace Walpole*.

"Kitty Fisher" (with a bird), and Lady Anstruther. A St. Cecilia by Domenichino (from the Borghese Gallery) hangs in the drawing-room, where is also "the gem of the collection"—a portrait of an Italian count, by *Sebastiano del Piombo*.

It was while living in Lansdowne House, as librarian to Lord Shelburne, that Priestley discovered oxygen. Now, Berkeley Street opens into **Berkeley Square**, a handsome and solidly-built square, containing "the best trees of any square in London." They are also the oldest, having been planted in 1789, but their health is accounted for by the fact that they are plane trees, which are the only trees that flourish thoroughly in the smoky atmosphere of the metropolis, as they possess the power of changing their bark yearly, and thus "spring cleaning" themselves naturally. Many noted people have lived in Berkeley Square; its associations however are, it must be owned, somewhat tragic. In No. 45, the great Lord Clive, founder of the British Empire in India, committed suicide in 1774; in No. 11, Horace Walpole died; and No. 50 has an unpleasant notoriety as "the Haunted House in Berkeley Square, about which many strange surmises have been made":—

"The house in Berkely Square contains at least one room of which "the atmosphere is supernaturally fatal to body and mind. A girl saw, "heard, and felt such horror in it that she went mad, and never recovered "sanity enough to tell how or why. A gentleman, a disbeliever in ghosts, "dared to sleep in it, and was found a corpse in the morning, after "practically ringing for help in vain. Rumours suggest other cases of "the same kind, all ending in death, madness, or both, as the result of "sleeping or trying to sleep in that room. The very party walls of the "house, when touched, are found saturated with electric horror . . . ."

—*Mayfair*, May 10, 1879.

Berkeley Square has a historic and old-time look that seems to "fit" in well with ghosts, and is materially helped by the fine old iron work, in some cases supporting antique torch extinguishers, that, as in Grosvenor Square (*see* p. 332), and in Gower Street (*see* p. 415), adorn some of the houses. One of the best examples of ironwork is to be seen at No. 45. No. 38, the town house of Lord Rosebery, is the house from which the daughter of Child, the banker, eloped in 1782 with the Earl of Westmoreland, and where their daughter, *Lady Jersey*, and her husband, afterwards lived. Close by is the entrance to *Hill Street*, the "Great Gaunt Street" of Thackeray, and parallel with Hill Street on the north is *Farm Street*, where is the great Roman Catholic church of the **Immaculate Conception**, where Manning, afterwards Cardinal, was received on Passion Sunday, 1851. Leaving Berkeley

Square by its south-western corner, *Charles Street* and *Queen Street* lead to *Curzon Street, Mayfair*. Lord Beaconsfield lived for the latter years of his life at No. 19, having purchased the lease with part of the proceeds of his last novel "Endymion," and here he died at No. 19, on April 19, 1881, as recorded on a tablet on the house. In this street is the mansion known as *Chesterfield House*, with gates and a courtyard facing the street; it dates from 1749, when it was built by Philip, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, the author of the celebrated "Letters," and the art patron and connoisseur of his day. The house, which was the residence of the late art collector, Mr. Magniac, and now belongs to Lord Burton, of Bass's beer fame, contains a handsome marble staircase with a bronze balustrade—a staircase immortalised in the background of E. M. Ward's picture in the Tate Gallery (see p. 143), "Dr. Johnson in the Ante-Room of Lord Chesterfield." The library where the "Letters" were written still remains, but the busts and pictures that once adorned it are removed. Chesterfield House has been mentioned as "one of the few private houses in London that are equal to the hotels of the nobility in Paris." When first built, it stood alone in beautiful gardens, "the finest in London," but these gardens have been curtailed by the late owner, who built the modern "Chesterfield Gardens" out of them. Chesterfield House stands exactly at the foot of *South Audley Street*, which runs hence in a direct line up to Oxford Street, and in which a public library, housed in a fine terra-cotta building, was opened in 1895 by the combined forces of the Duke of Westminster and the vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square. *Curzon Market*, just south of Curzon Street, is a curious little by-way—not to say "slum"—interposed in the midst of this lordly neighbourhood, in the curious way we have before noticed in Belgravia, "velvet and rags" jostling one another in close juxtaposition. *Seamore Place* leads from Curzon Street into **Park Lane**, the Eldorado of the fashionable world, containing some of the handsomest edifices in London. Some of the finest of these have recently been built for South African millionaires, who seem to have a special *penchant* for Park Lane. Park Lane runs along the eastern side of *Hyde Park* (see Chap. XXII.), from Hyde Park Corner to the Marble Arch. Its view over the park is unrivalled, and its splendid mansions, often divided by trees and gardens, have, unlike most London streets, a charming and quite Italian irregu-

larity. Park Lane has two outlets into Piccadilly, the most westerly, near Hyde Park Corner, being called *Hamilton Place*. At No. 4, *Hamilton Place*, is the mansion of the *Earl of Northbrook*, with a fine collection of pictures, formed from the famous *Baring Gallery*. The pictures are chiefly of the Dutch and Spanish schools, with important works by *Jan Van Eyck*, *Ruysdael*, *Cuyp*, *Rubens*, etc., and a fine portrait by *Holbein*. Near the junction of *Hamilton Place* with *Park Lane*, is *Holderness House* (sometimes called *Londonderry House*), the residence of the Marquis of *Londonderry*. Ascending *Park Lane* towards *Oxford Street*, we notice the "Ring" (the fashionable drive encircling *Hyde Park*, open to carriages, not cabs). Between the "Ring" and the park railings, are in spring and summer, radiant beds of successive flowers—tulips, geraniums, asters—in luxuriant masses and delightfully blended shades, making *Park Lane* a very harmony of colour, to which effect the "hanging gardens" of the *Park Lane* mansions on the other side of the way contribute not a little. In front of *Great Stanhope Street* (just north of *Curzon Street*) is *Stanhope Gate*, opening into the Park; a little higher on the left, is *Dorchester House*, the property of Major *Holford*, a beautiful Italian palace built in 1853; imitated from the best style of Italian architecture, and giving "a noble play of light and shadow from its roof and projecting stones." Inside, it has a stately and beautiful staircase, leading to galleries with open arches, as in *Paul Veronese's* pictures. Its fine collection of paintings is shown in spring and summer, but only to visitors provided with a personal introduction.

The pictures, mostly of the Italian school, comprise the following:—*Bronzino*: Magnificent portrait of *Cosimo de Medici* and his wife; *Bonifazio*: Holy Family; *Velasquez*: Portraits of the Duke *Olivarez*, also of *Philip IV.* (both life-size); *Gaudenzio Ferrari*: Mary, Joseph and a cardinal; *Andrea del Sarto*: Holy Family; *Titian*: Holy Family, with John the Baptist; *Tintoretto*: Portrait, also a conversation piece; pictures ascribed to *Fra Angelico*, and to *Luini*; and pictures of the *Dutch School*.

At No. 29, *Park Lane*, *Disraeli* (Lord *Beaconsfield*) wrote his novels *Sybil* and *Coningsby*. Between the fashionable *Mount Street*, and *Upper Grosvenor Street*, is **Grosvenor House**, the mansion of the Duke of *Westminster*, to whose family a large portion of this quarter of London has belonged for over two centuries. It contains a remarkably fine picture gallery, and though, like the neighbouring mansions, it is not open to the public, it is shown from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. to a few privileged visitors.

(tickets to be obtained by personal application to the Duke.

The pictures, which are all hung in the charming living-rooms of the family, comprise, among others, the following :—*In the Dining-Room*.—*Benjamin West* : Death of General Wolfe ; *Claude Lorraine* : Morning and Evening ; also, The Worship of the Golden Calf, several landscapes, and the Sermon on the Mount ; *Rembrandt* : Portraits of Nicholas Berghem and his wife, his own portrait, and A Lady with a Fan (a beautiful work) ; *Hogarth* : The Distressed Poet. *In the Saloon*.—*Cuyp* : A River Scene near Dort ; *Rembrandt* : The Salutation (signed and dated 1640) ; *Andrea del Sarto* : Portrait ; *Murillo* : The Infant Christ Asleep (a lovely picture) ; *Garofalo* : A "Riposo." *In the small Drawing-Room*.—*Gainsborough* : The Blue Boy (the noblest portrait ever painted by him ; he chose the blue colour of the boy's dress to prove that a preponderance of blue in a picture was compatible with art) ; *Sir J. Reynolds* : Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse (this well-known picture was painted 1785 ; Reynolds inscribed his name on the border of the drapery, telling Mrs. Siddons that he could not resist the opportunity of going down to posterity on the hem of her garment) ; *Van Dyck* : The Virgin and Child, with St. Catherine (a very beautiful work). *Large Drawing-Room*.—*Velasquez* : The Infante Don Balthazar of Spain on horseback, attended. *Titian* : Jupiter and Antiope (landscape said to be Cadore) ; *Rubens* : The painter and his first wife, Elizabeth Brandt ; *Bellini* (?) : Virgin and Child, with Saints. *Rubens Room*—Three scriptural pictures, painted in 1629, by Rubens, Philip IV. *Ante-Drawing-Room*.—*Gainsborough* : The Cottage Door ; *Reynolds* : Portrait of Mrs. Hartley, the actress.

*Dudley House*, the mansion of the Earl of Dudley, comes next. Close by it, opens *Upper Brook Street*, leading to Grosvenor Square (see p. 332). At No. 25, Brook Street, beyond Grosvenor Square, a tablet on the house informs the passer-by that Handel, the musician, once lived there. At No. 24, Park Lane, is the *Lady Brassey Museum*, with a valuable and interesting ethnological collection, antiquities, and curiosities of many kinds, collected by the late Lady Brassey during her voyages in the yacht *Sunbeam*, an account of which she has published. Admission to the museum is sometimes granted on application to Lord Brassey. It is beautifully and artistically fitted up, in the Indian style, and is mainly in galleries round a large central hall, being often seen and admired at the charming social and political gatherings given by its owner. Now, passing the fashionable *Green Street*, we approach *Cumberland Gate*, and the *Marble Arch* (see p. 333), where, amid the noise and jingle of innumerable omnibus and cab drivers, and the heavy rumble of van and cart wheels, we exchange the comparative calm of Park Lane for the din of Oxford Street.



## CHAPTER XXV.

## Royal London: St. James's Park and its Palaces.

"The parks are the lungs of London."

"St. James's Park is a genuine piece of country, and of English country; huge old trees, real meadows, a large pond peopled with ducks and waterfowl; cows and sheep, in an enclosed space, feed on the grass, which is always fresh."—*Taine*.

ST. JAMES'S PARK, which adjoins the Green Park, is quite the prettiest of the London parks, as it as it can certainly claim to be the most aristocratic; for round it all the royal palaces, as well as numerous stately mansions, are grouped. But although thus palatial in its surroundings, it has, by a pleasing contrast, always been much frequented by the people. Here, on fine days, they may be seen in thousands, feeding the waterfowl, which—for Londoners are ever great respecters of rank—owe part of their charm to being the "direct descendants" of the birds introduced here and fed by Charles II. The park, which encloses eighty-one acres, was once the private garden of St. James's Palace, but has been open to the public ever since the days of the Merry Monarch, who had it laid out by a French landscape gardener called Le Nôtre, and otherwise vastly improved it. Caroline, wife of George II., wished to make it once more an appurtenance of the palace, and asked what it would cost to effect this: "Only three crowns," was the pithy answer of the minister, Sir Robert Walpole. The park was originally enclosed by Henry VIII., before whose time it was merely a bare undrained field belonging to a hospital dedicated to St. James, occupying the site of the present St. James's Palace, and established "for fourteen maidens that were leprous"—which fact alone shows how far it was from the little London of that day. Henry VIII. pensioned off the lepers, and converted the hospital into "a fair mansion and park," a park improved later, not only by Charles II., but also by George IV., who deputed Nash, the architect, to alter the stiff Dutch walks of Charles to winding ones, thus imparting to it its present form. St. James's Park is irregular in shape, and is bounded by the Horse Guards on the east, Pall Mall and St. James's Palace on the north, Buckingham Palace and the Green Park on the west, and on the south by Queen Anne's Gate and Westminster. It has an ornamenta<sub>1</sub>

water five acres in extent, crossed by a suspension foot-bridge, and surrounded by charmingly laid out grounds; indeed, in its sylvan retreats, we might imagine ourselves far away from the hum of the busy city. From secluded nooks bits of the grey old Abbey appear through the trees, just as they did three centuries ago; and from across the water a fine view may be had of the new Foreign Office and other buildings. Indeed, from here the city, with its

"Cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces,"

appears with all the enchantment lent by distance. The Park gave "sanctuary" in old days, in addition to its other attractions. The suspension bridge across the lake is the most direct route between St. James's Street and Westminster Abbey. On the lake (which has a uniform depth of three to four feet) are small boats plying for hire; strangely enough, these do not at all interfere with the comfort of the many beautiful aquatic birds. In olden times, indeed, St. James's Park was a kind of Zoological Gardens for London; and the Swiss cottage of the *Ornithological Society* is still situated here on a small island devoted to the breeding and protection of the waterfowl, nearly on the site of the old decoy. In St. James's Park, the sketcher will find many a picturesque "bit," as well as a convenient seat and comparative seclusion.

Supposing ourselves to enter the park from Whitehall by the Horse Guards' Archway (*see* p. 86), we cross the large enclosed and gravelled space known as the *Horse Guards' Parade*. This was formerly the *Tilt-yard* of Whitehall Palace, and the scene of tournaments in the times of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. Here, on one side of the Horse Guards' entrance, is a mortar left behind by the French in the retreat of Salamanca, and presented by the Spanish Government to the Prince Regent; it is commonly called "the Regent's Bomb," and is mounted on a dragon made at Woolwich. A Turkish gun taken from the French in Egypt, stands on the other side. Ascending north from the Parade, and passing on the east, the Admiralty, a site formerly occupied by the vast buildings of the old palace (*see* p. 78), we come to **The Mall**, the ancient fashionable "promenade" of London, before "Rotten Row" (*see* p. 337) became the mode. It is a broad shady avenue, planted with several rows of trees, and extending along the whole north side of the park, from Spring Gardens to Buckingham Palace.

The name of the *Mall* is derived, like that of *Pall Mall* (*see* p. 366), from the ancient game of *Paille Maille* (the object of which was to strike a ball, with a mallet, through an iron ring, down a straight walk strewn with powdered cockleshells) played here by Charles II. and his cavaliers. "The Mall" for at least two centuries represented the centre of London fashion. "Here," a writer of 1807 tells us, lamenting the old days, "used to promenade, on Sunday evenings, for one or two hours after dinner, the whole British world of gaiety, beauty and splendour. Here could be seen in one moving mass, extending the whole length of the Mall, 5,000 of the most lovely women in this country of female beauty, all splendidly attired, and accompanied by as many well-dressed men." The company, however, were attired very differently from the modes now to be seen in Rotten Row, for the ladies wore "full dress," and the gentlemen carried their hats under their arms. Where *Spring Gardens* (so named from the "Spring" or "Fountain Garden" of Whitehall Palace) now stand, was anciently *Milk Fair*, where the cavaliers and ladies before-mentioned used to repair the havoc of late hours and "rouls" by drinking asses' and cows' milk. Cow-stalls stood till recently at this corner of the park under the elm trees, and the milk vendors could boast of as ancient lineage as even King Charles II's waterfowl, they being really, in some cases, the descendants of the original stall-holders.

A **New Mall** has now been constructed, from designs by Aston Webb, in connection with the *Queen Victoria Memorial*. The width of the Mall is 200 feet. Of this space 65 ft. in the centre are devoted to the *Processional Road* from Buckingham Palace to Trafalgar Square, into which it enters by arches under some of the new Admiralty Buildings (*see* p. 86). On each side of the road is a foot-path, between avenues of trees. Beyond the paths on the Green Park (or north) side is a horse road for riders: beyond it, on the St. James's Park (or south) side, a thoroughfare available for ordinary traffic. Proceeding westward, we pass on the north Carlton House Terrace, a row of palatial mansions (some of the finest in London), built on steeply sloping ground, on the site of old *Carlton House*, the abode of the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.). This, no doubt the finest site in London, commands an unrivalled view of Westminster and its Abbey, with the fine Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament. The actual site of the Regent's luxurious palace is marked by the *Duke of York's Column* (erected 1830, 124 feet in height), which divides the mansions of Carlton House Terrace. The column surmounts a flight of broad steps ("the Waterloo Steps") leading down to *Waterloo Place* (*see* p. 393) into the Mall. The bronze statue, by *Westmacott*, represents Frederick, Duke of York, second son of George III. The column (closed at present) is ascended by a winding staircase, to a platform which affords a splendid birds'-eye view of the western part of the city. To the west of the column, in Carlton House Terrace, is the residence of the German Ambassador, *Prussia*

*House.* The extravagant magnificence of old Carlton House was the theme of many writers in old days, though how the money to pay for it was to come, Horace Walpole "could not conceive." There was especially an Ionic screen of pillars facing Pall Mall, handsome, but supporting nothing, that caused the famous witticism of the Italian, Bonomi :

"Care colonne, che fate quà?"

"Non sappiamo, in verità!"

thus Anglicised :

"Dear little columns, all in a row

"What *do* you do there?—'Indeed we don't know?'"



Marlborough House.

The gardens of the palace were celebrated for their nightingales. When Carlton House was pulled down in 1827, the eight columns were used in the façade of the present National Gallery, where they may be seen to this day. Beyond Carlton House Terrace, and still facing the Mall, is **Marlborough House**, famous not only in history, but also as being the town residence of the Prince of Wales. The house stands back, half-hidden in its wide-spreading garden, celebrated for the Prince of Wales's yearly garden parties, gatherings to which

all the rank and fashion of England are invited. The garden occupies the "Great Yard" of old St. James's Palace, as well as the "Friars' Garden" adjoining it. Marlborough House was built in 1709 for the great Duke of Marlborough, by Sir Christopher Wren. Here the Duke lived in great splendour, and here his no less famous Duchess, Sarah, outlived him for twenty years, and kept up the utmost pomp to the last, so as not to be outdone by "neighbour George" at St. James's Palace over the way. The bad entrance to Marlborough House yet exists to testify to the spite of Sir Robert Walpole, who, wishing to thwart the ambitious Duchess, bought up the leases of the adjoining houses to prevent her making a suitable approach to her palace. The Marlborough family retained the house till, in 1817, it was bought for the Princess Charlotte; after whose death it was successively occupied by her husband, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and Queen Adelaide; being finally settled on the Prince of Wales in 1850. It contains a series of interesting pictures by *Laguerre*, representing the victories of the Duke of Marlborough.

"It is a country retreat in the very heart of London. Its pleasant grounds, studied with old trees, its refreshing lawns in almost as lovely condition as those of an Oxford College, its abundance of birds, and the tranquil seclusion of the whole place, make it hard to realise that its gates give upon two of the busiest of Western thoroughfares. Not exactly a beautiful house to look upon from the outside, its warm red brick saves it from the depressing gloom of Buckingham Palace, which, despite the delightful grounds, is one of the most melancholy and dispiriting of Royal residences. The ruddy, creeped walls of Marlborough House suggest at once that homely comfort which is the distinguishing note of an official residence where State is thrust into the background as much as possible. These same walls have a curious history, very strikingly illustrative of the notoriously thrifty disposition of John Churchill's scheming, managing, imperious wife. The bricks of which they were built are Dutch; they are much smaller than the English pattern, and were considerably cheaper. To prevent the cost of carriage weighing heavily upon the Ducal exchequer, they were brought over as ballast, and unloaded from barges at Westminster, whence cartage to Pall Mall was an inconsiderable item. Nor was this the only instance of the economical methods of this remarkable pair. Six large mirrors were needed for the adornment of the house, and accordingly a formal petition was presented to the States General of Holland, praying that permission might be given for the exportation of them from Rotterdam to England without any charges being levied by the Dutch. Consequently, the Admiralty Board of Zealand were instructed to do as the Duke desired, and a formal 'passport' was granted to the Duchess's looking-glasses."—*A. H. Beavan's "Marlborough House and its Occupants."*

The building which projects into the grounds of Marlborough House on the west, is the *German Chapel Royal*, originally built as a Roman Catholic Chapel for his Queen

Henrietta Maria by Charles I., who thereby gave great offence to the nation. West of Marlborough House, and only divided from it by a narrow carriage way, is the picturesque **St. James's Palace**, with its well known old red brick entrance gateway looking up *St. James's Street* (see p. 370), a gateway no less historically interesting, than outwardly beautiful. The fourth plate of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," shows the Palace Gateway in 1735. The palace, into which Henry VIII. converted the leper's hospital (see p. 378), still commemorates that king and Anne Boleyn, by the "love-knots" (now almost obliterated) on the side doors of the gateway, and by the letters "H.A." above the chimney-piece of the presence chamber. Holbein is sometimes accredited with being the king's architect here, as at Whitehall; and, indeed, the great gate of St. James's Palace much resembles the prints of the old gates adorning Whitehall (see pp. 78, 80). The ancient parts of the palace are, besides this gateway, the Presence Chamber and the Chapel Royal, the rest having been destroyed by fire in 1809. Henry VIII. seldom lived at St. James's; but his daughter Mary died here, after the departure of her husband, Philip; and it is full of the memories of later vanished kings and queens. Charles I. considerably enlarged the palace; here he passed the happiest years of his life, and here he slept the night before his execution, in 1649; here also his children were brought from Sion House to take that affecting farewell of their father which has been such a favourite subject with painters. After the burning of Whitehall, St. James's became the royal residence from the time of William III. to that of George IV., for which latter monarch as we have seen, Carlton House (see p. 381) was provided. In St. James's, in 1688, was born that unfortunate son of James II. and Mary of Modena, known as "the Old Pretender," and long believed by the populace to be a fictitious child.

"There on the morning of Sunday, the tenth of June, a day long kept sacred by the two faithful adherents of a bad cause, was born the most unfortunate of princes, destined to seventy-seven years of exile and wandering, of vain projects, of honours more galling than insults, and of hopes such as make the heart sick."—*Macaulay*.

Most of the Georges lived at St. James's Palace. George I. came straight here on his arrival from Hanover, and his German thriftiness comes out curiously in the following account of his arrival (Walpole's *Reminiscences*):

"This is a strange country," the King remarked afterwards; "the first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window



"and saw a park with walks, and a canal, which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of my canal, and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp, out of my own canal, in my own park."

There is an accredited ghost story belonging to St. James's Palace. One of Charles II.'s ladies (the Duchess of Mazarin) made a compact with her friend, Madame de Beauclair (who stood in the same relation to James II.), that whichever died first should appear to the survivor, and give evidence of the future life. And here the Duchess actually appeared some years after her death, telling her friend that she "would be with her that night between 12 and 1;" at which hour Madame de Beauclair died. It is very difficult to obtain permission to see the interior of the palace; it contains many portraits and works of art, and its state rooms are sumptuously decorated. Those who attend *levées*, which still take place here, have opportunity for studying them. Though St. James's Palace is no longer the royal residence, the British Court is still known officially as the "Court of St. James's." In the outer court of the palace, known as *Colour Court* (so named from the colours of the regiment on guard duty being placed in it), the picturesque ceremony of the "changing of the guard," ever a popular sight with Londoners (see p. 86), takes place daily at 10.45 a.m., when the bands of the Grenadier, Coldstream, or Scots Guards play for a quarter of an hour in *Friary Court*, the open court facing Marlborough House. The *Chapel Royal of St. James's* (entered from Colour Court) has a beautiful ceiling said to be by Holbein (date 1540).

It is a small chapel, but has witnessed many royal marriages, notably that of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert; of Queen Anne; of George IV., his ill-starred marriage with the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick; of his present Majesty; and of the Prince of Wales and "Princess May." It seems that in old days the behaviour in this chapel was not all that it should have been. Bishop Burnet, its preacher, complained to Queen Anne "of the ogling that went on here during divine service," and Whiston, a later divine, found fault with no less a personage than Queen Caroline, wife of George II., "for talking in chapel," which shows that royalty was not above being reproved by its servants. The ten o'clock Sunday service is open to the public, and a limited number of strangers are admitted by ticket (to be obtained from the Lord Chamberlain or from the Bishop of London) to the other two. The Royal Family, and some of the highest nobility, have special seats here, and here, provided with the necessary "passes," we may also say our prayers on crimson cushions.

The *Garden* of St. James's Palace has a private entrance on to the Mall; and here, as George III. was once alighting, he was attacked by the lunatic, Margaret Nicholson. The people were for nearly lynching her,

when the king stepped forward, generously crying : " The poor creature is mad ; do not hurt her ; she has not hurt me." Beyond the Palace, and still facing the Mall, is *Clarence House*, built for William IV., as Duke of Clarence, and later, the residence of the Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother. It became in 1874 the town house of the Duke of Edinburgh, and is now that of the Duke of Connaught. Close to Clarence House, at the junction of the Green Park with St. James's Park, and overlooking them both, is **Stafford House** (approached from St. James's Street by *Cleveland Row*, see p. 370), sometimes called *Sutherland House* ; it is the finest private mansion in London. " I have come from my house to your palace," Queen Victoria once said to a former Duchess. It was built in 1825 for the Duke of York, second son of George III. (the same commemorated by the York Column). Its hall and staircase, designed by *Barry*, are magnificent in proportion and colouring. They are seen to fine effect at the charming literary and " society " gatherings, given by the present Duchess. The art treasures of Stafford House, though reduced by the sale of several fine works, are still numerous ; they may be seen on certain fixed days in spring and summer, by application to the Duke's private secretary. In the central compartment of the ceiling in the long and beautifully decorated picture gallery, is a saint supported by angels, by *Guercino*. The principal works ranged along the walls are :—

*Spagnoletto* : Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus. *Cano* : God the Father (a work glorious in colour). *Van Dyck* : Portrait of a student, and also a noble portrait of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. *Moroni* : Portrait of a Jesuit, the masterpiece of the gallery, celebrated in the history of art under the name of " Titian's Schoolmaster." *Titian* : The Education of Cupid. *Murillo* : Abraham and the Angels, and The Prodigal Son (two pictures from the Soult collection). *Rubens* : Sketch for the Louvre picture of the marriage of Marie de' Medicis. *Correggio* : The Muleteer (said to have been painted to discharge a tavern bill). *De la Roche* : Lord Strafford receiving Archbishop Laud's blessing on his way to execution. *Albert Durer* : Death of the Virgin. *Honthorst* : Christ before Pilate (a really great work by this painter). *Ascribed to Raphael* : The Cross-bearing (a Florentine picture of small value). *Carlo Maratti* : St. Anne Teaching the Virgin to read (a pretty little picture).

Other and no less valuable pictures adorn the private rooms of the mansion, and are not on view. North of Stafford House is **Bridgewater House** (also in Cleveland Row), with its yet more celebrated picture gallery. It is the mansion of the Earl of Ellesmere ; built in 1847, from *Barry's* designs, on the site of old *Cleveland House*, once the residence of Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland. Admission to the large Gallery, in which the pictures were

re-arranged a few years ago under the superintendence of Mr. Lionel Cust (Keeper of the King's Pictures) is granted on Wednesdays and Saturdays on application, suitably supported, to the Private Secretary; but some of the finest pictures (including the famous "Bridgewater Madonna," by Raphael, of which there is a copy in the National Gallery) are hung in the dwelling-rooms on the ground floor, and in order to see these, private influence is necessary. The following are among the pictures in the large hall:

On the walls of the *Staircase* hang a celebrated series of pictures by N. Poussin, from the Orleans collection, representing the Seven Sacraments of the Church-Baptism (note the figure in front, whose attention has been arrested in the act of drawing on a stocking—a pose borrowed from Michael Angelo's cartoon of "Soldiers Bathing"), Confirmation, Marriage (the espousal of Joseph and Mary), Penance ("Wherefore her sins, which are many, are forgiven her"), Ordination (the charge to Peter), the Last Supper, and Extreme Unction. In the *Gallery* the following are a few among the more important pictures: "Assumption of the Virgin," by *Guido Reni*; "The Kitchen," a good instance of the elaborate finish of its painter, *Strangeland*; "Venus rising from the Sea," or "La Venus à la Coquille," by *Titian*—a picture which once belonged to Queen Christina: the goddess, drying her long hair with her hands, stands in the blue water which ripples round her knees, while a mussel shell floats on the sea; "Diana and Actæon" and "Diana and Calesto," two of a series of mythological pictures which Titian painted for Philip II. of Spain; "The Village School," by *Ian Steen*, "a chef d'œuvre in its way, for truth of character and humorous invention", "Mother with Son Praying," often called "Hannah and Samuel," by *Rembrandt*.

North of Bridgewater House and Stafford House is *Spencer House*, the mansion of Earl Spencer. These three palatial mansions all look on to the **Green Park**, which is the northern continuation of St. James's Park, and was called formerly, *Upper St. James's Park*. The Green Park is some sixty acres in extent; it forms a kind of triangle, bounded by the long line of *Piccadilly* (see Chap. XXIII.) on the north; by the *Queen's Walk*, bordering the mansions of Arlington Street and St. James's, on the east; and by Constitution Hill and Buckingham Palace, on the south-west. Its name well describes the park, for it consists mainly of pleasant greensward, with some shrubberies and flower beds on the Piccadilly side. On Constitution Hill, which leads down from *Hyde Park Corner* (see pp. 338, 362), to St. James's Park and Buckingham Palace, no less than three attempts were made to shoot Queen Victoria: the first by a lunatic youth named Oxford, in 1840, and the other two in 1842 and 1849.

At the west end of St. James's Park, and at the end of the Processional Road is the *Queen Victoria Memorial*,

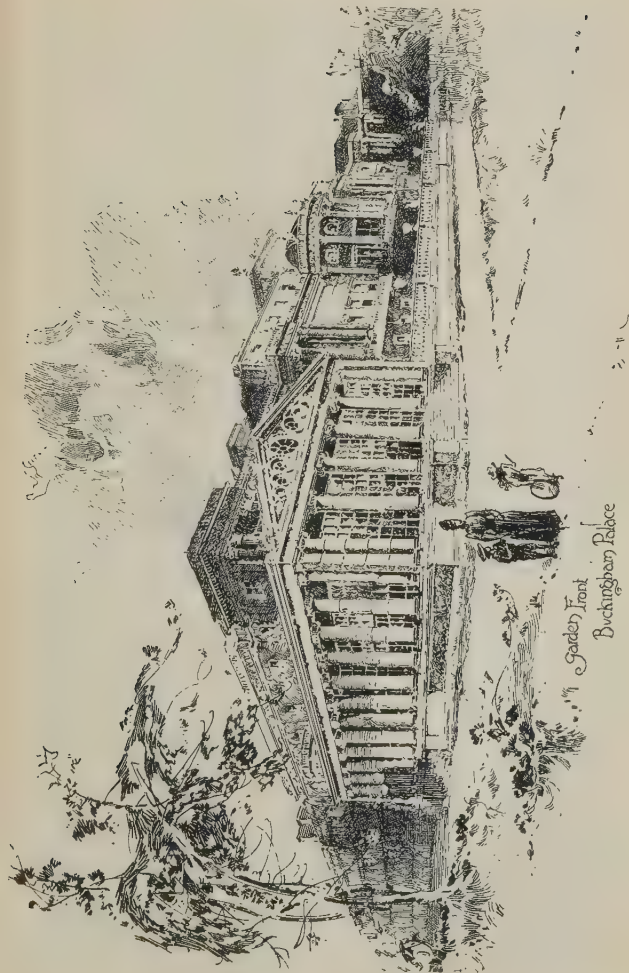
a large semi-circular enclosure, laid out as an ornamental garden, with architectural and sculptured additions. In the centre the monument of the Queen herself, by *Thomas Brock, R.A.*, is to be placed ; it will be the central object, in a magnificent open space, visible along long lines of vista. Behind a monumental screen, rises the front of **Buckingham Palace**, the London residence of the Sovereign. It is an immense edifice, in the form of a large quadrangle ; and, though not architecturally beautiful, is imposing merely from its size. It occupies the site of old Buckingham House, erected in 1703, over what was known in the time of the earlier Stuarts as the "Mulberry Garden." Buckingham House belonged to the Dukes of Buckingham till 1764, when George III. bought it ; and his son and successor, George IV., had it rebuilt and enlarged by his favourite architect, *Nash*, in 1825-7. The east front, which faces St. James's Park, was added by *Blore*, in 1846 ; it is somewhat heavy in effect, and is 360 feet long. Buckingham Palace was not used as a royal residence till Queen Victoria's time ; for George IV. did not live long enough to inhabit it, and William IV. disliked it and preferred St. James's. Queen Victoria took up her residence here in 1837 ; and here, in 1840 and 1841, the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales were born. The *Pavilion*, in the garden, adorned with eight scenes from Milton's "Comus," by eight Academicians (*Landseer, Dyce, Stanfield, Uwins, Eastlake, Maclise, Leslie, and Ross*), still testifies to the interest taken in the Palace and its surroundings by the Queen and Prince Albert. One or two of the artists employed here, have, themselves, in their reminiscences, dwelt pleasantly upon this fact. In the early married life of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, the Palace was used only as a residence ; in the late years of the Queen, it was utilized only for state drawing-rooms, concerts, balls, etc. ; his present Majesty has once more made it a residence. The principal events of the London season are the two or three "drawing-rooms" or "Courts," held by Queen Victoria in the afternoon, but by King Edward and Queen Alexandra in the evening.

The private rooms are all on the north side of the palace. A portico with marble columns leads out of the large court towards the State rooms. These contain little that is architecturally worthy of notice, though the white marble staircase is very magnificent ; its ceiling is decorated with frescoes by *Townsend*, representing, Morning, Noon, Evening and Night. Deputations to the King wait in the Library, on the ground floor, beyond the Sculpture Gallery, till they can be admitted to the royal presence. The State rooms, on the first floor, are the *Green*

*Drawing-Room*, 50 feet long ; the *Throne Room*, where the presentations take place, 60 feet long, and richly decorated in crimson satin and gold, with a lavishly-adorned and painted ceiling ; the *Grand Saloon* ; the *State Ball-Room*, 100 feet long and 60 feet broad ; the *State Dining-Room*, with a series of pictures of English sovereigns, including some by Gainsborough, and Lawrence's full-length portrait of George IV. (in an adjoining room is Sir Frederick Leighton's picture of the Procession in Florence with Cimabue's Madonna), and the *Picture Gallery*, chiefly filled with works to the Dutch and Flemish schools, collected by George IV. Among these are Van Dyck's portraits of Charles I. and his queen, Henrietta Maria, with Sir J. Reynold's "Death of Dido," "Cymon and Iphigenia," and his own portrait in spectacles ; and Wilkie's "Penny Wedding" and "Blind Man's Buff." The private rooms also contain many interesting royal portraits and other pictures, but the public are not admitted to view any part of the palace, either "State" or "private." Permission, however, to visit the Picture Gallery is sometimes granted, during the Court's absence, on application to the Lord Chamberlain, and the royal stables or mews (so called from the "mews" or "coops" in which the royal falcons were once kept), in Buckingham Palace Road, may be seen by means of an order from the Master of the Horse. They consist of two quadrangles, entered by a Doric archway beneath a clock tower, and contain, besides a riding-house, accommodation for 147 horses, 80 carriages, and 230 persons. Here is kept His Majesty's state coach, also the red morocco State harness and silver-gilt "furniture," used on festivals and high days. The large private garden is behind the Palace, extending back to Grosvenor Place, from which it is protected by a very high brick wall, over which even omnibus passengers can hardly see. It contains a lake of five acres, and many clumps of old trees and winding walks, besides the pavilion or summer-house already mentioned. Buckingham Palace and its grounds occupy altogether about fifty acres.

Behind the garden wall of the Palace, is *Grosvenor Place*, a broad and fashionable thoroughfare lined with stately mansions, leading from Hyde Park Corner to **Victoria Station**. Here is the terminus both of the London, Chatham and Dover railway and of the London, Brighton and South Coast. Both stations have been rebuilt and greatly enlarged during recent years, the work having been carried on during the ordinary progress of the traffic, and Victoria is now one of the most imposing railway stations in London. Here is the beginning of the large, fashionable, but somewhat dreary district of **Belgravia**, which extends westward as far as Brompton, and southward to the river ; bounded on the north by Knightsbridge. "None," says a recent writer, somewhat unkindly, "would think of visiting it, unless drawn thither "by the claims of society." The claims of society are, however, strong ; for Belgravia is more sought after as a residence than any part of London, Mayfair alone, perhaps, excepted, and its rents are proportionately high. It contains, nevertheless, some fine and well-built squares, notably *Belgrave Square* (connected with Grosvenor Place by Chapel Street) and *Eaton Square*, imposing at any rate from its vast proportions. The churches of Belgravia are





Garden Front  
Buckingham Palace



not interesting, though the interior of **St. Peter's**, Eaton Square (a church renowned for its fashionable weddings, and nearly always surrounded by rice), was finely remodelled by *Street*. (St. Peter's is also noted as having some of the best musical services in London.) *Cadogan Square* (behind *Sloane Street*, see p. 362) was only built in 1882, and "contains better specimens of Victorian architecture than any part of London." But street architecture in London is generally on the "up" grade, as may be seen from the improvements in well-known streets of late years. Its most hideous period was about sixty years back, from about which time, indeed, the whole district of Belgravia dates its existence; before 1825 it was a "marshy spot." It occupies in part the Ebury (Ey-bury) Farm in Pimlico, and became fashionable after the Royal occupation of Buckingham Palace, when "the fleeting tide of fashion" (see p. 408) moved here from deserted Bloomsbury. George III. foresaw that the district would in time become fashionable and wished to buy the land, but his minister would not sanction the expenditure, and the result was that it became the property of the Dukes of Westminster, who have since reaped from it abundant profit. All the names in this locality commemorate the ducal family of Grosvenor, as in Bloomsbury (see p. 409) they recall that of Russell: *Halkin Street*, *Grosvenor Crescent*, *Wilton Crescent* and *Place*, *Eaton Place* and *Square*, *Lupus Street*, *Eccleston Square*, with many others, are all taken from the family property. Just south of Buckingham Palace, the entrance to St. James's Park called *Buckingham Gate* opens into *Buckingham Palace Road*, a busy street leading to Victoria Station, and converging, near the large *Buckingham Palace Hotel*, with Grosvenor Place; the Royal Mews, which open into Buckingham Palace Road, being between the two streets. From the *Victoria Stations* (a noisy and crowded junction for omnibuses), *Victoria Street* (see p. 63) leads east to Westminster.

Returning to Buckingham Gate, and continuing our tour of St. James's Park, we find ourselves in *Birdcage Walk*, which bounds its south side. Close to the park entrance, the pretty houses of *James Street* overlook it; then, on the south, come the *Wellington Barracks*, where a battalion of the Royal Foot Guards is quartered (the interior of its small chapel, open Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., is pretty). The Wellington Barracks occupy the site of the ancient *Rosamond's Pond*

a pretty and romantically shaded piece of water, painted by Hogarth, where the gallants and roués of old days used to have assignations with their lady-loves. It was also a notorious spot for suicides. "Rosamond's Pond," filled up in 1770, was so "long consecrated to disastrous love and elegiac poetry," that Pope thus mentions it in the "Rape of the Lock":

"This the blest lover shall for Venus take,  
"And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake."

Birdcage Walk owes its curious name to the number of birds in cages kept here by Charles II., who was very fond of them. The "Keeper of the Birds" (see Storey's Gate, below) was a regular official of Charles's day, and "till as late as 1828, the Duke of St. Albans, as Hereditary Grand Falconer, was the only person not a member of the royal family who was permitted to drive down the carriage-way on this side of the Park." Charles II. was much loved by the people, especially for his habit of coming alone and unattended to St. James's Park to feed the waterfowl. His brother James is said once to have reproached him for this habit of going about unattended: "No danger, James," said the King, "for I am sure there is not a man in England who would take away my life to make you king." Birdcage Walk ends at Storey's Gate (so called from Edward Storey, Keeper of the Birds to Charles II), where is the new building of *His Majesty's Office of Works*. Parallel with Birdcage Walk, on the south side, runs *Queen Anne's Gate* (formerly called Queen Square), with old-fashioned balconied houses looking down on to the Park. This is a charming locality to live in; the houses have a comfortable air of solidity, being besides picturesque. The Square dates from Queen Anne's time; it has carved wooden doorways and porches of handsome design; and the statue of Queen Anne stands at a corner. (It is generally believed in the neighbourhood that the Queen descends from her pedestal and walks three times round the Square at each anniversary of her death.) Storey's Gate, at the south-eastern end of the park, opens into *Great George Street* (see p. 77), leading to Westminster Bridge. Now, turning north again, we pass the backs of the Whitehall Government Offices—Foreign Office, Treasury, etc. (see Chap. V.), and end (as we began) with the Horse Guards our tour of the Park and its Palaces.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## Through Regent Street and Portland Place to Regent's Park.

" . . . The turf of Regent's Park . . . under that misty sun of the London summer, that gives both a vagueness to the horizon and an indefinite enlargement to the immense city . . . the turf of Regent's Park, with its depths of real country, notwithstanding the " 'new Greek' lines of the big houses appearing in the distance—Greek lines that harmonize so badly with that northern sun. . . . "

—*Gabriel Mourey, "Passé le Détroit."*

REGENT STREET, one of the widest and most thronged streets of the West End, and containing some of the finest shops in the metropolis, is of comparatively modern date, having been laid out by *Nash* in 1813, through the then existing mean region of St. James's Market and Swallow Street. It is the line of Swallow Street (*see* p. 352) that the present Regent Street mostly follows—a street, to judge from the prints and accounts of the time, that was ugly, poor, and infested by highwaymen. To the architect, *Nash*, Regent Street was a speculation, and proved an unprofitable one. It was named from the Prince Regent—afterwards George IV.—from whose mansion of Carlton House (*see* p. 380) it was originally made. The first plan of the street, indeed, is said to have come from the Regent himself, who wished to connect his palace with a grand new villa on Primrose Hill, by a fine new road, three miles long. The villa never really existed, but Regent Street—and later, Regent's Park—grew out of this idea. The part of Regent Street called the *Quadrant*, the large crescent that leads north from Piccadilly Circus, was originally adorned by huge colonnades, advancing, as in foreign towns, right across the pavement, and forming an arcade. There was a craze for this kind of architecture at the time, as at Old Carlton House (*see* p. 381), and it was considered very fine and picturesque. But in our too sunless latitudes, the Regent Street colonnade was soon found to be obnoxious. Shopkeepers complained of darkened windows, and of the crowds of loiterers who came, not to shop, but for shelter; and in 1858 the arcades were taken down. It is mainly to *Nash* that we owe the introduction of stucco (or the covering of brick with cement to imitate stone), which has since become only too popular, giving rise to the following epigram:—

"Augustus at Rome was for building renowned,  
 "And of marble he left what of brick he had found;  
 "But is not our Nash, too, a very great master?"  
 "He finds us all brick, and he leaves us all plaster."

Stucco has now given place, in the rebuilding of the left-hand side of the quadrant, to stone. The *Piccadilly Hotel* (see p. 351), facing Piccadilly, runs back to Regent Street, and its exterior façades, the design of Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., give an idea of what the whole quadrant is one day to become. The improvement is great, the Regent Street façade being almost Florentine in its simple massiveness. Being such a comparatively new street, Regent Street has no past history; indeed, up to the nineteenth century the whole neighbourhood was so rural that to the north "the Oxford Road" (Oxford Street) "ran between hedges." Now, "with its show of fine carriages, horses and gay company, it forms one of the most striking" "sights of the metropolis." Regent Street, nearly a mile long, is a continuation of *Waterloo Place*, which starts from the *Duke of York's Column* (see p. 380), and occupies the site of Old Carlton House. Behind it runs *Carlton House Terrace* (see p. 380). In front of the column stands the *Guards' Memorial*, a monumental group erected by *Bell*, to the memory of the Foot Guards who fell at *Inkerman*, in the *Crimea*.

On the granite pedestal is a bronze figure of Honour holding laurel wreaths; below, in front, are three bronze statues of guardsmen, and behind, a trophy of Russian guns taken at *Sebastopol*. On the sides of the monument are inscribed the names of the *Crimean* battles. The wide area of *Waterloo Place* is, like that of *Trafalgar Square*, filled with monuments of heroes. Besides the *Crimean* monument in its northern centre, the southern portion contains five monuments, viz.: 1. Boehm's new equestrian statue of *Lord Napier of Magdala*, who died in 1890. 2. Statue of *Colin Campbell*, *Lord Clyde*, the conqueror of *Lucknow* (to the east), by *Marochetti*. 3. Statue of *Lord Lawrence*, ruler of the *Punjaub* during the *Sepoy Mutiny*, by *Boehm* (also to the east). 4. Bronze statue of *Sir John Franklin* (to the left), by *Noble*, erected to the Arctic navigator and his companions, by Parliament; on the front of its pedestal is a bronze relief, showing the burial of the relics of the *Franklin* expedition, and on the sides are inscribed the names of the crews of the ships *Erebus* and *Terror*. 5. A bronze figure of *Field-Marshal Sir John Fox Burgoyne* (also to the left), on a pedestal of bright granite, by *Boehm*.

The handsome street of *Pall Mall* (see p. 366), with its palatial clubs, now intersects *Waterloo Place*. Beyond the *Crimean Monument*, the space or square narrows, and the road begins to be called *Regent Street*, ascending the steep hill towards *Piccadilly Circus*. The *Junior United Service Club*, and the *Raleigh Club*—on the right—show that we are still in the region of *Pall Mall* and *Club-land*. On the left, *Charles Street* (one of the many streets of that name) leads to *St. James's Square* (see p. 368). Further

on, Regent Street is intersected by *Jermyn Street*, and beyond again by *Piccadilly*, the junction forming *Piccadilly* or *Regent Circus* (see p. 350). Hence the *Quadrant* continues Regent Street by a sudden curve westwards, after which the street proceeds again north as before. The large building to the right, as we enter the Quadrant, is the *County Fire Office*, surmounted by a statue of Britannia. On the same side (right) of the Quadrant is the *Café Royal*. *Air Street* (left) is a short cut to Piccadilly. *Vigo Street* (left), at the end of the Quadrant, narrowly winding, leads to the *Civil Service Commission* (see p. 356); it contains Mr. Lane's quaint publishing office of the *Bodley Head*. *Vigo Street* also leads into *Savile Row*, where, at No. 12, George Grote, the historian, resided from 1848 to 1871, and at No. 17, Richard Brinsley Sheridan died in 1816, arrested and nearly carried by force to a sponging-house on his death-bed, and yet conveyed to his grave in Westminster Abbey with almost unequalled pomp. In *Savile Row* is Poole's, the fashionable tailor. The rooms of the *Alpine Club* are at the north end, in a charming old-fashioned house. There is about here a medley of curious old streets and by-ways, their names mostly taken from the Boyle family. From the end of *Savile Row*, an archway and narrow passage lead into *Conduit Street*, through what once was the garden pavilion of Burlington House (see p. 353), whose founder first chose the spot "because he was determined no one should build beyond him." In *Old Burlington Street* died the poet Akenside, the author of "The Pleasures of Imagination," in 1770. Returning to Regent Street, we come, on the left (just beyond *Vigo Street*) to the New Gallery, 121, Regent Street (open from 10 to 6 in the season, admission 1s.), built to continue the traditions of the Grosvenor Gallery (now closed), and used for exhibition of pictures and decorative art. The edifice, itself a work of art, contains a vast and beautiful Pompeian hall, with a fountain and a high gallery all round it. The well-known "Arts and Crafts" Exhibitions were held here, and picture shows, held every season, vie in popularity even with those of the Royal Academy; it may be said, indeed, that here on private view days the visitors are more strangely and curiously garbed, the pictures more weird and untrammelled by tradition. *Glasshouse Street*, close by (opposite *Vigo Street*), conducts us, by *Brewer Street*, to *Golden Square*, immortalized in "Humphrey Clinker" and in "Nicholas Nickleby," and not so very long since

a highly fashionable quarter, though before the time of the Restoration it was "a solitude where a man might get a shot at a woodcock!" Golden Square was also the spot where the "Pestfield" was—a pit into which, "when the Great Plague was raging, the dead-carts nightly shot corpses by scores." The square contains a statue of George II., dressed in classic robes; it has a very comic effect in its blackened idyllism. It was here that the artist, Angelica Kauffmann, married a valet, under the impression that he was his master, Count Horn (the romantic story is told in Miss Thackeray's "Miss Angel"). In *Conduit Street* (which opens out from Regent Street on the left, and takes its name from a spring in a field, "Conduit Mead," that existed here till 1713) *Charles James Fox* was born in 1749, and at No. 37 lived George Canning. Beyond is *Hanover Street*, leading to *Hanover Square*, so called out of compliment to George I. and the Hanoverian dynasty. The square, which dates from 1718, became rapidly fashionable, for, lest its aristocratic inhabitants should be annoyed by the proximity of Tyburn (see p. 334), executions ceased to be held in that locality. Chantrey's bronze statue of *William Pitt* was set up in the centre of the square in 1831; its high pedestal was much objected to at the time, but the sculptor insisted on it. The church of **St. George, Hanover Square**, close by, is the fashionable temple of Hymen, and long the goal of novelists, "from its almost monopoly of marriages in high life." It is one of Queen Anne's fifty new churches, and was built in 1724. It has a fine classical portico, with a pediment supported by six Corinthian pillars; it possesses three good sixteenth century windows, brought over from Mechlin, and a picture by *Thornhill* of "The Last Supper," over the altar, in a carved frame said to be by *Grinling Gibbons*.

"The marriage registers are a perfect library of the autographs of illustrious persons, amid which the bold signature of 'Wellington' frequently appears. In the beginning of the present century, from 1,100 to 1,200 couples were sometimes united here in the course of a year. 'Nelson's Lady Hamilton was married here, 1761.'—*Hare, "Walks in London."*

The parish gives its name to one of the London Parliamentary Boroughs. Hanover Square contains several clubs, also the *Royal Society of Literature* is located at No. 20, and near by is the *Royal Academy of Music*, founded in 1822. The handsome pillared front of *Hanover Chapel*, used to face Regent Street (between Princes' Street and Hanover Street) but has recently been pulled down.



Opposite Hanover Street is *Argyll Place*, leading to *Argyll Street* and to *Great Marlborough Street*, which latter runs parallel with Oxford Street, and contains a noted *Police Station*. (Farther west again, we come to *Poland Street*, *Wardour Street*, and the thickly populated district of *Soho*, for which see pp. 311, 312). *Argyll Street*, which connects *Argyll Place* with *Oxford Circus*, contains *Hengler's Grand Cirque*. It was, by-the-way, in *Argyll Street*, that *Madame de Staël* lived when she described London so unkindly (but not, perhaps, without some reason, considering her immediate surroundings), as "a province in brick." At No. 8, *Argyll Place*, *James Northcote*, the painter, lived and died, and here it was, that little *John Ruskin* was brought at three-and-a-half years old to have his portrait painted by the old man, the little boy entreating to have "blue hills" put in as a background. Returning to *Regent Street*, we notice many fine shops, notably *Liberty's* beautifully draped windows with their continually varied "scheme of colour"; and several curious ones, such as the "living" hair advertisements in the "*Koko*" shop, with their golden and brown tresses; and the no less original *Hearn's Patent Incubator Shop*, with its pecking chickens happily regardless of the passer-by.

And now we approach *Oxford Circus*, that restless and busy mart where cabs, carriages, omnibuses, foot-passengers, jostle one another, pass and re-pass, an ever-varying kaleidoscope. Here are now stations both on the Central London and on the "*Bakerloo*" tube. Here you may see little crowds of the timid collect on the kerbstone, waiting to be piloted safely across the road together by the useful policeman (the biggest crossing being, we may here remark, rendered also the safest by such pilotage). *Oxford Circus* (for which also see p. 331), is formed by the intersection of *Oxford Street* with *Regent Street*. Leaving its gay shops, its flower market, and noting only that the flower girls' pretty hats and bonnets are provided by a charity of beneficent ladies to replace the ugly crape bonnets usually in vogue, we pursue our way north, up *Regent Street*, past *Margaret Street*, which leads, on the right, to *All Saints' Church* (see p. 331), and, on the left, to *Cavendish Square*. *Regent Street* ends, a short way beyond *Oxford Circus*, at the church of **All Souls'**, *Langham Place*, which stands out, such a prominent object, in the distance, and seems to close in the street. It is an ugly building in several incongruous styles, built by *Nash* (see p. 392) in 1822. It has been called "a mad

freak," and its Corinthian and Ionic temples, one above the other, certainly do not agree with its German church spire ; but yet it does not, somehow, suit ill with its surroundings. Close by, on the right, are the *Queen's Hall*, now the principal concert hall in London, and *St. George's Hall*, so long principally associated with the *German Reeds'* delightful entertainments, and the yet more delightful *Corney Grain*, whose death cast a gloom over the entire metropolis, the death of his partner, Mr. Alfred Reed, occurring, strangely enough, in the same week. The *Polytechnic Institution*, a place of entertainment known to the past generation, which by presentments of gold mines, diving bells, etc., combined amusement with instruction, is now no more ; it existed from 1838 to 1882, when it became the *Polytechnic Young Men's Christian Institute*. It stands on the left side of Regent Street, opposite *Little Portland Street*. Mr. Quintin Hogg, the founder and benefactor of this excellent institution, is commemorated by a seated statue at the south end of Langham Place. The large blackened building that rises behind All Souls' Church is the *Langham Hotel*. **Langham Place** leads, by a slight circuit, to the wide handsome street of *Portland Place*, (built by the brothers *Adam* of the *Adelphi*, see p. 298), the "Grosvenor Place" of Regent's Park, lined with mansions of the aristocracy, connecting Regent Street with the park. (The turn of the street at Langham Place which causes Regent Street and Portland Place to be on different lines, was made to spite Sir James Langham, who had quarrelled with Nash about the architect of his mansion.) Parallel with Portland Place, on the left, runs *Harley Street* (see p. 332), the doctors' quarter *par excellence*, and across it run Weymouth and Devonshire Streets ; Weymouth Street leads to Westmoreland Street, in which is situated *St. James's Chapel*, formerly associated with the very original style of preaching of its Incumbent, Mr. Haweis, whose flights of humour caused his congregation frequently to indulge in a subdued titter. Portland Place and its surrounding streets (such as Duke, Duchess and Bentinck Streets) owe their names to the Portland family whose estate this is. At the end of Portland Place is the statue of the *Duke of Kent*, and we emerge into *Park Crescent*, which, with its green enclosure, faces the monotonous Marylebone Road. On the right, at the distance of a few paces, is the Metropolitan Station of *Portland Road*, opposite which is **Trinity Church**, between *Osnaburgh* and *Albany Streets*, with a

curious open-air pulpit—this new “departure” was made in 1893—where sermons are preached to a listening crowd outside. On the left of Portland Place, the *Marylebone Road* (in cockney, Marrow-bone) stretches away westward between high walls—with here and there a bit of dusty greenery to relieve them—to Baker Street (see p. 333) and *Edgware Road* (see p. 334). Into it, beyond Portland Place, open *Harley Street* (see p. 332), and Devonshire Terrace, where, at No. 1 (the picturesque corner house close to the road), Charles Dickens lived for many years and wrote the greater part of his works. The underground railway rumbles along underneath the Marylebone and Euston Roads, from Edgware Road Station to King’s Cross. Just before reaching the station of *Baker Street*, which occupies both sides of the road, we come, on the left, to the church of **St. Marylebone**. This church has the Corinthian portico and the Greek architectural style so generally adopted in London; it is built on the site of the older church depicted in Hogarth’s “*Rake’s Progress*.” The mysterious *Horatia*, the daughter of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, was baptized here (the register preserves the curious entry of a baptism, where neither parent’s name is given), and *Charles Wesley* is buried in its churchyard. On the opposite side of Marylebone Road, just a little beyond the church, rise the large new red buildings of *Madame Tussaud’s Waxwork Exhibition*, moved hither from Baker Street some years ago. This exhibition, which enjoys a never-dying popularity, and is perhaps the first place which the countryman just up to London chooses for a visit, was established in London in 1802. The original foundress, Madame Tussaud, lived in Paris at the time of the French Revolution, and was herself imprisoned and nearly guillotined; she died at the age of ninety, in 1850. Some of the early figures were really modelled by her, and her children and grandchildren have continued the traditions of their ancestress. The exhibition, which maintains an excellent band, besides organ recitals and concerts, is perhaps most attractive when lighted up at night (admission, 1s. children, 6d.; the so-called “Chamber of Horrors,” 6d. extra; catalogue, 6d.). In the large room the groups of historic figures are more interesting for costume than resemblance; their maintenance costs a considerable sum, the dresses being often renovated, and new groups constantly added.

The exhibition is constantly supplemented, and kept well up to date, the renewal of the costly dresses of the wax figures alone forming a large

item of yearly expenditure. All through the exhibition we come occasionally on wax figures cleverly arranged to pose as real ones, such as a quaint old man in Quaker dress, seated on a bench with outstretched foot, often trodden on by the apologetic visitor; a very deceptive waxen "attendant" trodden on by the apologetic visitor; a very deceptive waxen "attendant" at the entrance desk in the first room; a policeman in uniform, etc., etc. But though waxen figures may be mistaken for real ones, yet the reverse is sometimes the case, and real figures are sometimes supposed to be waxen, for the attendants, we notice, are not above occasionally mystifying the visitors by posing successfully as "wax-works," and entering quite into the spirit of the game.

Groups of Royalties, past and present, political, literary and dramatic celebrities, and tableaux representing various historic scenes are among the principal attractions. There is also a *Napoleon Room*, and through it, to the so-called "*Chamber of Horrors*" (admission 6d. extra, through a turnstile). The Napoleon Room is filled with relics of the hero—his travelling carriage, furniture, etc.—and contains, among other figures of the Napoleonic dynasty, a pretty model of the infant "King of Rome." From the Napoleon Room, down a gloomy stair, is reached the cavern-like chamber reserved for criminals, blood and horror. Though cleverly arranged, this part of the exhibition seems to show almost too much pandering of the lowest tastes of the mob. Frederick Deeming, the Rainhill murderer, in the actual kitchen of the murders; Mrs. Percy, among all the accessories of her crime, are unpleasantly suggestive. Marat, bleeding in his bath, like a ghastly nightmare, occupies the centre of the chamber, and all round the walls, standing for the most part in a kind of "dock," are convicted criminals, mostly unprepossessing, but one or two among them irreproachable in appearance—thus, Mrs. Dyer, the Reading baby-farmer, might from her demeanour be engaged at once as a respectable nurse or cook, from any high-class registry office. At the farther end of the cavern is a dramatic "Story of a crime" in five scenes—blood-curdling, but hardly telling its tale distinctly enough. In these and other tableaux, the influence of the kindred exhibition of the "*Musée Grevin*," in Paris, seems to make itself felt.

Just opposite Madame Tussaud's is the large building of the *Marylebone Workhouse*, and farther westward along the Marylebone Road, are several charitable institutions, notably *Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital*, the *Samaitan Free Hospital for Women*, and the *Western Ophthalmic Hospital*. Beyond Baker Street, and north of the Marylebone Road, is the *Hotel Great Central*, behind which is the Marylebone terminus of the *Great Central Railway*; and beyond, yet again, are the flaring gas jets, the din and bustle of the *Edgware Road*. Returning to Baker Street Station and pursuing our way northward, by *Upper Baker Street* and by *Park Road*, which skirts the western side of Regent's Park, we come to *St. John's Wood Road* (Metropolitan station of the same name close by), adjoining which is **Lord's Cricket Ground** (admission on ordinary days, 6d., but during the big matches, 1s. to 2s. 6d.).

Lord's Cricket Ground is a sight worth seeing during the yearly matches, such as Oxford v. Cambridge, or Eton v. Harrow, when it is crowded with four-in-hands, carriages, and all the smart world of gaily-dressed ladies, who, though they rarely understand the game of cricket,

"would not miss the match for anything," and, indeed, order dresses on purpose for the occasion. It has been sometimes said that "Lord's," on great cricket match days, becomes "a large picnic," but the gay throng, the boys in white flannels, the green, typically-English turf, combine, on fine days, to make it a charming picture. The cricket ground, surrounded by houses, was purchased for a large sum by the *Marylebone Cricket Club*, or *M.C.C.*, to prevent it being built upon. The new *Pavilion* was built in 1895, and comfortable luncheons are supplied at the luncheon bars. A telegraph office is also attached to the ground.

**Regent's Park**, the special pleasure-ground of the "middle classes," borders, on its south side, the *Marylebone Road*, from *Portland Road* to *Baker Street*; it is the largest of the London parks, being nearly 500 acres in extent, and is more or less oval in form. It was laid out during the Regency (hence its name), by Nash, the architect of *Regent Street*, who also designed the residential terraces—nearly all of them Crown property—that overlook it; pleasant abodes in themselves, but said to "exhibit all the worst follies of the Grecian architectural mania which disgraced the beginning of last century." "Poor antique architecture," says a French author plaintively, "what is it doing in such a climate?" The Regent's Park occupies the site of the older *Marylebone Park*, which in its turn was part of the ancient manor of Tyburn, the name of Marylebone being said to be derived from *Mary-on-Tyburn* (*Mary-le-bourne*), the brook, that is, of Tyburn, which flowed anciently through here on its way from Kilburn to the Thames, and gave its name both to the old place of execution near the Marble Arch, and to the more modern *Tyburnia* (see p. 335). The rural character of this spot in former times may be imagined from the following lines from an old play called "*Tottenham Court*," the scene of which is laid in *Marylebone Park*:—

"What a dainty life the milkmaid leads,  
 "When o'er these flowery meads  
 "She dabbles in dew,  
 "And sings to her cow,  
 "And feels not the pain  
 "Of love or disdain. . . .

It would be difficult to find much solitude in Regent's Park nowadays, and on Sundays especially it swarms with visitors, mostly tradespeople from the neighbouring districts of *Camden*, *Somers* and *Kentish Towns*, all dressed in their Sunday best, and all enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. The flower-beds of Regent's Park are laid out with great taste; the thorns and lilacs in its shrubberies make the whole air fragrant in spring, when also crocuses and snowdrops are made to "dot

the happy fields " in charming imitation of their native wildness. Certainly the gardening of Regent's Park is as fine as anything in Hyde Park ; the flowers are the same, but the crowd is not the least the same. Disraeli noticed this when he said, rather unkindly :—

" The Duke of St. James's took his way to the Regent's Park, a wild " sequestered spot, whither he invariably repaired when he did not wish " to be noticed, for the inhabitants of this pretty suburb are a distinct " race, and although their eyes are not unobserving, from their inability " to speak the language of London they are unable to communicate their " observations."

A charming road—the Broad Walk—bordered with trees and comfortable seats, but you must pay " a penny for the *chair* you sit on," extends straight through the eastern portion of the park, from Portland Road on the south to the Primrose Hill district on the north. The southern portion of the walk is enlivened by gay *parterres* of flowers, and is the favourite promenade ; in the northern the " wild " part as it is called, more resembling the French " Tuileries," children romp under the spreading avenues of chestnut trees. Under these trees, on Sunday afternoons, are to be seen every kind of open-air speaker—evangelical, political, medical—every " crank " of every possible denomination. Here, a " Salvationist " preaches ; there, Moody & Sankey hymns swell the air ; here, a rabid Tory holds up a cartoon of a Radical leader ; there, an equally violent Socialist shouts to drown his audience, who seem to be " making it a little hot " for him. There is much life, indeed, to be seen in Regent's Park. On Sunday afternoons, also, a band generally plays in the *Kiosk* near by. Two drinking fountains, one surmounted by a clock, the gift of a *Parsee*, adorn the Broad Walk. Pleasant paths run in every direction over Regent's Park, but the two principal roads, the only carriage drives are called respectively the *Outer* and the *Inner Circle*, the former, two miles in extent, encircling the entire park, the latter a perfectly circular road in the middle of it, enclosing the small area of the Botanic Gardens. The *Lake*, in the western half of the park, is very picturesque, and contains numerous ducks and other waterfowl ; it is, indeed, so pretty that it seems much more like a natural piece of water than an artificial one. Here skating takes place in winter. The lake has three forks, and is crossed by pretty suspension bridges. The *Regent's Canal*, which crosses the northern end of the park (beyond the Zoological Gardens), is picturesque in places, but has somehow become unpleasantly connected with suicides and coroners'



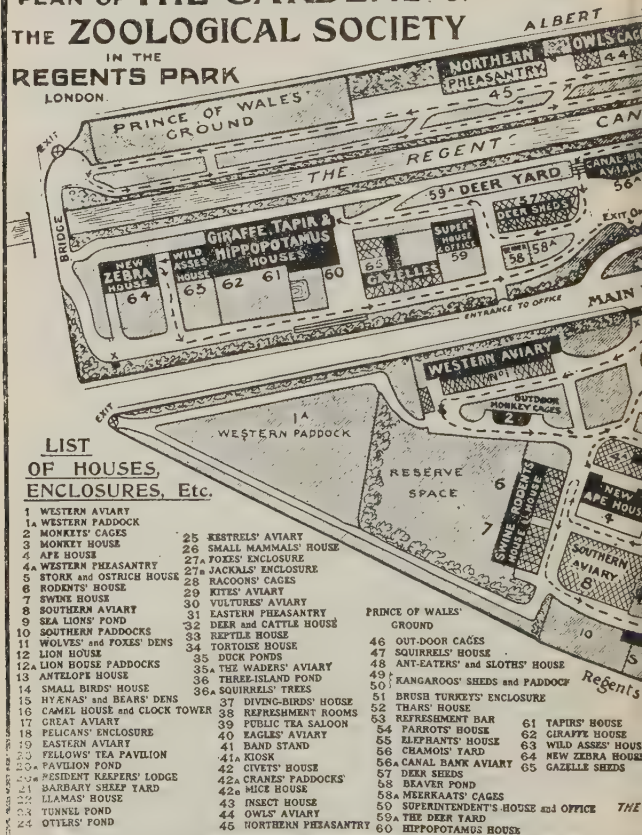
inquests. There are several charming houses with private gardens situated in the enclosed area of the park itself—one wonders how their first owners got permission to build there—such as *The Holme*, nearly in the centre of the park, and *St. Dunstan's Villa*, of which the portico is adapted from the "Temple of the Winds," at Athens, and where, in a recess near the entrance, are set up the automaton clock and its striking figures from old *St. Dunstan's Church*, Fleet Street (see p. 289). Regent's Park has gates in all directions, but its principal entrance to the south is *York Gate*, opening out of the Marylebone Road, and near to Portland Place. Just in a line with Portland Place, beyond Park Crescent, is *Park Square*, where, on the east side, is the building formerly known as the *Diorama*, built for the exhibition of a kind of panoramic pictures, turned in 1852 into a Baptist Chapel. In the centre of the southern portion of the park, enclosed by the drive called the *Inner Circle*, are the well-known **Botanical Gardens**. They are the property of the Botanical Society, and are open daily (Sundays and Wednesdays excepted) to anyone armed with a card of admission from a Fellow of the Society. Strangers can generally be admitted on application to the officials. The gardens are very pretty, and on three Wednesdays in May and June large flower-shows are given in them, which are thronged by the fashionable world (tickets of admission are then sold at the gate). Attached to the gardens are also an interesting museum and collections of orchids and sea-weeds. The gardens of the Toxophilite (Archery) Society are close by, to the south, divided by the road from the Botanical Gardens. But the principal attraction of Regent's Park is in its famous **Zoological Gardens**, familiarly dubbed "The Zoo," the most complete in the world; a pleasure ground, or a mine of scientific research, as desired, for adults, and a paradise for children, for which latter it is certainly the best means of "combining amusement with instruction" that has been yet devised. Every European country has its public menagerie, but none equals that of London, which has almost a complete series of vertebrate animals in its cages, and an income of £20,000 a year. Darwin and Huxley have studied in it; "mighty hunters" from all parts of the world have contributed to it; at great danger and risk have some of these treasures been secured, at which all the children of England can now gaze in security for the modest sum of 6d. The gardens are open daily, from 9 a.m. to sunset,

admission, 1s. ; on Mondays, 6d. (children half-price except on Mondays) ; on Sundays only by order from a member. A military band plays here generally on Saturdays in summer, at 4 p.m. An admirable *Official Guide* (by P. Chalmers Mitchell, F.R.S., secretary to the Society), with many illustrations, is on sale at the entrance (6d.).

The Zoological Gardens are bordered on the north by the Regent's Canal and divided by the drive called the Outer Circle into two portions these two portions being however connected by a tunnel made under the road. The *Main Entrance* to the Gardens with its pay-boxes and turnstiles is from the Outer Circle ; ingress may also be obtained from the Broad Walk (at the south-eastern angle) or from Albert Road, Primrose Hill (the north side of the Regent's Canal). The collection of the Zoological Society was started here in 1828, and soon after its inauguration was swelled by the royal collection of lions kept before in the Tower of London (see p. 104). The Gardens themselves are very delightful and often in the aromatic shrubberies and shady walks between the dens, the visitor may easily forget the close proximity of the animal world, until recalled to it by the roar of one of the carnivora, or the chattering of a macaw or parrot. Sunday is the pleasantest day in the Zoo, and in the season it is then much frequented by the fashionable world. Of the Gardens, Thackeray wrote : " If I have cares on my mind, I come to the Zoo, and fancy they don't pass the gate ; I recognise my friends, my "enemies, in countless cages." Certainly, without going so far as this, one must allow that the animals are some of them very human. If one is not too pressed for time, by far the most interesting way of seeing the Zoo is not to take it all at once, but to " do " the birds one day, the beasts or the monkey tribe another, the reptiles another, etc. In this way one does not suffer from that mental repletion which brings fatigue and boredom. If only one afternoon, however, be available, it is best to visit the creatures in the following order, so as to see all the most interesting ones in the shortest possible time ; only it must be remembered that as in captivity some of the animals' tenure of life is short, so it is difficult to mention any special " pets of the day " in a guide book. Entering the Gardens by the Main Entrance, and turning to the right, we reach the *Western Aviary*, devoted mainly to tropical and semi-tropical birds, such as bower birds and laughing kingfishers. Passing the out-door cages for some of the hardier monkeys, we reach the ever popular *Monkey-House*, which, though intensely interesting and amusing, is only supportable for a short time, owing to its atmosphere, palliated though this be in some measure by the palms and odoriferous plants disposed round about the cages. The temperature will be also found somewhat high, for monkeys are delicate creatures, much subject to consumption, and even as it is, every fog causes sickness or mortality among them. In the Sloths' House (see below), in a still hotter atmosphere, used to live poor Sally, the Chimpanzee—now dead. Turning to the south, we reach the *New Ape House*, containing our reputed ancestors, the anthropoid or manlike apes. Close by is the *Stork and Ostrich House*, where the cassowary may be seen. Behind, further to the south, is the pond of the *Seals* and the *Sea Lions*, over which a gloom was cast for some of us, a few years ago, by the death of the sea-lion " Toby "—a great pet, whose daily performance of catching fish for his dinner, and other tricks with his keeper, was very interesting and curious. Close by are the *Wolves' and Foxes' Dens*, and presently we reach the big new *Lion-House*, filled with lions, tigers and other carnivora. Here, at feeding-time, arises a mighty roaring that can be heard all over Regent's Park, and that strikes terror to the hearts of the uninitiated, seated on the terrace steps opposite the dens to watch the great function of the day. The house contains a bust of *Sir Stamford Raffles*, the first president of the Zoological Society.

# PLAN OF THE GARDENS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

IN THE  
REGENTS PARK  
LONDON.



## LIST OF HOUSES, ENCLOSURES, Etc.

- |                                |                          |                                      |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 WESTERN AVIARY               | 25 KESTRELS' AVIARY      | 46 OUT-DOOR CAGES                    |
| 1A WESTERN PADDOCK             | 26 SMALL MAMMALS' HOUSE  | 47 SQUIRRELS' HOUSE                  |
| 2 MONKEYS' CAGES               | 27A FOXES' ENCLOSURE     | 48 ANT-EATERS' and SLOTS' HOUSE      |
| 3 MONKEY HOUSE                 | 27B JACKALS' ENCLOSURE   | 49 KANGAROOS' SHEDS and PADDOCK      |
| 4 APE HOUSE                    | 28 RACOONS' CAGES        | 50 REFRESHMENT BAR                   |
| 4A WESTERN PHEASANTRY          | 29 KITES' AVIARY         | 51 THARS' HOUSE                      |
| 5 STORK and OSTRICH HOUSE      | 30 VULTURES' AVIARY      | 52 REFRESHMENT BAR                   |
| 6 RODENTS' HOUSE               | 31 EASTERN PHEASANTRY    | 53 PARROTS' HOUSE                    |
| 7 SWINE HOUSE                  | 32 DEER and CATTLE HOUSE | 54 ELEPHANTS' HOUSE                  |
| 8 SOUTHERN AVIARY              | 33 REPTILE HOUSE         | 55 CHAMOIS' YARD                     |
| 9 SEA LIONS' POND              | 34 TORTOISE HOUSE        | 56 CANAL BANK AVIARY                 |
| 10 SOUTHERN PADDOCKS           | 35 DICK PONDS            | 57 DEER SHEDS                        |
| 11 WOLVES' and FOXES' DENS     | 35A THE WADERS' AVIARY   | 58 BEAVER POND                       |
| 12 LION HOUSE                  | 36 THREE-ISLAND POND     | 58A MEERKATS' CAGES                  |
| 12A LION HOUSE PADDOCKS        | 36A SQUIRRELS' TREES     | 59 SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE and OFFICE |
| 13 ANTELOPE HOUSE              | 37 DIVING-BIRDS' HOUSE   | 59A THE DEER YARD                    |
| 14 SMALL BIRDS' HOUSE          | 38 REFRESHMENT ROOMS     | 60 HIPPOPOTAMUS HOUSE                |
| 15 HYENAS' and BEARS' DENS     | 39 PUBLIC TEA SALOON     |                                      |
| 16 CAMEL HOUSE and CLOCK TOWER | 40 EAGLES' AVIARY        |                                      |
| 17 GREAT AVIARY                | 41 BAND STAND            |                                      |
| 18 PELICANS' ENCLOSURE         | 41A KIOSK                |                                      |
| 19 EASTERN AVIARY              | 42 CIVETS' HOUSE         |                                      |
| 20 FELLOWS' TEA PAVILION       | 42A CRANES' PADDOCKS     |                                      |
| 20A PAVILION POND              | 42B MICE HOUSE           |                                      |
| 21 PRESIDENT KEEPERS' LODGE    | 43 INSECT HOUSE          |                                      |
| 22 BARBARY SHEEP YARD          | 44 OWLS' AVIARY          |                                      |
| 23 LLAMAS' HOUSE               | 45 NORTHERN PHEASANTRY   |                                      |
| 24 TUNNEL POND                 |                          |                                      |
| 25 OTTERS' POND                |                          |                                      |



Further on is the new *Reptile House*—one of the most interesting in the gardens, and beautifully arranged and fitted up, with a large collection of snakes, alligators and crocodiles. Near to the Reptile-House is the *Three-Island Pond*, with specimens of the black-necked swan. Now, retracing our steps through the Lion-House, we reach, first, the *New Antelope-House*, then that of the *Bears* and *Hyenas* (the old lion-house), and through this, the *Bear-Pit*, where the children with unfailing joy watch the bear climb a pole to catch buns. The terrace above gives a good view of the Bear-Pit and of the *Polar Bears*, as unhappy in the heat as most of the other animals are in the cold. Now, turning to the right, we pass through the Archway near the *Camels*, and, leaving the *Clock-Tower* on the right, and passing the *Eagle Owls* and the *Eastern Aviary*, we reach the *Pelicans*, which, especially at feeding-time, are as good as a play to watch. These delightful birds, so daringly human, have been so often painted for us by Mr. Marks that they seem quite like old friends. Just east of the *Eastern Aviary* is the *Pavilion Pond*. The red-brick buildings on the bank above are the quarters of the resident keepers. Further on is the new *Llama House*, beyond which, on the left, we come to the entrance to the tunnel leading under the road to the northern portion of the gardens, but before entering these we must look at the *Otter Pond*, and the *Small Mammals' House*, containing many species of the cat tribe. Also, the Refreshment Room being handy, we may seize a welcome opportunity for rest, tea and buns, although the stale buns of the Zoo are proverbial. We have not space to enumerate all the interesting birds and animals that are to be found about here, but after tea we must not omit to visit the *Squirrels* and the *Driving Birds*; then, retracing our steps to the tunnel, passing through it, and, continuing straight on over the canal bridge, we arrive at the *Civets' House* (badgers, Tasmanian devils, etc.). The sloping bank of the canal affords a home for *Cranes*. Passing the north entrance (in the Albert Road, close to Chalk Farm station), we reach the *Insect House*, where are tropical butterflies and moths; here, too, the bird-eating spider may be seen. Next are the *Owls' Cages*, and the *Northern Pheasantry*; beyond which is *The Prince of Wales's Ground*, laid out in 1896 to receive the collection of animals presented by the Prince on his return from India, and intended for the exhibition from time to time of sets of animals from different parts of the British Empire. We now retrace our steps, and recrossing the canal bridge visit the Middle Garden. On the left are the *Kangaroo's Paddock*, the *Squirrels' House* and the *Sloth House* (containing also the ant-eater and the armadillos). On the other side of the bridge we proceed in the direction of the *Parrot-House*—a place easy enough to find, for the screaming of these noisy birds leads us to them quickly. Now we approach the homes of the largest living animals, the *Rhinocerus* and *Elephant Houses*, the *Giraffe* and *Hippopotamus Houses* being a little beyond again. The giraffe, by the way, is the rarest and most expensive of the animals in the Zoo, difficult either to find or to transport, and our old ones having died, we were some years without any, but the Zoological Society has recently recruited its stock from the Soudan and Nigeria. The rhinoceros, though a strict vegetarian, is among the most ferocious of animals, requiring the greatest caution in tending; "I'd sooner be shut up with a lion than with 'im," once said his keeper. His horrible scaly body is almost equalled in ugliness by that of the river-horse—the hippopotamus—who lives close by. A "hippo" born in the Zoo in 1872 died of old age in 1908. The present specimens come from Nigeria and Rhodesia. In this part of the gardens we see elephants and camels, duly saddled, carrying small children about for 6d. rides, the honour and glory of which in our youth we still recall. These said small children sometimes reward the long-suffering elephant by the offer of empty paper bags and other frauds. Indeed, little boys will be boys everywhere—witness the tapering nails and other indigestible iron food found in the robust stomachs of ostriches after their decease. With the *Zebbras* and *Gazelles* our round



of the Zoo ceases, and we leave the gardens by the main exit, close to the Elephant-House, finding ourselves again in the road of the Inner Circle, just opposite to the place where we entered them.

The feeding of the animals would form by itself an interesting chapter, but our space forbids us to do more than quote a few details. The Zoo has an enormous meat, fish, milk and greengrocery bill; the meat (the food of the big carnivora) is old horses and goats, while the "extras" and luxuries of the bill-of-fare consist of such widely-varying items as pine-apples for the big apes, frogs for the pelicans and cormorants, dead cats for the owls and hawks; and live pigeons, rabbits and rats for the reptiles. The humanitarians sometimes get up an outcry against giving live food to the snakes, etc., but as these prefer to kill their own food or starve, there is no choice in the matter. But on ground of delicacy, the snakes, who have only one meal weekly, are fed in private, while the feeding-time of the other animals is: pelicans at 2-30; otters at 3; eagles at 3-30; lions, tigers, etc., at 4 in summer, 3 in winter; seals and sea-lions at 4-30 in summer, 3-30 in winter; while the diving-birds in the fish-ponds are fed at 12 a.m. and 5 p.m.

On the east side of Regent's Park, stands *St. Katherine's Hospital*, with its chapel. Founded centuries ago "for six poor bachelors and six poor spinsters," it stood originally close to the Tower, but was moved here to make room for *St. Katherine's Docks* (see p. 246), the Dock Company paying a large sum for the site, which sum was used in constructing the present building. *St. Katherine's Hospital* is now the headquarters of "Queen Victoria's Central Home for Nurses for the poor." The romantically named **Primrose Hill** is a turf-covered eminence north of the park from which it is only divided by the canal and the road. Its summit (for the view from which see Chap. I.) is provided with seats and gravel walks, and commands a very fine view—on one side of the enormous city with *St. Paul's* in the blue distance; on the other, of the hills of Highgate and Hampstead. *Primrose Hill*, *Mother Shipton* used to prophesy, would some day stand in the centre of London. South of the hill, near the park, is a large gymnasium. A "Shakespeare" oak was planted on the south slope in 1864, on the tercentenary of the poet's birth. East of *Primrose Hill* is the station of *Chalk Farm*; and west of it, the long *Avenue Road* leads from Regent's Park to *Swiss Cottage*, past the long and somewhat dreary stucco residences of the district known as *St. John's Wood*. The surrounding hawthorns, lilacs and laburnums, make it, however, a charming region in early spring. Finally, at the Metropolitan station of *Swiss Cottage*, and near the rather picturesque ivy-covered *New College* (for the education of Congregational Ministers) the new and wide *Fitzjohn's Avenue*, lined with handsome red-brick mansions (mostly the abodes of artists), ascends to the blue heights of Hampstead, with its lovely "heath," the health resort and Sunday excursion *par excellence* of the jaded Londoner.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

## A Walk in Bloomsbury.

"A little way north from Holborn, and on the verge of the pastures and cornfields, rose two celebrated palaces, each with an ample garden, One of them, then called Southampton House, and subsequently Bedford House, was removed to make room for a new city, which now covers, with its squares, streets and churches, a vast area renowned in the seventeenth century for peaches and snipe. The other, Montague House, . . . has now given place to an edifice more magnificent still, the repository of such various and precious treasures of art, science, and learning, as were scarce ever before assembled under a single roof." —*Macaulay's "History of England."*

BLOOMSBURY is the residential region that is bounded by the big thoroughfares of Holborn, Tottenham Court Road, Euston Road, and Gray's Inn Road. The Central London tube, "Museum" Station in Holborn, and the Piccadilly tube, Russell Square Station in Bernard Street, are very convenient for visitors staying in this quarter. It forms a kind of square all by itself. To the north are the termini of the great railways; to the south, the great main streets and the city; to the east, Clerkenwell; and to the west, the more fashionable districts of London, from which Tottenham Court Road is the dividing line. All fashion abandon, ye who enter here.

And here we may remark, *à propos* of fashion, that to the constant Londoner each district of London may be more or less known by its inhabitants. On a foggy day say even in a "London particular" (as Sam Weller called it), you could almost find your whereabouts by the people you meet. Thus, Whitechapel may be distinguished by its Jew hawkers and its coster hats; the City, by its crowd of busy men, eternally jostling one another along its narrow pavements; Westbourne Grove and Bayswater, by their general "shoppiness" and fashionably-dressed shop-gazers—also, sad to relate, by the want of manners of these latter; Bloomsbury, by its Jews, and also by a certain artistic, theatrical and literary element which has a tendency to degenerate into dowdiness and frowziness; Chelsea, by the artistic element, *minus* the dowdiness; Leicester Square, by its foreigners; Hampstead, by its school-girls; and Kensington, by the respectable and generally moneyed air of the people you meet. But London is many cities rolled into one. It speaks two distinct languages and many dialects. The West-end cuts off the endings of its words, the East-end the beginning. Between these two extremes are many sorts and conditions of man and of speech.

Bloomsbury, called formerly Blemundsbury, takes its name from Blemund's Dyke, an important foss or ditch that existed here in ancient times, near the manor-house of the Blemunds or the De Blemontes, which, about the reign of Henry III., stood, in a pleasantly-wooded country, on the present site of Bedford Place. "Blemund's Ditch" ran nearly parallel with the present north side of Holborn. The ancient manor house stood thus between it and the "black forest of Marylebone," where down to the sixteenth century was to be had good hare and fox-hunting. Bloomsbury is on high ground (almost the highest in London), but it appears to have been originally marshy, for, though the healthiest district in all London, it is said still to give indications of a soil naturally inclined to dampness, by being also the foggiest. There can be no doubt, certainly about its being the dirtiest. We have heard of the existence of an original and interesting map of London, shaded by some ingenious person in varying degrees of dinginess, to give some idea of the comparative dirt of the metropolis. In this map, Bloomsbury and St. Giles's bear off the palm. This unkind preference is most likely due to the three large stations belonging respectively to the London and North Western, the Midland, and the Great Northern Railways.

Bloomsbury is rich in historic interest of a literary kind. Though the tide of fashion has swept past it, though it is the mode nowadays to decry it, yet its alleys and by-ways, like "the long unlovely street" of the poet, have the undeniable charm of association. And as to ugliness, are not the long rows of catafalque-like, stuccoed houses of Cromwell Road and their like, even more "long and unlovely," without, on the other hand, possessing the like glamour of romance? Did not Shelley lodge here? Was not Ruskin born in a now shabby-genteel house in Hunter-street? Has not Dickens immortalized even the mean streets of boarding-houses, in his inimitable "Sketches by Boz," so that at this very day we can recognise Mrs. Tibbs and all her class in their still sacred haunts? And though fitful fashion has long deserted it, yet, seventy years ago, no square in London was more aristocratic than Russell Square. Dukes and magnates lived in the now rambling and crazy houses; was it not here that Thackeray located his rich city banker, old Osborne, of "Vanity Fair," and his Newcomes? And now, what a change! Even at the play, poor Bloomsbury comes off badly: "They call the place where I live,

Bloomsbury," says the old second-hand bookseller in "Liberty Hall," "though why Bloomsbury, I don't know; for there ain't so much bloomin' there as there 'is buryin'." And not content with this libel, the same gentleman proceeds further to remark: "They call my 'ouse a ramblin' one, though why it ain't rambled away to some nicer place, I can't think." The district covers the estate of the Duke of Bedford, and all the names of the streets and squares commemorate the titles and marriages of the great ducal family. Tavistock Square, Russell Square, Chenies Street, with others too numerous to mention, tell of their glories; their statues adorn the squares; but the dividing gates and bars which formerly made curious secluded nooks of these latter, have, now for some years, been swept away by the tide of progress. They were certainly obstructive and out-of-date, and yet a great deal of the peculiar charm of Bloomsbury has departed with them. Such nooks as Mecklenburgh Square and Queen Square, however, being out-of-the-way and difficult to find, still preserve their calm, collegiate air—close to the hum of the great city, yet not of it.

Starting from, say, King's Cross, Euston or St. Pancras, for our Bloomsbury ramble, we find ourselves in the busy *Euston Road*, crowded with omnibuses and traffic. Euston Road, like Tottenham Court Road, is one of those big thoroughfares that seem to take all the spirit out of the pedestrian, and exhaust him (or her) more in five minutes than would five miles of a country walk. But nevertheless there is beauty even in the Euston Road, to those who care to see "the fair illuminated letters, or have an eye for the gilding." On one of those days of blue mist so well known to Londoners, how mysteriously do the great towers of St. Pancras loom up above us! how threateningly, like some mediæval fortress, when the sky behind them is lurid and stormy, or lit up with one of those sunsets which, the cockney maintains, are nowhere else seen to such perfection. **St. Pancras Station**, indeed, has been lately glorified by a French writer, who calls it:—

"A monumental railway-station, like a cathedral with its arched windows, its turrets, and enormous belfry, all of red-brick, which the weather darkens so prettily."

Red brick, the writer goes on to say, agrees so well with London fog, and brightens up the smoky atmosphere. Proceeding westward along the Euston Road—the

"tombstone road," as a child once called it, from its many lapidary monuments and wreath shops—we arrive presently at **St. Pancras Church**. This church was built by Messrs. Inwood, in 1819, at the great cost of £76,679, on the model of the Erechtheion at Athens. It is disappointing as a work of art, owing partly, perhaps, to its mean and smoky surroundings. The Caryatides which shine as silver in the brilliant sunlight of the Parthenon, here look, blackened and ogre-like, down on the Euston Road; the great pillars of the portico are ponderous and depressing. Indeed, the net result of the building of this church was a reaction in favour of the Gothic style. The interior, though lately improved, is still heavy; but the tower, a double reproduction of the "Temple of the Winds," at Athens, is a picturesque object from afar, especially when seen among the green foliage of early spring. It has been said of London that there is no view without a tree; the saying is especially true of Bloomsbury, and it is a wise arrangement, seeing that by the laws of nature, trees are the only things in London that can do without spring-cleaning. Plane trees do especially well in London, for they can get rid of the dirt by dropping their bark once a year. The Bloomsbury squares owe much to the plane. **Old St. Pancras Church**, called "St. Pancras in the Fields," with its historical churchyard, the meeting-place of the youthful Shelley and the still more childish Mary Godwin, is farther north, in Old St. Pancras Road, on the farther side of the Euston Road, which, here again, is a kind of social barrier, beyond which lie the poor and densely-populated districts of Kentish Town and Somers Town.

Leaving Euston Road at New St. Pancras Church, and proceeding down Woburn Place, we presently come to *Woburn Buildings*, a shabby little byway, distinguished chiefly for No. 5 in the row having been the abode of Carlyle for a few weeks in 1834, when he was house-hunting in London, prior to sending for his wife and moving to Cheyne Row. His friend, Edward Irving, had also lived in these lodgings. A little further, behind some iron gates (now boarded over) opening out of Tavistock Square, stood, till a few years ago, *Tavistock House*, with a green garden lawn stretching out behind it, a roomy comfortable structure, the most western one in a row of three houses, for ten years (1850-1860) the abode of Charles Dickens, and the place where he wrote "Bleak House" and "Little Dorrit." Here, also, did the novelist collaborate with

Wilkie Collins, and produce, aided by his family, the famous theatricals of Tavistock House. Adjoining the garden of Tavistock House, but opening on to the neighbouring Tavistock Place, were the grounds of the Grove (No. 37, Tavistock Place), a spacious mansion, now, alas ! removed, where Bayly and Herschell, the astronomers, have both lived, and in whose observatory the world was first weighed. It has now disappeared, and on its ashes has arisen the edifice which Mr. Passmore Edwards built for Mrs. Humphry Ward's "settlement," previously located in University Hall, Gordon Square (*see* p. 416).

THIS PASSMORE EDWARDS SETTLEMENT, of which we give an illustration, reflects much credit upon its architects, Messrs. Dunbar Smith and Cecil Brewer. The interior of the building is no less delightful than the outside. Everything is as simple as is compatible with comfort, yet



Passmore Edwards Settlement.

everything delights the eye. The big public lecture hall accommodates 500 people ; the library is lined with restful green wood-panelling ; there is a good and well-lighted gymnasium, as well as a workshop, and a big kitchen for cookery classes. Mr. Passmore Edwards, to whom the settlement owes its name, provided some £15,000 for its building ; Mrs. Humphry Ward, however, is its prophet—she, indeed, is the earliest originator of the scheme, for "Elsmere Hall" (as University Hall was at first known among its supporters), grew out of the leading idea of her first novel. Frequent lectures are held at the settlement, and are announced by bills affixed on the building, outside the two quaint overhanging porches that front Tavistock Place. The settlement is the head-quarters of innumerable good works.

The somewhat mean and dingy streets close by are filled with the memories of great men. At No. 13, *Great Coram Street*, Thackeray lived when first married, and here he wrote his "Paris Sketch-Book" ; in slummy *Marchmont*

*Street*, at No. 26, Shelley and his second wife, Mary Godwin, lodged in the first year of their union, and here their first child was born and died. John Leech lived for ten years at 32, *Brunswick Square*, where, if the organ-grinders were then anything like so persistent as they are at the present day, no wonder they drove him into ill-health. At 54, *Hunter Street*—a street now exhibiting, in all its phases, that gradual decay of which Dickens wrote so feelingly in "Sketches by Boz"—John Ruskin was born, in 1819, and here as a child he used to command from a window "the view of a marvellous iron post, out of which "the water-carts were filled through beautiful little trap-doors, by pipes like boa constrictors," a mystery which, he tells us, he was never weary of contemplating. Hunter Street has been selected as the site of a *New Sessions House* for the whole of London. Next to Tavistock Square is **Russell Square**, with one of the largest gardens in London; it contains a blackened, seated statue of Francis Russell, fifth Duke of Bedford, by Westmacott. Many of the old houses on the east side have been pulled down during the last few years to make room for the *Hôtel Russell*, the *Imperial Hotel*, and *Pitman's Metropolitan School*. South of the Hotel Russell, Guildford Street leads to the **Foundling Hospital**, an interesting institution with a curious history. The services in its chapel, at eleven and five, are much frequented on Sundays both on account of the trained singing of the children and their picturesque appearance. The boys and girls sit in graduated sizes on each side of the big organ given by Handel; the girls in white mob caps, tuckers and aprons, and the boys in red sashes. Dickens, who knew the place well (indeed, what part of London did he not know?), brings the scene well before us in "Little Dorrit," a book written, as already mentioned, in his Tavistock Square house. The scene referred to is Mrs. Meagles's description of her adoption of the girl Tattycoram. The hospital was founded by Captain Thomas Coram, whose portrait, by Hogarth hangs in the Board-room, and gave the artist, he says, more pleasure in the painting of it than did any other. Coram was a benevolent old sea captain, whose heart was touched by the deserted infants so commonly found about his home in Rotherhithe and elsewhere. The hospital, when founded in 1739, was open to all children, whose mothers had simply to leave them in a basket placed for the purpose at the gates, but this plan led to abuse (3296 were brought the first year), and also to so many



deaths, that Parliament intervened, and wisely regulated the charity. Since 1760 it is no longer, in the proper sense of the word, a "foundling hospital," but a home for illegitimate children, whose mothers must personally apply. Five hundred children are admitted, half of them boys.

The picture gallery of the hospital contains some interesting pictures : Hogarth's celebrated "March to Finchley" ; West's "Christ Blessing Little Children," in the chapel ; Kneller's portrait of Handel ; and others by early British artists. The children may, on weekday, be seen playing in the spacious yard before the hospital ; and on Sundays visitors are admitted to see them eat their dinner in the long hall after service. No charge is made for admission to the chapel, but a contribution is expected on leaving, to the plate held at the doors. Some interesting relics are to be seen, of the small articles found upon the early recipients of the charity, who were left in the admission basket.

Close to the Foundling Hospital is *Mecklenburgh Square*, a curious little old-world nook, very far removed indeed from the neighbouring traffic of the Gray's Inn Road. Here, in a corner house, lived for many years the late George Augustus Sala, and in his day it was a perfect museum of curios and works of art. In the same neighbourhood (to the south) is *Doughty Street*, where at No. 14 is a tablet, commemorating the residence of Sydney Smith.

Leaving the Hospital, we enter *Lamb's Conduit Street* (so called from a conduit brought through this once rural district by a certain William Lamb, in Henry VIII.'s time), out of which leads *Great Ormond Street*. The Hospital for Sick Children and other hospitals have been built on the north side, but a few fine old houses, now mostly let in tenements, still survive. In the reign of George II. this street looked into fields. Great Ormond Street abuts upon *Queen Square*—a secluded plot of ground, railed in at one end with iron gates, and lined with tall houses, looking altogether as though it belonged to some former century. It contains a statue of Queen Anne. From here, the by-way of Cosmo Place leads to Southampton Row. A little way down opens Theobald's Road, leading to Bedford Row and other "dusty purlieus of the law"—all more or less picturesque in their decay of red brick. Between Theobald's Road and Holborn is *Red Lion Square*, so called from the Red Lion Inn, in Holborn, close by where the bodies of Cromwell, Ireland and Bradshaw were brought when exhumed from Westminster Abbey, to be dragged next day to Tyburn. The square now bears a deserted and forgotten look. Out of Theobald's Road opens *Kingsgate Street*, known to readers

of Dickens as the abode of "Sairey Gamp." The southern end of Southampton Row has been widened and rebuilt in connection with the Kingsway improvement (p. 293), and on the east side is the new *Central School of Arts and Crafts*, a building of much architectural dignity. Having now arrived at the Holborn level, we proceed westwards along this thoroughfare till, at the corner of Hart Street, we reach the church of **St. George, Bloomsbury**. It has a handsome portico of Corinthian pillars, but its tower, built in a series of steps, and with a statue of George I. in Roman costume at its apex, has been much ridiculed. It is said that the steps are there to show how the king got to the top. The tower gave rise to the following epigram:—

"When Harry the Eighth left the Pope in the lurch,  
 "The Protestants made him the head of the Church;  
 "But George's good subjects, the Bloomsbury people,  
 "Instead of the church, made him head of the steeple."

Hogarth, who was fond of putting London views into his pictures, has introduced this steeple into the background of his "Gin Lane." The church stands in the unusual position of north and south. Hart Street leads into **Bloomsbury Square**, first named Southampton Square, and built in 1665 by Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, father of Lady Russell. His house, called Southampton House, occupied the whole north side of the square till 1800. This square used to be so very fashionable that foreign princes were taken to see it, as one of England's wonders. Pope wrote of it:—

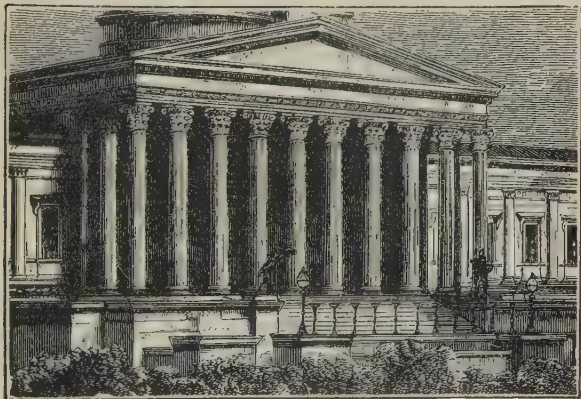
"In Palace Yard, at nine, you'll find me there;  
 "At ten for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury Square."

Here lived, among other magnates, the Earl of Chesterfield, Sir Hans Sloane, and Lord Mansfield; the house of this latter was burnt in the Gordon No-Popery riots of 1780. At No. 41 lived Edward Law, first Baron Ellenborough (Lord Chief Justice) and Edward Law, first Earl of Ellenborough (Governor-General of India). On the north side is a seated statue of Charles James Fox, by Westmacott. No. 17, Southampton Street (leading south from Bloomsbury Square) is marked by a tablet, commemorating the residence there of Cardinal Newman. Close by this square is the imposing front of the **British Museum** (see p. 165), with its Greek colonnades and pediment, and the flocks of pretty pigeons that nest up among its sculptures. Adjoining the Museum is *Charlotte Street*, which presently becomes **Gower Street**, noted for Mr. Ruskin's somewhat unkind criticism that it is "the *ne plus ultra* of ugliness in street

architecture." Mr. Ruskin had not, probably, in his mind at the time the funereal stucco of certain parts of Kensington, for Gower Street is at least plain and unaggressive. At No. 54 lived Sir Samuel Romilly, and at No. 110, Charles Darwin; both houses are marked by tablets. In this street can still be seen the curious iron "torch extinguishers" that were used in the eighteenth century, together with many forms of iron lamp-supports of antique pattern. Old customs, indeed, seem to linger here more than elsewhere, for, within the memory of the writer, there was still to be seen, on May-day, the real old green May-pole dancing, amid its attendant sprites and clowns, not one whit changed since Dickens' day, and Cruickshank's pictures. Charlotte Street leads past *Bedford Square*—formerly, like all its neighbours, the abode of dukes and grandees, but with its glory now faded, its spacious mansions often divided into two, and a general look of having seen better days. At No. 6, *Charlotte Street*, was Mr. Henry Sass's well-known School of Art, where so many eminent artists were trained, and of which Mr. Frith tells us so pleasantly in his *Autobiography*. The bust of Minerva, mentioned by Mr. Frith, over the door, still looks down benignantly on the passer-by—only a little more yellowed by time, that is all.

At the northern end of Gower Street is *University College*. The College (now a school in the University of London) is an imposing-looking building with a Corinthian portico, surmounted by a handsome dome. The architectural effect of the main building is not improved by the new laboratories in front. The College was founded in 1826, by Lord Brougham and others, for the education and training, at a moderate cost, of students of any religious denomination who wish to take degrees at the University of London. Under the central cupola is the *Flaxman Hall* (open on Saturdays, from May to August, between the hours of 10 and 4), containing original models and drawings by Flaxman, the famous sculptor. The Slade School of Fine Art is also located here. The skeleton of Jeremy Bentham, dressed in his real clothes, and with a waxen face, is preserved in the museum at his own desire. University College School, which formerly occupied the south wing of the main building, was moved in 1907 to new quarters at Hampstead. On the opposite side of Gower Street are *University College Hospital* and its Medical School, The Hospital (recently rebuilt and enlarged, mainly at the cost of the late Sir John Blundell

Maple) is of irregular design, intended to secure the maximum of fresh air for all the wards. From Gower Street, Torrington Place leads to *Gordon Square*, where is the modern **Catholic Apostolic** (Irvingite) **Church**, a handsome building in the Modern Gothic, or Early English style, and one of the largest ecclesiastical edifices in London. The English chapel, with its fine carving and



University College.

stained glass, is especially worthy of a visit. Close to this Church is Dr. Williams's Free Public Library. In *Woburn Square*, to the right, Christina Rossetti, the poetess, lived and died ; there is a reded, in memory of her, in the church in the square. From Gordon Square we come out upon Tavistock Square and St. Pancras Church again, thus completing our round of Bloomsbury.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## The East End.

"Behold how far the East is from the West!"  
 "The weltering London ways where children weep."—*Rossetti*.

IT is a far cry from the wealthy West of London, with its happy homes and myriad amusements, to the poor and often sordid East, with its constant "struggle for life," and daily dreary grind, amid the depressing ugliness and monotony of its surroundings. Of the inhabitants of the West, it seems as if those of the East of London might surely say:

"Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;  
 "To us the cup is dealt in another measure."

But the "point of view" differs in every class and in every quarter, and, sad as it appears to the wayfarer through the squalid, endless streets of the East End, existence here is not all sordid. From Aldgate to Stratford by the long Mile End Road; from Shoreditch to Kingsland, by the Kingsland Road; from Whitechapel to Limehouse, by the Commercial Road; there is no lack of life and merriment; at night especially, the scene is a gay one; the gas jets blazing brightly from costers' barrows and from open-air shops, the costermongers crying their wares, the drivers shouting to their heavily-laden dray horses, the perpetual succession of smoothly-gliding tram cars, velvet-cushioned and comfortable, along the wide streets; all contribute to lessen the sense of dreariness produced by the surroundings. For, there is hardly any one building or point of interest to be visited in all the wide East End; near Aldgate and in the big thoroughfares before mentioned, the general bustle may make it still tolerable, but later the streets become more and more squalid, the passers-by more and more poverty-stricken. There is nothing particularly vicious or dangerous about these poor streets (for that the East End is—generally speaking—unsafe, is a delusion; crime being, except in one or two plague-spots, not more flourishing than elsewhere), but it is the long, perpetual succession of dull, dingy, low houses, that, as soon as the business centres of the big roads are left behind, afflicts the visitor. Of crime and poverty in London we have spoken before (*see the "People" Chapter, pp. 34, 38*); but here poverty presents mainly one even tint of uniform dulness, broken

occasionally by the glitter of that "poor man's club," the public-house. The best-known districts of the East End, north of the Thames (Aldgate and Houndsditch being the dividing line to the west) are *Wapping*, *Stepney*, *Limehouse*, and *Poplar*, by the river and the docks; farther north, *Whitechapel*, *Bethnal Green*, *Mile End*, *Bow* and *Bromley*; north again, *Hoxton*, *Haggerston*, and *Kingsland*; beyond these to the east, *Hackney*, *Homerton*, *Victoria Park*, and *Old Ford*; and beyond, again, the semi-suburban districts of *East and West Ham*, *Stratford*, *Leyton*, and *Leytonstone*. Of the eastern districts on the Surrey side of the river (such as *Rotherhithe*, *Deptford*, *Bermondsey*, etc.) we have treated in another chapter (see Chap. XXIX.).

With Aldgate Station (Inner Circle Railway) the *East End* practically begins. From it the streets of *Houndsditch* (see p. 266) to the north, and the *Minories* to the south, form a kind of boundary to the city limits. **Whitechapel Road**, afterwards **Mile End Road**, the principal thoroughfare through the East End (really a continuation of Fenchurch Street (see p. 114) and Aldgate High Street), starts from Aldgate Station. About a quarter-of-a-mile beyond the station, **Commercial Street** diverges to the left, a very little way along which, to the right, stands **St. Jude's Church**, famous for the strivings of its former great-hearted Vicar, Mr. (now Canon) Barnett, to bring light into the narrow and joyless lives of the toilers in the East End. The outside of the church, facing the street, is adorned with a fine mosaic after *Watts*. Inside, are copies of four of *Watts*' principal works, finished by the artist himself: ("Love and Death," "Messenger of Death," "Death crowning Innocence," "The Good Samaritan"). But the principal glory of St. Jude's is in the adjoining **Toynbee Hall**, the first of the University Settlements in London, named after *Arnold Toynbee*, who died still young (in 1883) after spending his life in ameliorating the lives of the working classes of East London; his vital energy was sapped by constant overwork, and the hurried delivery in London of a series of lectures, called "Industrial Freedom," was the final stroke. Toynbee's work has had large results, and his example has been followed by many others—graduates of Oxford and Cambridge—who reside at Toynbee Hall and other settlements, to share the life of the poor and do what they can to help them; not in money, but in sympathy, teaching, and, above all, social brotherhood.



TOYNBEE HALL is just like a University College suddenly transplanted into East London. It is a hall in the academic sense, and contains rooms for about twenty residents, young men of serious and earnest aim, who are not content with a selfish existence, and spend a few years here between their university career and the business of life, to learn how the poor live. There is really a good deal of the monastic feeling of the middle ages about Toynbee Hall and its accessories. The hall contains, besides the residents' rooms, drawing, dining, reading, and lecture rooms, with a good library. Parties and social meetings are held here for the people; "all sorts and conditions of men" are represented; not, perhaps so much the very poorest, for the poorest class is ever elusive. Young girls, pupil teachers, shop hands and clerks come in large numbers. The gatherings of Toynbee Hall are social and pleasant, not only "improving"; indeed, the establishment is conducted more or less on Mr. Ruskin's principle, that the mission of the "leisured" is, not to "dine with the rich and preach to the poor," but to "dine with the poor and preach to the rich," or, in a passage that perhaps puts it better, "instead of keeping "the dancing to ourselves and graciously teaching the poor the catechism, "to learn the catechism ourselves, and teach *them* to dance." Toynbee Hall is one of the "centres" for the University Extension Scheme of Lectures. It can be visited by anyone who writes to the Secretary for a card of admission. Similar institutions in the East End are: *Oxford House*, Maple Street, Bethnal Green Road; and *Mansfield House*, 83, Barking Road, Canning Town; *Cheltenham College Settlement*, Old Nicole Street, Shoreditch; and there are also some similar settlements for women.

A little further east in the Whitechapel Road is the **Whitechapel Art Gallery**, opened in 1901, a permanent outcome of the *Loan Exhibition of Pictures* which Canon Barnett organized for many years in the schoolrooms adjoining St. Jude's. Farther up the Whitechapel Road, on the right, and opposite the *Whitechapel* station of the East London Railway, is the large *London Hospital*, with 800 beds. The *Pavilion Theatre* is also in Whitechapel Road. In Mile End Road, a little beyond the London Hospital, are the almshouses of Trinity House; and further still, is the **People's Palace** for East London, opened by Queen Victoria in May, 1887. The idea of the Palace was first suggested by Sir Walter Besant's novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." The imaginary Palace of Delight of the romance suggested its form to the real building, which is a large institution for the amusement, instruction and recreation of the large artisan population of the East End.

The erection of the Palace cost £100,000, and since its building much more has been given by voluntary public subscription, including £60,000 from the Drapers' Company, whose *Technical Schools* here were opened in 1888. The large *Queen's Hall*, in which concerts and various entertainments are given, contains statues of the Queens of England, by *Verheyden*. There is a swimming bath, a winter garden, a gymnasium; whilst the educational work of the institution is organized as the East London College, in connection with the University of London.

All this part of London is a great Jewish colony, and just beyond the People's Palace, east of *St. Benet's Church*, is one of the *Jews' Burial Grounds*.

This is as far east as most visitors are likely to care to go; we shall, therefore, now take another eastward walk, along a more northerly line. North of Aldgate, reached by Bishopgate Street from the City, and from Aldgate by Commercial Street, are the districts of *Shoreditch* and *Spitalfields*. Shoreditch probably derives its name from a popular ballad respecting Jane Shore and her "repenting of her sins in a ditch!" Shoreditch has always had a rather shady reputation. Its sixteenth-century theatres, which preceded those of Southwark (*see* p. 239), called "The Curtain" and "The Theatre," seem to have been considered as centres of vice in their day. They were the only two theatres in London at one time, and were of a rough and primitive kind, the roof only covering the stage and galleries, and the charge for admission to the central space, or pit, being 1d. It is said that Shakespeare once stood at the doors of the Shoreditch play-houses, and held the horses of the spectators during the performance. But, in 1597, his "*Romeo and Juliet*" was acted at the "Curtain." A modern play-house, the *National Standard Theatre* (rebuilt 1867), is to be found in High Street, Shoreditch. A little east of Shoreditch Church is the fine Gothic *Columbia Market*, built in 1869, by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, at a cost of £200,000. It was formerly a meat market, but is now used for vegetables and fish. Near by is a large group of model lodging-houses—hideous, but useful and sanitary. From Columbia Market can be seen, towards the east, over the neighbouring network of railways, the vast sea of houses in the black and crowded quarter of *Spitalfields* and *Bethnal Green*, parts of London specially described in G. R. Sims's "*How the Poor Live*," and Arthur Morrison's "*Tales of Mean Streets*," and inhabited principally by weavers. In Spitalfields are many descendants of the old Huguenot refugees who settled here in 1685, turned out of their own country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; it was they who first introduced silk weaving into London. Many foreign names are still visible on the shop-fronts, and many of the weavers still work in glazed attics such as their forefathers used in France; this last survival gives a very characteristic look to the district. Another peculiarity of Spitalfields is the number of singing-birds kept in and outside the houses; the catching and training of these birds

is here a special branch of industry, and the "bird-market" of the district is well known. The name of *Spitalfields* comes from the old priory of **St. Mary Spital**, a foundation of 1197, that once stood here. It was to St. Mary Spital that Queen Elizabeth once went to hear a sermon, with two white bears following in a cart, "to be baited as soon as it was over!" The gloomy, red-brick *Spital Square*, a relic of the early Georges, marks the site of the old Priory. This quarter was also the burial-place of Roman London, as is proved by remains dug up here. Close by, in *Brick Lane*, Spitalfields, is the big brewery of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton & Co. The **Kingsland Road** leads to the populous districts of **Haggerston** and **Hoxton** (formerly *Hoggesdon*), once celebrated for its balsamic wells. In Hoxton is the large *Britannia Theatre*. East of Spitalfields is the poverty-stricken quarter of Bethnal Green, of comparatively modern growth, also filled with weavers. Here was supposed to have lived that "seedy old man," the "Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green" (see "Percy's Reliques"), the father of the "pretty Bessee" of the ballad. The **Bethnal Green Museum**, opened in 1872, is situated in Victoria Park Square, Cambridge Road, and is organized as a branch of the Victoria and Albert (South Kensington) Museum. Its permanent contents are collections illustrating food and animal products, but other collections of various kinds are always on view.

The MUSEUM is open free on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Tuesdays and Fridays, also free, from 10 a.m. to 4 to 6 p.m., according to the season. Wednesdays, entrance 6d., between same hours. The Museum attracts many visitors. The well-arranged exhibition of *Articles used for food* is interesting, also that of *Animal Products* (wool, silk, etc., especially suited to a district of weavers such as Bethnal Green). Other collections are of porcelain and furniture. The interior of the Museum, which is of iron, consists of a large hall surrounded by a double gallery. This central hall has a mosaic pavement of chippings of marble, made by the female convicts in Woking Prison. In the north basement is a refreshment room. Before the Museum stands a fine *Majolica Fountain*, by Minton, erected in 1862. The Museum is best reached by Metropolitan Railway to Aldgate, and thence by a tram-car; or by tram-car all the way from Theobald's Road to *Cambridge Heath*.

In *Green Street*, south of the Museum, is a large *Lunatic Asylum*. East of it, reached by *Old Ford Road* and *Approach Road* (in the latter is the *City of London Consumption Hospital*), is *Victoria Park*, a large recreation ground of over 200 acres, and an invaluable boon to the poor working-folk of East London. Part of it is charmingly laid out with walks, lakes, gardens, etc.; while the eastern, and larger half, is used for cricket and other games.

The park has also open-air gymnasiums ; and in the lakes are swans and pleasure boats. In the middle of the park is the *Victoria Fountain*, in the shape of a Gothic temple, raised by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts (the great benefactress of the district) in 1862. North of Victoria Park is *Hackney Common*, and north-west of it, the handsome *Hospice* for the descendants of French Protestants (refugees), erected in 1866. Victoria Park Station on the North London Railway is 20 minutes from *Broad Street* station. South of Victoria Park, reached by the Mile End Road, which becomes, later, *Bow Road*, are the districts of *Stratford* and *Bow* ; the former called sometimes *Stratford-le-Bow*, from the bridge built here by Queen Matilda in the twelfth century, all vestiges of which are now removed. The place was also made famous by Chaucer's " *Prioress*," whose French was only

"after the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe,  
"For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe."

And north-west of Victoria Park is the district of **Hackney** ; its large church of **St. John** of which Archbishop Bancroft was Vicar, has some interesting monuments. Near here are *London Fields*, another welcome breathing-space for jaded Londoners, where their boys can play games, and where on Sundays they can forget their week of toil and worry. How many " tales of mean streets " might not be written between Whitechapel and Limehouse, between Homerton and Stepney ?

The big Whitechapel and Mile End Road is the " dividing line " between riverside London—the London of Shadwell, Stepney, Limehouse and Poplar—and the less slummy, but perhaps even more dreary, northern region we have just traversed. In **Stepney**, which is reached from our centre, Aldgate, by the wide *Commercial Road*, two churches merit notice : (1) The fine church of **St. Philip**, *Stepney* ; built at the cost of an indefatigable and hard-working vicar, the Rev. Sidney Vatcher, on the site of an older edifice. The Gothic interior of this church is extremely beautiful ; it is situated behind the London Hospital. (2) **St. Dunstan's Church** (reached by White Horse Street out of Commercial Road), rising out of its great churchyard, which forms a pretty green oasis among the sombre brick houses. St. Dunstan's is a handsome Perpendicular building, with several monuments, chiefly Jacobean, and with epitaphs quoted in the old *Spectator* and *Tatler*. *Colet*, the well-known Dean of St. Paul's, was

once vicar here, and here to his country vicarage came his friends Erasmus to stay, saying : " I come to drink your fresh air, Colet, to drink yet deeper of your rural peace." Such was the " rural peace " of Stepney then, and even at the beginning of the 19th century it was still only a suburban village. In White Horse Street are the *Radcliffe Schools*, founded in 1710, and adorned with quaint figures of the charity children of that time. Near by St. Dunstan's is *Stepney Green*, with some fine old houses yet remaining. Nearer the river are the poor and mostly wretched slums of *Shadwell*, *Wapping*, *Limehouse*, and *Poplar*, the " mean streets " of the dock labourers. The riverside district, wretched, poor, and squalid, is in some ways the saddest part of the East End. A French writer, M. Taine, thus describes it :

" SHADWELL, one of the poor neighbourhoods, is close at hand ; by " the vastness of its distress, and by its extent, it is in keeping with the " hugeness and the wealth of London. I have seen the bad quarters of " Marseilles, of Antwerp, of Paris, they do not come near to it. Low " houses, poor streets of brick under red-tiled roofs cross each other in " every direction, and lead down with a dismal look to the river. Beggars, " thieves, . . . crowd Shadwell Street . . . fights were going " on, chiefly fights between women ; one of them, her face bleeding, tears " in her eyes, drunk, shouted with a sharp and harsh voice, and wished " to fling herself upon a man. The bystanders laughed ; the noise caused " the adjacent lanes to be emptied of their occupants ; ragged, poor " children—it was like a human sewer suddenly discharging its contents. " Some of them have a relic of neatness, a new garment, but the greater " number are in filthy and unseemly tatters. Figure to yourself what a " lady's bonnet may become after passing during three or four years from " head to head, having been crushed against walls, having had blows from " fists ; for they receive them. I noticed blackened eyes, bandaged " noses, bloody cheek bones. The women gesticulate with extraordinary " vehemence, but most horrible of all is their shrill, acute, cracked voice, " resembling that of an ailing screech-owl."

But side by side with this he gives us a pleasanter picture :

" I was at the corner of Shadwell Basin and I gazed upon the slate- " coloured river before me shining and exhaling mist ; the northern bank " winds and bounds the horizon with its blackish fringe mottled with red ; " a few vessels descend with the supple and slow movement of a sea-bird ; " their sombre hulls and brown sails balance themselves upon the water " which shimmers. To north and south a mass of ships raise their crowded " masts. The silence is almost complete ; one hears but the strokes " of distant hammers, the vague tinkle of a bell, and the fluttering of " birds in the trees. A Dutch painter, Van der Heyden, Bakhuizen, " would have taken pleasure in beholding this plain of water, the distant " tones of brick and tar, this uncertain horizon where stretch the sleeping " clouds. I have seen nothing more picturesque in London."

With this prettier " note " we will take our leave of East London.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## The Surrey Side.

"The Thames marks the sharp division between what Lord Beaconsfield called 'the two nations.' On one side we have our nearest English approach to architectural magnificence; on the other there is a long perspective of squalid buildings—smoke-begrimed, half-ruinous, and yet not altogether unlovely."—*"Magazine of Art," Jan. 1884.*

THE Surrey side of London—the S.E. district—divided from the rest of London by the winding Thames, has a character of its own. It has a large and mostly industrial population, and for some way south of the river is a scene of great life and bustle, gradually "tailing off" into long dreary roads, like the "Walworth" and "Old Kent" Roads, wide and yet squalid; then into the middle-class, semi-suburban villa-dom of Walworth, Camberwell and Peckham—the unfashionable S.E. The "Surrey side" is talked of somewhat contemptuously as "over the water," or "transpontine"; thus, the tastes of the theatre-going Surrey population being supposed to be primitive, a melodrama of very pronounced "Adelphi" type is termed "transpontine"—i.e., only fit for "over the water." The sights and famous buildings—except as regards the ancient district called The Borough, just south of London Bridge—are few on this side; but, on the other hand, it is comparatively rich in gaols, manufactories, hospitals, madhouses—unpleasant necessities that can easily be spared to "over the water." And, indeed, it is no fancy that transpontine London wears altogether a different look from the London we know best. About here are to be found those mysterious destinations of some of the principal omnibus-routes—the "Elephant and Castle," "Hercules Buildings," etc.—that have so long puzzled both the visitor to London and the aristocratic dweller in the West End, being, however, generally when found, disappointingly modern; in fact, mere noisy taverns. Yet there is much that is interesting on the Surrey side, and those who have lived and worked in it and who know it best claim that there is an independence amongst its people greater than among the East-end folk. South London is rich, too, in public parks, and is admirably supplied with polytechnics, public libraries and baths (the Newington Baths are particularly good). The metropolitan districts lying nearest to the river, on this



Surrey—or seamy—side of London, are (beginning from opposite the Isle of Dogs) : *Greenwich, Deptford, Rotherhithe, Bermondsey, and Horselydown, Newington, Kennington, Lambeth and Battersea*, with, beyond these, the more or less outlying regions of *New Cross, Hatcham, Peckham, Walworth and Camberwell, Stockwell and Clapham*, all formerly (and not so very long ago) separate villages, but now united by growth of the enormous city. (For *Greenwich* and its famous “Hospital,” Observatory and Park, see “Excursions near London,” see Chap. XXX., and also for the heights of *Blackheath* that rise behind it.) Nearer to London, and opposite the “Isle of Dogs” (see p. 248) and its docks, comes *Deptford*, with its cattle market (see p. 247), and then, farther, the peninsula of **Rotherhithe**, or, as it is often called, “Redriff.” This was the supposed birthplace of Lemuel Gulliver; its name is said to have been derived from “Red rose,” a wonderfully inappropriate appellation at the present date. But though “Red rose” probably came from some tavern sign, Rotherhithe used to be celebrated for its wines and its market gardens, some of which latter yet exist in the neighbourhood of Southwark Park. In the parish church of Rotherhithe—St. Mary’s, near the river—is buried *Prince Lee Boo*, of the Pelew Islands, a youth who with his father showed such kindness to a British shipwrecked crew that out of gratitude he was brought to England to be educated. Pope wrote, *à propos* of Rotherhithe constancy :—

“In five long years I took no second spouse.

“What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?”

To the east of Rotherhithe, just beyond the extensive *Surrey and Commercial Docks*, lies *Southwark Park*, seventy acres of pleasure-ground opened by the Metropolitan Board of Works in 1869, and comprising both a cricket ground and flower-gardens. Near the entrance to the park, from the road called *Jamaica Level*, are two curious mounds formed by earth excavated from the river-bed during the making of the Thames Tunnel close by. West of Southwark (following the river bank) comes the poor and crowded district of **Bermondsey**, the special quarter of the tanners and leather-sellers; its name comes from *Beormund’s Eye* (or *Island*), an early Danish or Saxon derivation. Here was once a royal palace, where Henry II. lived with his Queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine. No remains, however, of it, or of the more famous *Abbey* that followed it (*Bermondsey Abbey*), or

of the still later Palace of the Ratcliffes, Earls of Sussex, that rose on the same spot, now exist; so quickly, in crowded busy London, are antiquities wiped out. The only relics now remaining of Bermondsey Abbey are: a silver almsdish in the church of **St. Mary Magdalen** (which stands on the very site of the old conventual church, at the corner of *Abbey Street* and *Bermondsey Street*), and a few bits of ancient wall and rusted hinge in the adjoining "*Long Walk*" and "*Grange Walk*," the names of which recall the old abbey. All around and about them now are the dwellings of leather-sellers, whose trade was first established here by Huguenot refugees (hence the local name *Petty Borgeney* or *Burgundy*). The great Bermondsey *Leather Market* (a little west of St. Mary Magdalen's Church) has been established here for over two hundred years. In this busy industrial region flourish also the London tanners, curriers, wool-staplers, leather dyers, leather dressers, parchment makers, horsehair workers, and glue makers; all the trades, indeed, connected with the leather industry. Beyond Bermondsey, and close to the river, is the district named *Horselydown*, anciently a grazing place for horses. Here the great *Tower Bridge* (see p. 241) crosses the river to the Tower of London (see Chap. VII.). *Tooley Street*, a long, narrow busy thoroughfare, leads from Bermondsey to *London Bridge* (see p. 239). **Tooley Street**—famous for its "three tailors" of the political legend, according to which they addressed the House of Commons as "We, the people of England"—though mostly squalid and mean, bears still in some parts traces of its antiquity. Walking westwards along this street towards London Bridge, we have, on our right, the near proximity of the wharves and the busy river, with its sights, scents, and cries; and behind us, the great supports of the enormous Tower Bridge, which rise in quite a ghostly manner out of the surrounding squalor and blackness. The name *Tooley Street* is corrupted from *St. Olave* (*St. Oley*—*Tooley*), which recalls the exploit of the sainted Olaf, King of Norway, who in 1008, destroyed the Bridge of London against the Danes who held it. The church tower of **St. Olave**, *Tooley Street* (built 1737), stands on the right, close to the London Bridge end of the street; and the entrance to the big stations of **London Bridge** (of the Brighton and South-Eastern Railways) lies opposite. A little way beyond this, *Tooley Street* opens on to the *Borough High Street*, and we enter the Borough of South-

wark (usually called simply "The Borough"). This ancient district is the most interesting of any on the Surrey side, and is well worth a visit. The first object of interest we note is at the very foot of London Bridge, **St. Saviour's Church**, now the cathedral of the diocese of Southwark. Though much mutilated by restorations, it is one of the oldest churches in London, the most ancient portions—the Lady Chapel, Choir, and Transept—being first specimens of Early English architecture. The church, which is cruciform in plan, was originally built in the thirteenth century, and belonged then to the Augustinian Priory of *St. Mary over the Rie*, or *Overy* (St. Mary of the Ferry, founded, says Stow, by Mary Overy, a ferry woman, who, long before the age of bridges, devoted her savings to this purpose). Henry VIII. converted it, in 1540, into a parish church. The *Nave*, which had been taken down and replaced by an ugly and incongruous structure in 1840, was again rebuilt by Blomfield (1890-6) in the original style. The tower, of quadrangular shape, is flanked by corner towers. "Heretics" were tried in this church during the reign of "Bloody Mary," the Lady Chapel being the Consistorial Court of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester; and here the martyrs, Bishop Hooper, and John Rogers, Vicar of Sepulchre's (see p. 251) were condemned to "death through the gate of fire"; the popular feeling for Rogers being so strong at the time that he had to be conveyed hence by night secretly to Newgate. The beautiful altar-screen in the choir was erected by Fox, Bishop of Winchester, before 1528; it is decorated with his device, the pelican. In the pavement of the Choir are inscriptions recording the graves of *Philip Massinger* and *John Fletcher* (Beaumont and Fletcher), the dramatists; *Edmund Shakespeare*, an actor, youngest brother of the poet; and *Lawrence Fletcher* (who, with Shakespeare and Burbage, was a lessee of the *Globe Theatre* that formerly flourished in *Bankside*, close by, and of a theatre in Blackfriars, see p. 286) are also buried near. In the Lady Chapel (now used as the Parish Church) is the black and white marble tomb of *Lancelot Andrewes*, Bishop of Winchester (died 1626). But the most interesting tomb in this church is that of *John Gower*, the friend of Chaucer (1325-1402), with a strikingly beautiful marble effigy; the poet lies recumbent, with raised and folded hands, and head pillowed upon his three principal works, the "*Speculum Meditantis*," "*Vox Clamantis*," and "Con-

fessio Amantis." This famous tomb lies in the south transept ; and opposite it is that of *Bingham*, saddler to Queen Elizabeth, with curious coloured figures. In the south transept is also the tomb of Dr. Lockyer, the pill inventor, with a reclining figure in costume of Charles II.'s time, and a curious epitaph, *à propos* of undying pills. In the church are several other quaint epitaphs ; one, said to be by Francis Quarles, on the tomb of Alderman Humble (1616) and his two wives ; another, the most odd perhaps of any, being that on a certain Miss Barford, telling how :

" Such grace the King of Kings bestowed upon her,  
" That now she lives with Him a Maid of Honour."

Between St. Saviour's and the river, stood in olden days *Winchester House*, the ancient palace of the Bishops of Winchester, where Gardiner lived in state, and where he contrived that Henry VIII. should meet the Duke of Norfolk's niece, Katherine Howard, " then a lovely girl in her teens." This palace, with the exception of an old window and arch, now built up into the surrounding warehouses, is entirely destroyed, but the odd name of "*The Clink*," or *Clink Street*, recalls the prison used by the bishops for the punishment of heretics. In the Clink, Shakespeare is said to have lived for some years, but such antiquities as remain are difficult to find, in this crowded and busy quarter, where the "law of change" is even more potent than elsewhere, and where besides warehouses, a flower and vegetable market—the "*Borough Market*"—surrounds St. Saviour's Church. The registers of the church contain the names of many actors, which fact is accounted for by the number of theatres (*see* p. 239) that formerly existed about here. **Bankside** (as the river shore between the Bishop of Winchester's park and the palace called *Paris Garden*, west of it, is called) was a very noted place in old times. Now covered with wharves, warehouses, etc., it used (as shown by an old map of Elizabeth's time) to be principally associated with little amphitheatres for bear-baiting, bull-baiting, and other popular places of amusement—not, perhaps, even in their day, of the highest class, but still often patronised by the court, and by such fine gentlemen as Samuel Pepys, who wrote in 1666, just before the fire, "Went "with my wife and Mercer to the Bear-Garden, where " . . . I saw some good sport of the bulls tossing the " dogs—one into the very boxes ; but it is a very rude " and nasty pleasure." Many theatres abounded in the

vicinity, such as the "Rose," the "Globe," the "Hope," the "Swan." Of these the *Globe Theatre*, dating from Elizabeth's time, and played in by Shakespeare and his associates, was the most important; an old print shows that it was like a martello tower, with small slits for windows. "Paris Garden," with the old theatre of that name, was so called from the ancient manor-house of Robert de Paris, in Richard II.'s time, a place of evil reputation surrounded by a moat, which kept constables at bay. On the site of the old Globe Theatre (a little west of St. Saviour's) is Barclay and Perkins' famous brewery (*see* p. 239), of vast dimensions. In 1758 the brewery belonged to Mr. Thrale, husband of Dr. Johnson's friend, the witty Mrs. Thrale. After Mr. Thrale's death it was sold to the present proprietors; Dr. Johnson was an executor, and his words at the sale have often been quoted:—"We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." The water used in brewing comes from artesian springs sunk on the premises, and the stables contain 150 horses used for carting purposes. A visit to the immense establishment is interesting; foreigners, indeed, make a point of not omitting it. A guide on the premises will show visitors over the whole place for a shilling fee. Appropriately enough, the "Borough," near to the brewery, is the centre of the hop trade, and the extensive business pertaining to it is carried on in the "Hop Exchange," in Southwark Street, near by.

To return to the Borough of Southwark (called by the Saxons "Southwerke," or the South Work); it is intersected by the long **Borough High Street**, which leads south from London Bridge to Newington Causeway. This street was a great highway from early Roman times, and became, later, the road by which the Canterbury Pilgrims travelled to the shrine of St. Thomas-à-Becket. Mainly because of these pilgrimages (told of in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales") a succession of ancient inns, picturesque with wooden galleries, projecting eaves and courtyards, were, until more or less recently, to be seen in Southwark. Fifty years ago, before the modern tide of destruction and renovation had set in, Dickens could still write:—

"In the Borough there still remain some half-dozen old inns which have preserved their external features unchanged. Great rambling queer old places, with galleries and passages and staircases wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish materials for a hundred ghost stories."

Such as remain of the old inns are all close together, just

off the Borough High Street, down separate little turnings on the left-hand side. The first, the *White Hart* (pulled down in 1889) was a little way beyond Guy's Hospital, and its picturesque court (in which Dickens first introduced his immortal Sam Weller, cleaning the "spinster aunt's" boots after that lady's elopement with the faithless Mr. Jingle), was surrounded by old balustraded galleries. Next, through an archway, we reach all that is left of the *George Inn*, which history mentions as early as 1554. It had double tiers of wooden galleries; only one balconied fragment of it, however, remains, the greater part of it having been destroyed for the building of the Great Northern Railway Goods Office. But the pride of Southwark was in the ancient "*Tabard*" Inn, whence Chaucer's "*Canterbury Pilgrims*" were made to start. Of this

"gentil hostelrie  
"That hight the Tabarde, fasté by the Bell,"

nothing now but a modern signboard recalls even the name; for the old inn was completely burned down in 1873. It was a quaint high-roofed and galleried house worthy of Nuremberg; and a faded picture of the Canterbury Pilgrims hung from its gallery in front of the "Pilgrims' Room." Of the "*Queen's Head*" Inn, one side of the curious old galleried courtyard yet remains. From the Borough High Street, *Thomas Street*, diverging to the left, leads to **Guy's Hospital**, founded in 1721 by Thomas Guy, son of a lighterman at Horselydown, who became a Lombard Street bookseller, and amassed a fortune by first printing and selling Bibles, and then speculating—not, however, fraudulently—in the South Sea Company; he simply had the good sense to sell when the bubble was at its height. Mr. Guy, by dint of saving, acquired almost the habits of a miser; he was unmarried, and his vast wealth went to build and endow this hospital, which has a yearly income of £31,000, and maintains five hundred beds; it is also one of the largest of the London Medical Schools. A blackened brass statue of the founder stands in the courtyard, on a pedestal with bas-reliefs of "Christ Healing the Sick," and the "Good Samaritan." Another statue of Guy, in marble, by *Bacon*, is in the Hospital Chapel, where also Sir Astley Cooper, the famous surgeon, lies buried. The *Museum of Anatomical Models* is one of the finest existing. The *Maze Pond* (close by the Hospital) is so-named from a maze once made here in the gardens of the Abbots of St. Augustine, Canterbury. Just



beyond Guy's Hospital, on the left (between King Street and Mermaid Court), stood that old debtor's prison called *The Marshalsea*, so well known to readers of Dickens's "Little Dorrit." This very ancient gaol (it is mentioned in an account of a mob riot in 1377), derived its name from its having been under the jurisdiction of the "Marshal of the King's Household." Used in Elizabeth's day for rebels and political offenders (Bishop Bonner was imprisoned there for ten years for refusing to take the oath of allegiance), it became later a prison for pirates and smugglers, and, finally, a place of detention for debtors.

"It was an oblong pile of barrack buildings partitioned into squalid 'houses, standing back to back, so that there were no back rooms, and 'used as a prison for debtors and for defaulters under the Excise laws. 'In the adjoining skittle-ground the Marshalsea debtors bowled down 'their troubles.'"

When it was finally demolished in 1887, the prison had for forty years been let as a lodging to tramps and vagabonds. It is of this period that Dickens writes, when in his preface to "Little Dorrit," he thus describes his search for the remains of the Marshalsea :

"I found the outer front courtyard metamorphosed into a butter 'shop ; and I then almost gave up every brick of the jail as lost. 'Wandering, however, down a certain adjacent 'Angel Court, leading 'to Bermondsey,' I came to Marshalsea Place, the houses in which I 'recognised, not only as the great block of the former prison, but as 'preserving the rooms that arose to my mind's eye when I became Little 'Dorrit's biographer. . . . Whoever goes into Marshalsea Place, 'turning out of 'Angel Court, leading to Bermondsey,' will find his feet 'on the very paving-stones of the extinct Marshalsea jail ; will see its 'narrow yard to the right and to the left, very little altered if at all, 'except that the walls were lowered when the place got free ; will look 'upon the rooms in which the debtors lived ; will stand among the 'crowding ghosts of many miserable years."

Now even these relics have vanished ; but the squalid and miserable prison will find few to regret its abolition, when so many better landmarks have had to give way to the needs of the present. Dickens has made the old place, with its lower grades of society and of London life, live for us again ; in his youth he knew it well, for his ne'er-do-weel father was long in durance here, and, indeed, the son relates that "the family lived more "comfortably in prison than they had done for a long "time out of it." Not only the Marshalsea, however, but the whole district is redolent of Dickens, who knew this part of London better—if that were possible—than any. In *Lant Street* (farther down the Borough High Street on the right), lodged one of the medical students famous in the pages of "Pickwick," Mr. Bob Sawyer. This

lodging in Lant Street was one of Dickens' own temporary homes when a boy, and he describes with all the gusto of experience how the Crown Revenues "are seldom collected in this happy valley; the rents are dubious, and the water communication is very frequently cut off." The church of **St. George, Southwark**, which formerly adjoined the Old Marshalsea prison, is also immortalized by Dickens, who represents his "Little Dorrit," his "child of the Marshalsea," as being married in it. St. George's church is generally supposed to be that represented by Hogarth in the well-known print of "Southwark Fair" (a fair that was suppressed in 1762). It was at a Quakers' meeting-house in St. George's, Southwark, that *George Fox*, the founder of the sect, was attacked by soldiers whilst preaching; and here, when commanded "in the King's name" to desist, he replied: "I proceed, for I am commanded by a higher, the King of Kings." (A small open space, at the back of houses on the west side of Borough High Street, nearly opposite St. George's Church, has been appropriately named by the London County Council "Little Dorrit's Playground"). Opposite St. George's Church, where *Mint Street* (so named from a Mint of Henry VIII.'s time) now is, a palace of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married Mary Tudor, Henry VII.'s daughter, stood in ancient days. *Queen's Buildings* occupy the site of the old King's Bench Prison, known in its later days to readers of Dickens' "Uncommercial Traveller." In it were imprisoned Richard Baxter, the divine, and Wilkes, the demagogue. Later, it became almost exclusively a prison for debtors, who were sometimes allowed to live in lodgings near, "within the rules of King's Bench." Among the many who have thus lived "within the rules," were George Morland and Haydon, the painters, and the eccentric "Dr. Syntax," author of the celebrated "Tours." It was abolished as a debtor's prison, when such prisons ceased to be needed, in 1860, and it is now destroyed. The whole district is filled with memories of abolished prisons. Farther south, and still left of the Borough High Street (beyond *Trinity Church and Square*), was a third prison, *Horsemonger Lane Gaol*, in *Union Road*, formerly *Horsemonger Lane*. Here it was that Dickens saw the hideous scene that occurred at the execution of the Mannings, in 1859, and writing about it to the *Times*, procured the final abolition of public hanging. (It was Mrs. Manning who made black satin unfashionable, by

wearing a dress of it at her execution). In the gate-house of Horsemonger Lane Gaol, *Leigh Hunt*, the author, was imprisoned for two years for a libel on the Prince Regent, and here he wrote some of his best-known works. The tombstones of the Mannings used to be shown in the prison, which was closed in 1887. The *Surrey Sessions House* (for the meeting of the Surrey magistrates) which adjoins it, has recently been rebuilt and improved. In *Union Street*, not to be confounded with Union Road, but farther north, and right of the Borough High Street (opposite King Street), is the *Shaftesbury Mission Hall*, erected in memory of the great philanthropist. In *Redcross Street*, which intersects Union Street, is *Redcross Hall*, where a painting, from designs of Walter Crane, commemorates the devotion and bravery of the servant-girl Alice Ayres, who died, in 1885, in saving her master's children from a burning house (*comp.* p. 274). Union Street leads to the *Evelina Hospital* for Sick Children, in the Southwark Bridge Road. The Borough High Street, after the *Borough Road* leaves it on the right, is continued towards the south under the name of **Newington Causeway**, and passes under the iron bridge of the L. C. & D. railway, with Tarn's big silk establishment looming up on the left, towards the tavern called the *Elephant and Castle*, which stands close to the theatre of that name, and is a big omnibus centre. From this spot the *New Kent Road* leads east into the *Old Kent Road*, made famous by music halls, and sacred to factory and costermonger girls with big fringes and feathery hats. A little to the west, in *Newington Butts*, is the well-known *Tabernacle* of the late Mr. Spurgeon, the famous preacher; it is built in the Greek style, and can take in six thousand people. The wide *Walworth Road*, which presently becomes *Camberwell Road*, leads south again from the Elephant and Castle, to *Camberwell Green* and *Denmark Hill*; at No. 207, *Camberwell Road*, is the **South London Fine Art Gallery**, containing, besides a picture gallery, a free library and a lecture hall. John Ruskin and Robert Browning both lived in South London, and busts of them are placed in this Gallery. In St. Giles's Church, Camberwell, there is another record of Ruskin, in the shape of an east window designed by him. In York Street, Walworth, is the *Browning Settlement*.

Returning to the Borough Road, and pursuing our way along it from Borough High Street, we reach St. George's Circus. From this obelisk six big roads diverge, *viz.*: the

*Borough Road* (along which we have come) to London Bridge; the *Blackfriars Road*, leading straight as an arrow to Blackfriars Bridge; the equally straight and even drearier *Waterloo Road*, with some of the most disreputable *purlicues* in London, to Waterloo Bridge and the Strand (the street called the "*New Cut*" crosses from it to Blackfriars Road); the *Westminster Bridge Road*, to Westminster; the *Lambeth Road*, to Lambeth Palace; and the *London Road*, to the Elephant and Castle. St. George's Fields, on which all this new quarter has risen, were celebrated of old for scenes of royal pomp and tourney, and later, as the *rendez-vous* of the Wat Tyler and Jack Cade rebels. In St. George's Circus is a large *Asylum and School for the Indigent Blind*, established 1799; here the blind are admitted between the ages of 12 and 20, and are taught a trade. But the best-known hospital in this neighbourhood is the *Bethlehem Lunatic Asylum* vulgarly called "Bedlam." It stands not far from the illuminated clock-tower which has now replaced the *obelisk* (the one memorial in London to the freedom of the press, erected in 1771 in honour of Lord Mayor Crosby, who had obtained the release of a printer imprisoned for publishing Parliamentary reports), at the junction of St. George's Road and Lambeth Road. It claims to be descended from the ancient *Priory of the Star of Bethlehem*, which dated from the reign of Henry III. The ancient priory, first established in Bishopsgate, soon became known as a hospital, and then as a lunatic asylum, for Sir Thomas More already called it "Bedlam." "Tom-o'-Bedlam" (see *King Lear*) was the name given to certain mendicants who were its "out-pensioners." The hospital was only in 1810-15 transported from the city to its present site.

It is now splendidly managed, and fitted with every convenience and comfort, amusement of the poor patients not being the least of these; but up to 1770 "Bedlam"—then situated in Moorfields—was one of the regular "sights" of London, people being inhuman or thoughtless enough to divert themselves with the antics of the poor creatures. Thus in Hogarth's final plate of the "*Rake's Progress*"—which represents the "Rake" as a raving maniac in Bethlehem Hospital—among the minor figures in the composition, come to mock and to gibe, as was then allowed, are two fine ladies. Not only this, but the patients, both male and female, were chained to the walls with iron rings till 1815, when the death of a harmless and rational patient who had been thus tormented for 12 years, led to an enquiry in Parliament; and better treatment. Professional men (who are admitted by orders from the governing physicians), find much to interest them in a visit to the asylum. Different classes of paying patients are received, and *poor* lunatics are admitted free. In the hall is a large painting of the "*Good Samaritan*," by one of the former inmates, an R.A. student named Dadd. The hospital accommodates

over 400 patients. The old statues of *Melancholy* and *Raving Madness*, by *Caius Cibber*, which used to stand on the gates of the old "Bedlam" in Moorfields, are now in the Guildhall Museum.

Facing the eastern wing of Bethlehem Hospital is a fine Roman Catholic cathedral—that of **St. George**, built by Pugin, in 1848. Cardinal Wiseman was enthroned here in 1850. "It is curious," says Mr. Hare, "that the "most important Roman Catholic church in England "should have been raised on the very spot where the "20,000 'No-Popery' rioters were summoned to meet "Lord George Gordon in 1780, and, distinguished by the "blue cockades in their hats, to attend him at West-minster." Just north of St. George's Cathedral, in Westminster Bridge Road, is **Christ Church**, a Nonconformist chapel, built for the congregation of the famous *Rowland Hill*, of Surrey Chapel. The elegant tower and spire were built from American funds, as a memorial of President Lincoln. Newman Hall was incumbent here. The *Surrey Theatre* stands near the Obelisk, at the end of Blackfriars Road; here Buckstone, the actor, first appeared in London. The *Surrey Gardens*, once situated near here, are now entirely obliterated by the encroachments of the suburban builder. In the Waterloo Road are the Royal Victoria Coffee Music Hall, the Morley College for working men and women and the new Union Jack Club (for soldiers and sailors), and Waterloo Station, the large terminus of the *South-Western Railway*, much enlarged and improved in recent years. The *Westminster Bridge Road*, well known for several generations for *Astley's* famous amphitheatre for horsemanship—a kind of glorified circus, made yet more famous by Dickens' and Thackeray's delightful descriptions (*vide* "Sketches by Boz" and "The Newcomes")—the paradise of youth generally, leads to Westminster, and to *St. Thomas's Hospital* (see p. 232). *Lambeth Road* leads west to *Lambeth Palace* (see p. 229) and Bridge. From Bethlehem Hospital by *Kennington Road*, or from the Elephant and Castle by *Kennington Park Road*, we reach **Kennington**, the "King's Town," where a royal manor existed from Anglo-Saxon to Stuart times; nothing, however, now remains of it. Kennington proper is principally villa-dom, the semi-rural haunt of retired city tradesmen, with many old-fashioned and comfortable-looking houses. *Kennington Park*, small in extent (it was formerly called *Kennington Common*), is noted as being the Chartists' meeting-place in 1848, and also as a spot where Whitefield (see p. 330) preached

to open-air crowds. *Kennington Oval*, with its well-known cricket ground, lies on the north of Kennington Park Road, and almost opposite the park. Important cricket and football matches are played here. From Kennington Oval, the Kennington Park Road continues, now as *Clapham Road*, its interminable and painfully straight course, towards *Clapham* and *Stockwell*, while the *Camberwell New Road* leads south-east to *Camberwell Green*, just beyond which is the new *Metropole Theatre*, and beyond this again, the pleasant suburban district of *Denmark Hill*, where Ruskin lived for many years, at No. 163, near the new *Ruskin Park*.

Just north of the Oval is *Vauxhall Station* (Waterloo line), and a little west of it is the plot of recreation ground formerly called "*The Lawn*," South Lambeth, but now known as *Vauxhall Park*, and opened 1890. On it stands a terra-cotta statue, by Doulton, of the late *Professor Fawcett*, who lived at the Lawn. A little to the north, on the Albert Embankment, are the conspicuous red towers of *Doulton's Potteries* (see p. 229). Farther west, *Battersea Park Road* leads from South Lambeth, past *Nine Elms* and the *Southwark and Vauxhall Waterworks*, to *Battersea Park* (see p. 225), with its pretty lake, south of which, and adjoining the road, is the *Albert Palace* (now closed)—a large glass structure, originally made for the *Dublin International Exhibition* of 1885. But with Battersea, Clapham and Wandsworth we become suburban again, and our journey of exploration through transpontine London properly ends.



## CHAPTER XXX.

**Excursions near London.**

(These are accessible in a day from London, either by carriage, rail, or steamer. The terms "London," "Excursions," and "Suburbs," it should be explained, are here used roughly, for some of the expeditions described are wholly or partly within the boundaries of legal London.)

"Nowhere are things more apt to respond to the brighter weather, nowhere is there so much difference between rain and sunshine, nowhere do the clouds roll together more grandly; those quaint suburban pastorals gathering a certain quality of grandeur from the background of the great city, with its weighty atmosphere, and portent of storm in the rapid light on dome and bleached stone steeples."—*Walter Pater, "Appreciations."*

AS no handbook to London is really complete without a summary of the places of interest in the country round it, we propose to enumerate, in this chapter, the nearer excursions; and, in the next, a few which are more distant, and yet within the limits of a day's excursion by rail.

**I. Greenwich Hospital and Park.**

This excursion, though within an easy drive, is best made by river or by train.

Trains run to Greenwich every twenty minutes from *Charing Cross* (South-Eastern Railway) in twenty-four minutes, fares 1s., 9d. and 6d., stopping at the intervening stations of *Waterloo Junction*, *Cannon Street*, *London Bridge*, *Spa Road*, and *Deptford*; or from *Victoria*, *Holborn Viaduct*, or *Ludgate Hill* stations (London, Chatham and Dover Railway) in thirty to thirty-five minutes. A tramway also runs to Greenwich from *Blackfriars Bridge* or *Westminster Bridge*. The river trip, which is much the pleasantest way to go in fine weather, takes three-quarters to one-and-a-quarter hours; it is described in Chap. XV.

**Greenwich Hospital**, five miles below London Bridge, of which the noble river frontage lends such charm to the reach of the Thames opposite the Isle of Dogs, is a delightful excursion for a long summer day. "Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood," with the green heights of Greenwich Park, and the more distant Woolwich, rising behind her (the "southern heights" of London, as Highgate and Hampstead are the "northern"), other and older palaces have smiled in former centuries. The hospital, now the *Royal Naval College*, is built on the site of an old royal palace of the fifteenth century, in which Henry VIII. and his daughters, Elizabeth and Mary, were born. This palace, called in its day "Placentia," or "Plaisance," was the scene of the short-lived grandeur and fortune of poor Anne Boleyn (*see* p. 112), and it was also here that, after a tournament in Greenwich Park, the bolt of the

king's anger fell, and she was arrested on May-Day, 1536. Here, later, the boy-king Edward VI. died, and it was here that his sister, Elizabeth, kept her gay and hospitable court. After the Commonwealth, Charles II. began the rebuilding of the palace in a far more splendid style, William III. completed it, and in 1694 it was converted into a hospital for old and disabled seamen.

The HOSPITAL is now used as a college for the instruction of naval officers; the few remaining old pensioners having been accommodated in the *Seamen's Hospital*, which, formerly located on board the *Dreadnought* (an old man-of-war that was stationed in the Thames, see p. 249), was transferred in 1870 to the *Infirmery* of Greenwich Hospital, a separate building, on the south-west side of the larger edifice. The large revenue of the Hospital supports also the *Greenwich Hospital School*, besides benefiting over 9,000 seamen and marines.

Greenwich Hospital consists of four large wings, or piles of building, really detached from one another, but forming a complete whole. Facing the river—of Portland stone and in the Corinthian style—are the two sections called the *King Charles Building* (towards the west) and the *Queen Anne Building* (on the east), the former containing the library, and the latter the naval museum. Behind these are the two southern wings, called respectively the S.W., or *King William Building*, and the S.E., or *Queen Mary Building*, each surmounted by a dome, in Wren's style—the two domes that, seen from the river, give to Greenwich Hospital its characteristic air. The broad, high *River Terrace*, 865 feet long, has two granite obelisks—one, of red granite, being in memory of the gallant Frenchman, Lieutenant Bellot, who lost his life in arctic regions, in the search of Franklin; and the other commemorating the officers and men of the Royal Marines, killed in 1863-4 in New Zealand. In the middle of the terrace is a fine double flight of steps leading down to the river, and in a quadrangle behind is a *Statue of George II.*, in Roman costume, by *Rysbrack*, sculptured out of a single block of white marble; also an Elizabethan gun, found in the Medway, and another that was on board the *Victory* at Trafalgar. In the *upper quadrangle* is a colossal bust of *Nelson*, by *Chantrey*. *Queen Mary's Building* contains the *Chapel*, and *King William's*, the Great (or "Painted") Hall, designed and erected by *Wren*.

The *Painted Hall*, the chief place of interest in the Hospital—106 feet long—was decorated by Sir W. Thornhill (Hogarth's father-in-law), who was engaged on it for some twenty years. In the hall and its vestibule a *Naval Gallery* is exhibited: pictures, relics, portraits, statues, models, etc., of which the following are the most important. In the *Vestibule*: Portrait of *Columbus*, *Andrea Doria*, and *Vasco di Gama*; of the *Earl of Sandwich*, by *Gainsborough*, and statues of Admirals *St. Vincent*, *Howe*, *Nelson*, and

*Duncan*. In the *Hall* : four marble statues in the four corners, of *Admiral de Saumarez*, *Captain Sir W. Peel (Theed)*, *Viscount Exmouth (Macdowell)*, and *Admiral Sir Sidney Smith (Kirk)*. Among the pictures : *Destruction of the Spanish Armada* and the *Victory of Lord Howe at Ushant* (both by *Louthembourg*) ; *Death of Captain Cork (Zoffany)* ; *Battle of Aboukir (Arnold)* ; *Battle of St. Vincent (Jones)* ; *Nelson boarding the St. Nicholas, 1797 (Allen)* ; and the *Battle of Trafalgar (Turner)*. (Mr. Ruskin, in his "Harbours of England," tells a funny story about this picture of Turner's. It does not seem to have been appreciated by the Hospital inmates : "'I can't make English of it, sir,' said one old Greenwich pensioner, 'I can't make English of it.' 'What a Trafalgar !' exclaimed another, 'E's a damned deal more like a brickfield.'" "Some years ago," says Mr. Ruskin, "I happened to stand longer than pleased my pensioner guide 'before Turner's 'Battle of Trafalgar' ; and my guide, supposing me to 'be detained by indignant wonder at seeing it in so good a place, assented 'to my supposed sentiments by muttering in a low voice : 'Well, sir, it is 'a shame that that thing should be there. We ought to 'a 'ad a Uggins ; 'that's sartin.'" *Portraits of Captain Cook* ; of *Prince George of Denmark (Kneller)* ; of *General Monk* and *William Penn (Lely)* ; of *James II.* ; of *Lord Nelson* ; of *Admirals Sir Charles Napier*, *Kempenfeldt*, and *Collingwood*. The *Upper Hall* contains, among other relics, the coat worn by *Nelson* at *Trafalgar*, pierced with the hero's death-wound. The *Nelson Room* (to the left of the *Great Hall*) contains pictures by *West* and others in honour of the great *Admiral*, also portraits of his contemporaries, etc., etc. (The *Painted Hall* is open free daily from 10 a.m. to 4, 5 or 6 p.m. ; and on Sundays, after 2 p.m. *Descriptive Catalogue*, 3d.)

In the *Chapel* is an altar-piece by *West* (*Shipwreck of St. Paul*)—one of his best works. The *Royal Naval Museum* contains models of ships and rigging, the astrolabe presented to *Queen Elizabeth* by *Sir Francis Drake*, a model of the *Battle of Trafalgar*, relics of the *Franklin Expedition*, paintings, etc.

The *Museum* and *Chapel* are open free from 10 a.m. to 4, 5, or 6 p.m., except Sundays and Fridays.

*Greenwich* was celebrated of old for its taverns, and its fish and whitebait dinners. These, however, have gone somewhat out of fashion, since the annual "Whitebait Dinner," held by Cabinet Ministers at the end of the Parliamentary session, has been abandoned. The "*Trafalgar*," with its bow-windows fronting the river, was sometimes the scene of them. *Dickens* has described a charming little dinner here, in "*Our Mutual Friend*." For humbler excursionists, and those who come by penny steamer, there are, as we ascend the steep hill towards *Greenwich Park*, many old and widely-patronised "tea-garden" establishments, of the kind where "tea, creases and s'rimps" are given for 6d. At the *Royal Naval School*, between the *Hospital* and the *Park*, 1000 children of seamen are educated. In the parish church of **St. Alphege**, which stands in the centre of the town, *General Wolfe*, of *Quebec* fame, lies buried. **The Park**, the great attraction of *Greenwich*, is 174 acres in extent ;

it was laid out by the French landscape gardener *Le Nôtre* (see p. 378), in Charles II.'s time, and time has so mellowed its beauties that they now seem natural rather than artificial. Its avenues of splendid, shady, chestnut trees, its steep hills, its green valleys, its herd of deer, its flowering hawthorns in May-time, all make it a favourite resort of Londoners, even though the glories of "old Greenwich



Fair"—a kind of carnival anciently held outside the park gates—are over. On a hill in the centre of the park is the world-renowned **Greenwich Observatory** (admission only by special permission of the Astronomer Royal), established here, by Wren's advice, in 1675. Here live the Astronomer-Royal and his staff, some of whom are always on duty :

"Not a moment of intermission is permitted by night or day in the Observatory. Profound mathematicians are ceaselessly at work ; not "a star in the midnight heavens is unobserved ; the paths of the planets "are noted ; the phenomena of gravity, light and magnetism investigated ; "the true time—Greenwich time—flashed along the wires to almost every "important railway station in the kingdom (and to many private business "establishments as well) ; and sailors far away at the antipodes are navi- "gating surely and safely, guided by the exact record of the movements "of the heavenly host, furnished by the patient philosophers of Green-

"wich" At 1 o'clock, every day, a large coloured ball—the "time-ball"—descends many feet. Other objects of interest are, the 24 hour clock at the entrance gate, which marks the exact astronomical time, and various standard measures of length, which, for the benefit of the public, are inserted in the outer wall.

From the terrace in front of the Observatory, a splendid view is obtained over the river, and the shipping with its forest of masts, as far as Epping Forest and the Hampstead hills. Greenwich Park is joined on the south and south-east by the suburb of *Blackheath*—so called from its common, which used to be a noted place for high-way robberies, in old days, and is now much frequented by golfers. South, again, of Blackheath, are the suburbs of *Lee* and *Lewisham*.

## 2. Woolwich and the Royal Arsenal.

Woolwich may be reached by the *South-Eastern Railway* (North Kent line), from Charing Cross, Cannon Street, or London Bridge; or, again, by the *Great Eastern Railway*, from Liverpool Street or Fenchurch Street, to North Woolwich (and then by free ferry across the river).

Woolwich is mainly interesting to those who wish to study the Art of War. The **Woolwich Arsenal**, which with its foundries, magazines, etc., covers 100 acres, and extends along the Thames for nearly a mile, shows us all the appliances—from the monster gun, the so-called "Woolwich infant," to the steam-engine factory—whereby Britain continues to "rule the waves."

(The Arsenal can be seen on Tuesdays and Thursdays, between the hours of 10 to 11-30 and 2 to 4-30 by tickets, obtainable at the War Office, Whitehall. Foreigners must get special permission through their own Ambassador.)

The Arsenal has four principal departments, the *Gun Factory*, first established here in 1716; the *Laboratory*, where shot, cartridges, projectiles, etc., are made; the *Carriage Department*; and the *Stores* (of war materials). The workshops of the arsenal give employment to some 2,000 men, who are mainly skilled artisans. On the river (here a mile wide) are to be seen the covered slips, etc., for building vessels. The royal dockyard, first established here in Henry VIII.'s time, has been closed since 1869. The *Royal Marine Barracks*—eight buildings joined by a corridor—are west of the arsenal, on the slope of a hill, and the *Artillery Barracks*, with accommodation for 4000 men and 1000 horses, stand on yet higher ground. In front of this building are placed, among other curiosities, several pieces of ordnance from India and the Crimea. The *Royal Military Academy*, on Woolwich Common, trains cadets for the Engineers or Artillery. The *Royal*

*Military Repository* or *Rotunda*, on the north-west side of the Common, contains a military museum, with models of fortifications, ancient and modern weapons, curious relics, etc. (open free from 10 to 4, 5 or 6, according to the season). The large *Telegraphic Works* of *Siemens Brothers*, where submarine cables are made, may be visited (special order necessary, obtainable at the London office, 12, Queen Anne's Gate, by visitors provided with an introduction). In the *Woolwich Cemetery* is a large white marble cross, erected to the memory of the unfortunate crew (550 souls) of the pleasure steamer *Princess Alice*, sunk near here by a collision in 1878. Just east of Woolwich are the green heights of the pretty suburb of Charlton, and behind, rises *Shooter's Hill*—so called from the bandits that formerly infested it—commanding a fine view of the fair and richly-wooded plains of *Kent*.

### 3. The Crystal Palace of Sydenham.

The Crystal Palace, though it is easily within a drive from London, being distant from it only eight miles, is most conveniently reached by rail, the train service being very complete. Trains leave *London Bridge*, *Ludgate Hill*, *Holborn Viaduct* and *Victoria* stations for the Crystal Palace, every quarter-of-an-hour (fares 1s. 3d., 1s., and 7d.; return fares, 2s., 1s. 6d., and 1s.) *Return Tickets*, including admission to the Palace, are issued on 1s. days from the London railway stations, at 2s. 6d., 2s., and 1s. 6d. (On the great concert days, and other grand occasions prices of admission to the Palace are sometimes raised.) Children under twelve are admitted half-price. The Palace is open from 10 a.m. to 7-30 p.m. in winter (later on special *fête* days), and from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. in summer, when the gardens are illuminated. The Palace itself is reached by no fewer than three stations: (1) the *High-Level* station of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, which leads directly into the Central Transept, and is the best to enter by; (2) the *Low-Level* station of the Brighton and South London Railway, which reaches the Palace by a long arcade of glass; and (3) the *Sydenham Hill* station, for passengers from Dulwich, half-a-mile away from it.

"When I gits to the Crystal Pallis," said Leech's old lady, years ago in *Punch*, "the fust thing as ever I does is to git a cheer," and this advice, we may add, it is still advisable to follow, for the Crystal Palace, interesting as it is, is truly the most fatiguing and exhausting place in all creation. Perhaps it is the multitude, variety and contrast of things to see, that, like varying colours in a kaleidoscope, weary our poor finite brains, but the fact remains, that, whether we accompany a school feast thither, and continually lose our scholars, or happen to escort a family of young nieces and nephews on our own account, or in whatever way we chance to see it, the Crystal Palace never fails to send us home sadder—if wiser—than we were. In this vast dome of glass, this mighty maze of courts and



galleries we continually lose our wits and our bearings, and weary and footsore, long for the return train. Much bodily sustenance is advised, and the good and cheap refreshment stalls are heartily recommended.

The Crystal Palace is nothing more or less than a greenhouse on an enormous scale—the biggest house at Kew magnified many times over. The idea for it originated, like so many other ideas, in the great Exhibition of 1851, when Sir Joseph Paxton's wonderful glass palace, erected in the exhibition grounds in Hyde Park, aroused a wish that it should be perpetuated. So a company was formed, who provided the money, and Sir Joseph re-erected his palace, vastly improving and enlarging it, laying out beautiful grounds round it, and fitting it for the royal receptions and musical performances that have since taken place there on such a colossal scale. The palace consists of a magnificent central hall or nave, 1608 feet long, with two aisles and two transepts (a third transept, at the north end, which formed an enormous palm-house, was burned down in 1866, but this misfortune has really turned out a boon, for in place of the destroyed transept there is now a lovely garden with seats, walks, and a lake). The two "water-towers" at the ends of the edifice are 282 feet high. The palace is built entirely of glass and iron, and the cost of the whole undertaking, including the laying-out of the beautiful grounds, amounted to a million and a half.

The Crystal Palace, has unfortunately, like so many other undertakings of equal magnitude, never proved a very profitable concern to its shareholders. Its contents are so rich and so varied that we can do hardly more than glance at them here. (The Official Guide, sold at the Palace, costs 1s.; smaller books, 2d.; and programme for the day's amusements, 2d.) Entering the *South Transept* from the High-Level Station, we reach the *Crystal Fountain* that once adorned the original Crystal Palace of 1851 in Hyde Park; close to it are the largest *Refreshment Rooms*. Near by is the *Pompeian Court*, representing a Roman house of the reign of Titus, and carefully copied from a building excavated in Pompeii some years ago. Now, passing down the Nave, we reach the large *Central Transept*, where is the famous *Handel Orchestra*, holding 4,000 persons; and the great organ of 4,568 pipes, constructed by *Gray and Davison*. Adjoining the Central Transept are a theatre and a concert room. Beyond the Central Transept, a series of beautiful *Courts* fill either side of the Nave, exhibiting the styles of architecture and decoration of different nations:—Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Italian, Renaissance of the Middle Ages, and the Alhambra; each wonderfully reproduced, and adorned with casts and works of art. (Thus, in the Egyptian Court are models of the Pillared Hall of Karnac, and of the Temple of the Ptolemies; and in the Roman Court are casts of the Apollo Belvedere, Venuses, etc., with models of the Pantheon, Colosseum, and Forum). All along the Nave are also marble basins with water-lilies, fountains, lovely flower-beds, groups of statues, etc., all of which, catching the sunlight through the crystal roof, combine to make the scene seem one of fairy-like beauty. (All about the Palace are extra "side-

shows "going on, these generally demanding a small extra outlay of 6d. or 3d.; such as an "art exhibition," a "crystal maze" of cleverly arranged mirrors, and so forth). At the north end of the Palace are the *Monkey House* and *Aviaries* of Tropical Birds; from this part of the building a staircase descends to the very interesting *Aquarium*.

The **Gardens** of the Crystal Palace are lovely, and form, to some, its chief attraction. They cover an area of 200 acres, and are laid out in terraces, which command magnificent and extensive views. At the head of the *Broad*



The Crystal Palace.

*Walk* is the monument and bust of *Sir Joseph Paxton*, the founder. A great display of fireworks takes place in the gardens, on Thursday and Saturday evenings in summer; also the illumination of them is a great attraction. A visit to the *Antediluvian Animals*, in the south-eastern portion of the grounds, by the *Great Pond*, should on no account be omitted. Here may be seen colossal reproductions of the extinct monsters, together with their contemporaneous geological formations. A part of the grounds is now laid out as grounds for cricket, football and other sports; and here the football "Cup-ties," attracting enormous crowds of spectators, are sometimes played. The gardens contain, besides, "roller-coaster" and

"switchback" railways, open-air gymnasiums, an archery ground, swings, etc., etc., and there is (near the Rosary) an interesting *Panorama*.

#### 4. Dulwich and its Picture Gallery.

Dulwich College, a little to the north of the Crystal Palace, is distant about five miles (an easy drive) from London. By rail, it is best reached from Victoria Station (in 20 min.) or St. Paul's Station (25 to 30 min.). Fares 9d., 7d., 5d.; return fares, 1s., 10d., 8d. The Dulwich Picture Gallery, which occupies part of the old quadrangle of Dulwich College, is open free every day, except Sunday, from 10 a.m. to 4, 5, or 6 p.m., according to season. (Children not admitted.)

Dulwich is a pretty and populous suburb, with pleasant villas dotting the still green and leafy fields; it is, however, chiefly noted for its fine *Picture Gallery*, which by a strange freak of fortune has found itself established here, part and property of the large public school known as *Dulwich College*. A strange and even romantic story attaches to its foundation. The collection of pictures was first formed by *Noel Desenfans*, an eminent London picture dealer, by desire of the unfortunate Stanislas, King of Poland, who wished to procure it for his country, but the king being shortly after dethroned, the collection was left on the dealer's hands. He died, and bequeathed it to his friend, the painter, Sir Francis Bourgeois, the latter bequeathing it also in his turn (in 1811) to the *College of God's Gift*, at Dulwich, an ancient foundation of 1619, endowed by Edward Alleyne, a rich "actor-manager" of his day, and the friend of Shakespeare. *Alleyne's School*, formerly known as the "Lower School," is a branch of the same foundation. With the pictures, Bourgeois left £12,000 for their maintenance, and for the building of a suitable abode for them. It is said that Sir Francis Bourgeois once thought of offering his pictures to the British Museum, but, finding that it would be in the power of the trustees to divide the collection, he changed his mind, thinking, perhaps, as was only human, "of the possible fate," in that case, "of his own pictures," of which there are fifteen in the gallery, for, though he was "chief landscape painter to George III.," he never attained more than mediocrity in his profession. The worthy man, with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Desenfans, lies buried in a mausoleum attached to the Dulwich Gallery. A visit to the Gallery is a delightful excursion; the pictures, 360 in number, are well arranged and conveniently hung, distributed through five good-sized, well-lighted rooms, which in winter are comfortably warmed. (A new addi-

tion to the Gallery is the gift of Mr. Henry Yates Thompson, a governor of the College). *Catalogue*, by J. P. Richter and J. Sparkes, to be had on the premises.

The greatest glory of the collection is in its Dutch paintings (this being partly accounted for by the fact, that, at the time it was formed, the Dutch School surpassed every other in reputation.) No other gallery in the world, for example, possesses so many fine works by *Cuyp* ("the Dutch Claude"); and there are splendid specimens also of *Wouwerman*, *Jan* and *Andrew Bots*, the two *Teniers*, *Rembrandt*, and *Van Dyck*. The few Spanish works in the gallery, by *Velasquez* and *Murillo* are excellent, and there are fine examples of the French school, in *Poussin* and *Watteau*. The small pictures said to be by *Raphael* have been freely retouched; while the academic school of the Carracci at Bologna is well represented. But, fine as the foreign works are, it is worthy of note that the pictures best known as belonging to the Dulwich Gallery, hardly even excepting *Murillo's* famous beggar-boys, are those of the English school, represented by *Gainsborough's* charming portraits of the *Linley* family, especially by one of his masterpieces of portraiture, the lovely "*Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell*," and by *Sir Joshua Reynolds's* famous picture of *Mrs. Siddons* as "*The Tragic Muse*."

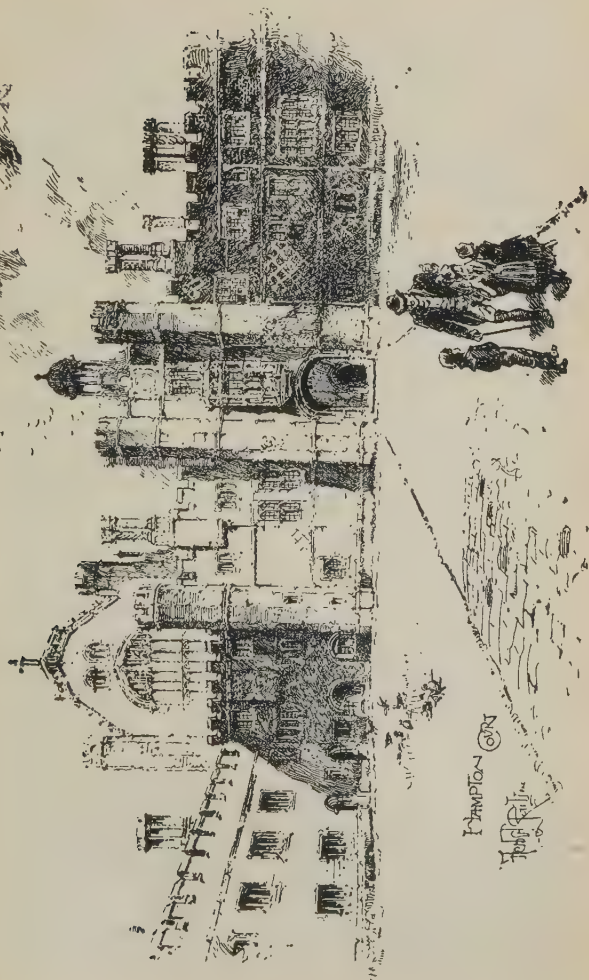
Dulwich College itself—a separate building—contains some interesting old portraits, and in its chapel is a tomb of *Alleyne*, the founder. *Dulwich Park*, of 72 acres, was presented to the public in 1890, by the governors of the college. A little to the west of Dulwich is yet another large open space, *Brockwell Park* (100 acres), containing a beautiful old English garden; this is near Herne Hill Station. It was at 28, Herne Hill, that Ruskin spent his early years, as described in his autobiography; and many of the pictures noted in the first volume of his "*Modern Painters*" are in the Dulwich Gallery. A little way beyond the picture gallery is the *Greyhound Inn*. **St. Stephen's Church**, Dulwich, boasts of a fine fresco, by *Sir E. J. Poynter*, *P.R.A.* Finally, in the London Road, Forest Hill, about equally distant (1½ miles) from the Crystal Palace and the Dulwich Gallery, is the *Horniman Museum*, a collection of *bric-à-brac*, curios, rare china, arms and armour, moths, butterflies, live insects, etc., etc., formed by Mr. F. J. Horniman, and well worth a visit. It is situated in charming grounds, with a view tower, and is open free to the public daily from 2 to 9 p.m.

## 5. Hampton Court and Bushey Park.

Hampton Court, about thirteen miles from London, is a most delightful day's excursion; and there are many and multifarious ways of doing it. It is a charming drive all the way from London; it may be reached by river; it is moderately near to at least three railway stations, those of *Teddington*, *Hampton Wick*, and *Hampton Court* (the last being the nearest); and it is also accessible by electric tramway from Shepherd's Bush or Hammersmith. For those who choose to drive, and cannot afford the luxury of a private carriage or a motor, there are well-appointed stage-

coaches that run in the summer months from London direct (they start from Northumberland Avenue, opposite the Hotel Metropole), at fares varying from 2s. 6d. to 14s. (box-seats usually 2s. 6d. extra); or there are omnibuses, char-a-bancs, brakes, etc., that ply frequently on Sundays from Charing Cross, Piccadilly, etc., to *Kew* (1s.), *Richmond* (1s. 6d.), and *Hampton Court* (2s. 6d.). For those who prefer the river, the steamer can sometimes be taken from Putney Bridge or Charing Cross. *Trains* may be taken from *Waterloo Station* to Hampton Court; or from *Broad Street* (City) to Teddington; or by Metropolitan Railway to Richmond and thence to Teddington; or by the District Railway, *via* Wimbledon. If Teddington be chosen as the station, *Bushey Park*, over a mile in length, must be traversed before arriving at Hampton Court. (Admission to the Palace free daily, except Fridays, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. in summer; 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. in winter. Sundays, from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m.; or in winter, 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.). The Gardens are open every day till dusk.

**Hampton Court** is one of the prettiest of the excursions near London, and nothing can be pleasanter than to drive there in spring or early summer, through the fragrant nursery-gardens and orchards of Kew and Richmond. The only objection to the drive is that it makes the day too short to see the palace, its gardens and the park properly. **Bushey Park**, a royal enclosure of about twelve square miles, extending from *Upper Teddington* to the gates of Hampton Court, is noted for its magnificent avenue of horse-chestnut trees, more than a mile long, and unequalled in England. While the trees are out in bloom (a fact which the papers usually announce as "Chestnut Sunday"), the park, generally so quiet, is thronged by excursionists of all sorts and conditions. The trees were planted by William III., who was always a great gardener, and are interspersed with flowering limes, the scent of which in May is delightfully sweet and fragrant. The chestnuts and limes together form a multiple avenue—a deep-green intricacy of trees that the eye cannot number—on either side of the roadway. At the Teddington end of the avenue is a fine old mansion, Bushey House, which, with many ugly annexes, is now the *National Physical Laboratory*, a visit to which is of great interest to all concerned in applied science. Near to the Hampton Court end of the park, the trees spread out into a circle, allowing room for a large grass-plot, with a basin with carp and gold-fish, and containing the historic *Diana Fountain*, surmounted by a figure (in bronze) of the goddess. Bushey Park has five gates—one opposite Hampton Court Palace, two near Teddington, one at Hampton Wick (close to *Kingston*, an old Saxon market-town on the Thames, with interesting relics), and one at Hampton village. Its deer are so tame that they hardly trouble to get out of the way of strangers. Wagonettes ply through the season



Herbert Railton.

Hampton Court.

From a sketch by



through the park, from Teddington to Hampton Court, fare 2d. Just beyond the south entrance to Bushey Park, across the road, open the *Lion Gates* of Hampton Court, just within which, in the so-called "Wilderness," is the famous *Maze* (admission, 1d.), now rather dilapidated with much use. Passing through a doorway in the red-brick garden wall of the palace, we now come upon a wide parterre, and that long, straight garden walk, flooded by the morning sunlight, that stretches away south, under the eastern façade of Wolsey's famous palace, towards the terrace overhanging the river. The splendid pile towers up high on one side of this walk, which is, by the way, the "Mall" of Hampton; on the other side of it is the formal Dutch garden, with its gay flower-beds, its straight walks, its clipped yew trees, "crowding," as Pope said, "into a shade," and in the distance, exactly opposite the centre of the Palace façade, the famous "Long Water," constructed by Charles II. (so dear in winter to the lovers of skating), extends three-quarters of a mile long, and is bordered on each side by the wooded *House Park*. North of the Palace, looking on to the Gardens and the House Park, is the famous *Tennis Court*—one of the best, as it certainly is the oldest, in England. In the *Privy Garden*, south of the Palace, is to be seen a vine 120 years old, of which the stem is 38 inches round, and the branches extend over an immense area. It yields annually some 1300 bunches of grapes. As to the famous Palace itself, it is a massive red-brick pile of buildings—red-brick much darkened and mellowed by time—originally battlemented, rebuilt and altered by different kings, yet preserving throughout a kind of similarity with the past; very picturesque in parts, and always preserving a pleasing air of Dutch solidity. The great eastern and southern fronts were rebuilt in William III.'s time, by Sir Christopher Wren. It consists mainly of buildings round three quadrangles.

This, the largest royal palace in Great Britain, was founded by Cardinal Wolsey in 1515, and afterwards presented by him to the King. It has been lived in by generations of kings and queens—Tudors, Stuarts, Hanoverians; first by Henry VIII.; then his son, Edward (who was born here), Mary, and Elizabeth; later, by Cromwell, the Stuarts, William of Orange, Mary II., Anne, and the first two Georges. (Under Queen Anne, the palace was commemorated by Pope as the scene of the "Rape of the Lock.") Wren built the present state apartments for William III., who died here. Since George II.'s time, Hampton Court has been no longer used as a royal residence; parts of it (that were the state apartments) are utilised as a picture gallery; and 800 of its 1,000 smaller rooms are now tenanted in suites by aristocratic dependents of the crown (principally widows and unmarried ladies).

Though we have arrived already through the gardens, the principal entrance to the Palace is from the west, by the foot of *Hampton Court Bridge*. Here are the *Trophy Gates*, leading to the *Barrack Yard*; in front of these, rises the *Great Gate-House* of Wolsey's Palace, lately restored, through which we reach the turfed green, or *Base Court*, the largest of the three courts or quadrangles already mentioned. Quite recently the moat which surrounded Henry VIII.'s palace has in large measure been unearthed, and the stone bridge built over it, leading to the Great Gateway and into the Base Court, has been discovered in an almost complete state of preservation:—

"It was over this bridge that Henry VIII. brought Anne Boleyn soon after their marriage; that he came with Jane Seymour just before the birth of Edward VI.; that he rode away the day after Jane's death; and that he brought Catherine Howard a few days before her fall, to ride away over it again alone, leaving her under arrest when Cranmer had sealed her doom. It was to this bridge that the Protector Somerset, in his extremity, brought Edward VI. to show him to the assembled people in the outer court, and made him implore them to 'be good to him and his dear uncle'; and over it he hurried him a few hours after, in the dark, to Windsor Castle. Across it passed Mary Tudor to spend her gloomy honeymoon with Philip II.; Charles I., with his newly-married wife, in his happier days; and again, less than twenty years after, as a prisoner of the Parliamentary Army."—Ernest Law in *The Times*, March 26, 1909.

The western court contains all that is left (above ground) of Wolsey's historic palace; the fine oriel windows of the Great Gate-House are of his time, and beneath are the arms of Henry VIII. All this part of the palace—its deep-crimsoned brick, its nooks and corners, its effects of light and shade, are wonderfully picturesque. "Round-Kitchen Court," close by, is just the subject for an artist. A second arched wall, *Anne Boleyn's Gateway*, divides the *Base Court* from the adjoining *Middle or Clock Court*, so called from an ancient astronomical clock over the gateway. Here also are to be seen Cardinal Wolsey's arms, and his motto, "*Dominus mihi adiutor*" (God is my helper), while on the turrets on either side are terra-cotta busts of Roman emperors, given to Wolsey by Pope Leo X. In Anne Boleyn's Gateway, to the left, is a staircase which ascends to the *Great Hall*, 106 feet long, begun by Henry VIII. and completed in 1536. Its roof, of high-pitched timber—a fine example of Perpendicular Gothic—is richly decorated with arms and badges, its windows filled with stained glass in heraldic devices, and its walls hung with Flemish tapestry. Here many "masques" and dramatic performances took place during the royal habitation of the palace. Beyond the Hall is the *Withdrawing Room*, its

ceiling decorated with the initials of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, and over the fireplace a portrait of Wolsey. From here a corridor leads to the *Chapel* (adjoining it is the *Chapel Court*)—only open on Sundays for service, and attended only by the residents. Returning to the Clock Court, we reach, through a fine *Colonnade*—the work of *Wren*—the *King's Great Staircase*, decorated by *Verrio*, and thence, the *Guard Chamber*, with portraits of great naval and military men. At the King's Staircase, umbrellas and sticks can be left, and the stairs ascended to the *Picture Gallery*, which occupies the spacious State apartments of the palace; these range along four sides, enclosing the great quadrangle of Fountain Court below. The names of the State rooms are written above their doors, and the elaborate furniture, with its silken hangings (left mostly as it was), only railed off by ropes from the too curious public.

The pictures are vast in number; and, naturally, among such a quantity, though there are many that are very good, and more that are merely interesting, there are not a few that might be eliminated altogether from the collection. The gallery is principally rich in Italian old masters, and also in historical pictures and portraits. One whole room ("the King's first Presence Chamber") is hung with the so-called "Hampton Court Beauties"—ladies of the court of William and Mary, painted by *Kneller*; and another room (King William III.'s bedroom) contains a row of the beauties of Charles II.'s court, painted by *Lely*. Space, however, fails us to enumerate even the treasures of the collection, but good guide books are procurable on the premises, *viz.*: "Historical Catalogue of the Pictures at Hampton Court," and an abridgment of the latter, the "Illustrated Guide" (1s.). Note the carvings by Grinling Gibbons, in several of the rooms.

After seeing the pictures, we descend, by the *Queen's Staircase*, on to *Wren's* beautiful "*Fountain Court*," surrounded by cloisters, and return, through it, to the east garden, facing the Long Water, by which we first arrived. We can (if time be left us) now either finish our day by a stroll along the lovely river front of the gardens, or, after a row on the water, end up with tea at the comfortable little inn of *East Molesey*, over against the lock-house on the opposite side of the Thames.

*Note.*—Those who wish to read up about Hampton Court should study Mr. E. Law's "History of Hampton Court Palace" (3 vols.).

## 6. Kew and Richmond.

**Kew** is a delightful drive from town; both it and Richmond are very favourite resorts of the Londoner. (A well-appointed one-horse carriage to Kew or Richmond and back can be hired from any London livery-stables, and costs usually a guinea). Kew is also reached by steamer direct; or by electric tram-car; or by char-a-banc, coach, omnibus, etc. (see Hampton Court, above); and it has two railway stations, Kew Bridge and Kew Gardens. To *Kew Bridge*, reached from Waterloo o

from Broad Street, City, the fares are : 1s., 9d., or 8d. ; from Ludgate Hill, 1s. 2d., 1s., or 9d. *Kew Gardens* station is reached also from Waterloo, Ludgate Hill, and Broad Street, or from Aldgate and from stations on the District Railway (fares about the same as above).

**Richmond**, some two miles further up the river than Kew, is very accessible by river, omnibus, or carriage (*see* Kew, and Hampton Court) above), and is well-served by trains. (*Fares*, from Waterloo, 1s. 3d. 1s. and 9d. ; from Broad Street, 1s. 6d., 1s. 2d., 1s. ; from Aldgate, 1s. 8d., 1s. 4d., 11d. ; from Mansion House, 1s. 6d., 1s. 3d., 10d. ; returns proportionately cheaper).

The village of **Kew**—nearly thirteen miles distant by water from Waterloo Bridge, and only five miles by road from Hyde Park Corner—is situated on the Thames, opposite the ancient county town of *Brentford*, and is celebrated firstly for its fine **Botanical Gardens**, and secondly, for its royal palace. The latter, a solid-looking, red-brick building, north of the Gardens, was a favourite residence of Queen Charlotte and her husband, George III. (who was confined here at intervals during his long spells of madness). It is now unoccupied, and is open to the public. Kew Gardens are a delightful pleasure-ground for Londoners, who throng it in summer and early spring, and they extend to the bank of the river, and along it, in sylvan vistas and avenues.

Kew Gardens are probably the finest Botanic Gardens in the world and their beauties are adapted to every kind of taste. There is a so-called "wild part," with bracken, wild flowers, and woods, for those who simply 'wish to rest in solitude ; there is a Botanic Garden, with parterres and greenhouses massed with flowers in bloom, for those who love to feast their eyes on colour ; there are no fewer than three Botanical Museums for the scientifically inclined ; there is an orchid house, a water-lily house, a tropical house (with a tank for the famous *Victoria Regia*, which flowers in August) ; an American garden of magnolias and azaleas ; and there is a large *Arboretum*, extending in walks and avenues, down to the Thames. Indeed, the beauty of Kew Gardens, in May and June, cannot be imagined but by those who have visited it. South of the Gardens, near the pond, is the large *Palm House* (a Crystal Palace on a small scale), it contains every kind of tropical palm, some of which have grown to the very roof, sixty-six feet in height. Equally large is the *Winter Garden*, or Temperate House, which in spring and summer is massed with flowering plants in bloom. Small ornamental *Temples* are placed about in the Gardens ; and at the south end of the *Arboretum* (reached by a grassy vista from the two large greenhouses), rises a curious *Pagoda*, a landmark for miles around (teas, ices, etc. can be had at a refreshment pavilion near here). The Gardens are then free every day (except Christmas Day) from 10 or 12 noon till dusk ; Sundays, from 1 p.m. till dusk. Tea at 6d.) and 9d. per head, may be had at any of the small "cottages" surrounding Kew Green, which is close to Kew Bridge, at the south or principal entrance to the Gardens.

*Kew Church*, on Kew Green, contains the tombs of the artists, *Gainsborough* and *Zoffany* ; also an organ given by George I., and said to have been played on by Handel. Opposite Kew Gardens, on the river (near Brentford), stands, in lovely grounds, *Sion* (or *Syon*) *House*, an old

mansion of the Duke of Northumberland, and formerly a nunnery ; here the unhappy Katherine Howard was kept till her execution.

From Kew the omnibus or tramcar (fares, 6d. and 2d.) may be taken to **Richmond**. This well-known town on the Thames has for ages been a pleasure-resort of the metropolis ; its charming situation, on the slope of a hill, and its almost unrivalled view, have made it famous for centuries. Indeed, the original name of the place was " Sheen " (beautiful)—which name survives in the neighbouring *East Sheen*. There was a Tudor palace here in ancient days, but all that remains of it now is a stone gateway on Richmond Green, and the only palatial buildings now associated with Richmond are its hotels.

The Richmond Hotels are famous for their dinners, and are much frequented by the " smart " world ; and the cheese-cakes peculiar to the town, called " Maids of Honour," are well-known to the youth of London and the vicinity.

Though the stranger, standing on Richmond Hill, might not imagine it—from the silver windings of the river, set in a sylvan pastoral region—the spot is so near to London that, to quote Macaulay's " Spanish Armada : "—

" The sentinel on Whitehall-gate looked forth into the night  
 " And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill a streak of blood-red light ;  
 " Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,  
 " And with one shout, and with one cry, the royal city woke."

The shady Terrace, with its avenues of old trees, extends along the top of the hill (where it descends steeply through meadows to the river), and commands the best points of view. Close to the " Star and Garter " are the gates of *Richmond Park*, a royal demesne, laid out and enclosed by Charles I., eight miles in circumference, and covering between two and three thousand acres. Since the death of the Duke of Cambridge (the Ranger), the game preserving in the Park has ceased, though a certain number of pheasants, partridges and hares run wild in it. More than 100 acres of covert and paddock have been added to the space open to the public ; cricket and football grounds have been made, and a miniature rifle-range has been established.

There are delightful solitudes in this vast Richmond Park, despite the crowds of excursionists it attracts ; spots so lovely that the visitor might imagine himself far away in the real country. The old oaks, the chestnuts, the tall bracken, the large herds of deer, all add to its charms. Its large lakes, called the *Pen Ponds*, are much frequented in winter by skaters. There is " a right of public way " through Richmond Park, cabs, however, are not admitted. Several fine houses (called " lodges " but palaces in reality) are enclosed in Richmond Park, notably *Pembroke House* (where

Lord John Russell used to live); the *Ranger's House*; and *White Lodge*, the well-known residence of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, where Prince Edward of Wales was born in 1894.

Close to Richmond are *Petersham* (its old church has some interesting monuments) and *Ham Common*. The whole neighbourhood of Richmond is replete with beauty and interest, but space here fails us, and we must refer the reader, for further information, to the local guide-books.

### 7. Up the River, from Chelsea to Kew Bridge.

Special steamers often ply in summer from London Bridge and Chelsea to Kew and back; fares from London Bridge, 1s., from Chelsea, 1s. 3d.; time, 1½ to 2 hours the single journey. (See the time tables for days and hours of starting; and also, see under *Hampton Court*, p. 447). (Rowing or sailing boats of every description may be had at any time.)

We have already, in two former chapters (see Chaps. XIV. and XV.), followed the Thames from Greenwich to Chelsea, so to-day we will take the steamer (if we can find one, for the river-service is now intermittent) at Cadogan (Chelsea) Pier, at the foot of the *Albert Bridge*. On the right, for a little way, we still skirt Cheyne Walk, which, however, gradually loses its prosperous look, and becomes more and more tumble-down in character as we pass *Carlyle Pier* and the picturesque red-brick Chelsea Old Church (see p. 222). After passing *Battersea Bridge* (a new stone bridge of five spans, opened by Lord Rosebery in 1890), and then a railway bridge beyond it, we reach *Wandsworth Bridge*, Wandsworth, an ugly manufacturing suburb lying to our left. Now at last signs of the country begin to appear here and there, and, one mile above Wandsworth, *Putney Bridge* spans the river, connecting *Fulham*, on the right bank, with *Putney*, on the left.

Fulham Palace is the residence of the Bishops of London; they having been lords of the manor from a very early period. The Palace, which dates from the sixteenth century, stands back from the river, behind some fine old trees, a little way above the bridge; its grounds are enclosed by a moat. A pretty walk along the river bank (called "Bishop's Walk") leads from the palace to the church, which has a fourteenth century tower, and contains the bones of many London Bishops. The north side of the churchyard is bounded by a picturesque row of almshouses. It was when living at North End, Fulham, on the way to Hammersmith, that Richardson (in his "garden-house") wrote "*Clarissa Harlowe*." The *Hurlingham Club*, with its pretty grounds, where polo, lawn-tennis, and the somewhat cruel amusement of pigeon-shooting take place, is at Fulham (near Parson's Green Station).

Putney Church stands close to the bridge, opposite that of Fulham. The present Putney Bridge is a handsome structure of white granite (opened 1886); it displaces an old wooden structure, the last of the kind that formerly spanned the Thames.



From Putney, it is a good walk up the steep hill to *Wimbledon Common* (Wimbledon is reached direct, by Waterloo and other lines, from London), where contests for the prizes of the Rifle Volunteers took place every summer, till, in 1890, they were removed to *Bisley*. The "Wimbledon meeting," as it was called, with its white tents scattered over the common, its delightful open-air life, attracted many thousands of visitors, which probably was not altogether to the taste of the more sober inhabitants of this pretty and healthy suburb. A pretty walk may also be taken from Putney over *Putney Heath*, *Roehampton*, and *Richmond Park* into *Richmond* (see p. 452), a distance of some four miles.

Putney is the head-quarters of many *Rowing Clubs*, but its principal claim to fame lies in the fact that it is the starting-point for the annual boat race between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which takes place on the Thames between here and Mortlake (see below).

The race is usually rowed on the second Saturday before Easter and takes from twenty to twenty-three minutes, according to the state of the wind and tide. "The boat-race," as it is called *par excellence*, is regarded as their first "spring outing" by the Londoners, who throng to see it, generally wearing as badges rosettes and ribands of the rival light or dark blues. The race, which used, some twenty or thirty years ago, to attract crowds of fashionable people, now for some reason or other attracts mainly the poorer classes. On the fateful day, the banks of the river for four-and-a-half miles, the distance of the race, are an extraordinary sight, being black with densely-packed people; and as the rival crews appear, a sea of human faces are upturned, from which rises and swells a sound like the roaring of the sea.

It is to Putney that the University crews go down to train for the race, and the London Rowing Club and others have erected new boat-houses on the towing-path side, whence a fine view of the start, and of the race for the first mile and a half, may be obtained. *Barnes Elms*, a fine old house nearly a mile beyond Putney Bridge, on the left bank, was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Francis Walsingham, who entertained his sovereign here on several occasions. Here afterwards lived Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, who built a room for the *Kit-cat Club* to hold their meetings in, and hung it round with Kneller's famous portraits of the members. Here are now the grounds of the smart *Ranelagh Club* (for polo, etc.). The river "doubles" considerably just here; on one of its bends is situated *Hammersmith Bridge*, just below which are the "Soap Works," an important landmark always in the boat race. Nearly opposite the Soap Works, on the right, once stood *Brandenburgh House*, for some time the residence of Queen Caroline, George IV.'s unfortunate wife (see p. 42); she died here, and the mansion was destroyed soon afterwards. Hammersmith is such a busy, noisy and crowded suburb, that it seems altogether part of London; its *High Street* bristles with omnibuses, cabs, tramcars, etc. The *Mall*, however, with its fine old elms bordering

the river, is a pleasant spot ; some of its houses date from Queen Anne's time. Hammersmith Bridge (which connects it with a group of villas, called *Castelnau*, on the other side, is a new iron suspension bridge, with a span of 400 feet. Though strong, it is not allowed to be "packed" on boat-race days. To the right, beyond Hammersmith, is *Chiswick*.

At Chiswick used to be the gardens of the *Horticultural Society* (now removed to Wisley in Surrey), and adjoining are the beautiful gardens of *Chiswick House*, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, where the statesmen *Fox* and *Canning* died. The churchyard contains Hogarth's grave ; this painter died in a house close by, called after him, *Hogarth House*. *Chiswick Ait*, with its willows, screens the village from the river ; opposite is *Chiswick Eyot* (or island).

A mile beyond Chiswick, Barnes Railway Bridge—a fine specimen of a girder bridge—crosses the river. Here, on the left, is the village of *Barnes*, with a restored church of the twelfth century, and modern ivied tower. At the next bend of the river is *Mortlake*, the terminus of the University boat-race (see above), to which fact the village entirely owes its present notoriety.

Mortlake Church tower dates from 1543. Two famous astrologers have lived here at different times—Dee and Partridge. Queen Elizabeth herself is said to have consulted Dr. Dee. There is a pleasant walk from Mortlake to Richmond Park, through East Sheen.

With *Kew Bridge*, a stone structure, about a mile and a half beyond Mortlake, our steamer trip for the day culminates.

## 8. Hampstead and Highgate.

The excursion to Hampstead and Highgate is a charming afternoon's drive, or a pleasant walk (it is too hilly for bicycling) for those who are moderate pedestrians ; in the latter case, either Hampstead or Highgate (the foot of the hill) can be reached by omnibus, tram, or train, and the walk made from one to the other. By those who wish to reach either destination in the shortest possible time, the tube railway from Charing Cross or Euston will be found very convenient ; the trains run alternately to Hampstead and Highgate (diverging at Camden Town Station).

Hampstead and Highgate, "the northern heights of London," were formerly country villages quite separate from it ; but Hampstead is now entirely within the metropolitan area, and Highgate is partly so. Hampstead may, roughly, be said to begin with the long road of *Fitzjohn's Avenue* (see p. 407), that climbs the steep hill from the Metropolitan Station of *Swiss Cottage* towards the Heath. This wide road with its red-brick villas, is, like most of the roads in this district, of very modern construction ; and great, when it was built, were the heart-burnings of those who wished to preserve the green slopes "for the people." But, alas ! the builder offered more

money than the philanthropists, and the fields were for ever sacrificed. At the top of Fitzjohn's Avenue, to the left, is *Church Row*, a quaint line of ancient red-brick houses, some of them, it is said, with well-accredited ghosts pertaining to them. This whole locality has been much changed and opened out of late, and many narrow by-ways and old houses pulled down, in the widening and improving of the main street up to the Heath; this terrace of Church Row, was threatened too with demolition, but has (fortunately) been mended up instead. Church Row ends at *Hampstead Parish Church (St. John's)*, a not unpicturesque building with a square tower, seen from afar like a beacon; it stands in a yew-shaded churchyard, on a knoll overlooking the steep slope to the west.

A bust of Keats, given by Miss Anne Whitney, of Boston, was unveiled here in 1894. In the churchyard are buried the sisters *Agnes* and *Joanna Baillie*; and also *Constable*, the painter, whose pictures of his beloved Hampstead, in the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery, are so numerous and so beautiful. Here also are buried *George Du Maurier* and *Sir Walter Besant*.

From the church, which is only half-way up hill, a steep alley (*Holly Place*) ascends again, passing through gardens, and among labyrinths of picturesque and crooked streets (the streets of Hampstead are all "up and down" and winding), till we arrive at the summit, with its well-known "round pond," made famous for us so often by Du Maurier's pencil (the artist lived close by here for many years, at "New Grove House," a house almost touching the Heath).

From here, the irregular and picturesque *High Street* of Hampstead descends the hill; on the east of it is *Well Walk*, so called from some ancient mineral wells, which in the seventeenth century made Hampstead famous, as they did also before in Roman times. In Well Walk, *John Keats* lodged for a year; he also lived at the bottom of *John Street* (near Hampstead Heath Station), in a house now called *Lawn Bank*, but then, *Wentworth Place*; and much of "Endymion," and "Hyperion," as well as the "Eve of St. Agnes," was written here. *Leigh Hunt* also once lived near here, in a cottage in the "Vale of Health."

At the "Round Pond" (sometimes also called the "Leg of Mutton Pond," from its shape), the whole splendid and extensive view, for which Hampstead Heath is celebrated, lies before us:

On the south lies London, generally in a blue haze, out of which the still bluer dome of St. Paul's appears like a little island, then, the towers of Westminster, and beyond them, even the Surrey hills and the glittering roof of the far-distant Crystal Palace. To the west, Harrow, and sometimes Windsor too, can be seen; to the north-west, Hendon and the Welsh Harp shining in the sun; to the north, Totteridge and Barnet; while on the east appears the twin hill of Highgate, with its prominent church dominating the scene.

**Hampstead Heath**, 240 acres in extent, is irregular and wild, with charming undulations, full of gorse and bracken ; a " real country " spot to Londoners, who greatly appreciate it, crowding here sometimes fifty thousand strong on fine Bank Holidays.

On the south side of the Heath is the picturesque Terrace, studded with fine old trees, called the "*Judge's Walk*"; and just opposite the pond, stands the ancient tavern named *Jack Straw's Castle*. West of the pond, towards Highgate, descends the *Vale of Health*, where is a lake, with swings, air-boats, and the usual accompaniments of Bank Holiday enjoyment. South-east of the Heath, the "*Fleet Brook*" (see p. 286) takes its rise. Between here and Highgate, extends the large tract known as *Parliament Fields*, bought lately for the public (265 acres), to whom it is an inestimable boon. There is a pleasant walk from here across the fields to Highgate.

From Jack Straw's Castle, the carriage road crosses the highest part of the Heath in a straight direction, commanding a splendid view all the way to the picturesque tavern known as "*The Spaniards*." (This was the gathering point of the "*No Popery*" rioters of 1780 ; it is described by Dickens in "*Barnaby Rudge*.") Here the road, turning to the right, forms the boundary, on the left, of *Bishop's Wood*, and, on the right, of Lord Mansfield's estate of *Caen Wood*. *Caen Wood Towers*, as the mansion is called, is nearly hidden from view by fine old oaks. Now we approach the outlying villas of *Highgate*. Before proceeding thither we may make a diversion to the **Garden Suburb**, which is situated to the north of the Heath in the direction of Finchley. (It may be reached direct by the "*Tube*" to Golders Green Station ; whence the entrance, opposite the Royal Oak public-house, is a few minutes' walk along the Finchley Road). The creation of this suburb, which has been mainly due to the untiring efforts of Mrs. Barnett, has served two public purposes—first, a large extension of Hampstead Heath ; and secondly, the provision, within easy reach of London, of a " garden city." The houses of all sizes and rents are very pretty, and the colony provides an excellent object-lesson (which attracts many students of social conditions from America and elsewhere) in the arts of " town-planning " and suburban garden-craft.

**Highgate** is situated on a hill only thirty feet lower than that of Hampstead, and is an equally famed health resort. Its modern Gothic Church, which crowns the eminence, and is such a conspicuous object from everywhere round, is a handsome edifice ; it stands in a square of old-fashioned houses, of a comfortable red-brick solidity common in this suburb

From Highgate Church, the famous *Cemetery*, the *Via Appia* of London, descends the hill as far as eye can reach, column, cross, and pedestal of marble and granite, in perpetual succession, relieved by greenery, for it is beautifully laid out and planted, a most picturesque "city of the dead." The vaults, in the Egyptian style, are marked with cypresses; and from the terraces, tier above tier, a wonderful view is obtained. Many people of note are buried here; among such a number we can only note Coleridge, the poet (died 1834), and "George Eliot" (died 1880).

Near the top of Highgate Hill is *St. Joseph's Retreat*, the chief seat of the Passionist Fathers in England; it has a handsome new church, opened in 1891. The *Whittington Almshouses*, at the foot of the hill, are said to have been founded by that fortunate Lord Mayor; and tradition even says that they occupy the very spot where he once heard the bells as he sat:

"musing so drearily  
"All by himself on a stone."

(The said stone is supposed now to form part of a lamp-post, but its identity is more than doubtful.) The *Convalescent Home* of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children (see p. 413) is on Highgate Hill; it occupies the ancient *Cromwell House*, built for Cromwell's son-in-law, Ireton, a handsome dark red-brick mansion, set back in a terrace:

Other famous houses in the vicinity are: *Holly Lodge*, the residence of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts; the third house to the right in "The Grove," where Coleridge, alas! a victim to opium taking, lived under medical care for many years; and *Lauderdale House*, where Nell Gwynne lived. *Waterlow Park* (opening to the left, descending Highgate Hill) twenty-nine acres in extent, belonged to Sir Sydney Waterlow, who munificently gave it for a public garden in 1871. A visit to this beautiful spot, on a fine afternoon in summer, will amply show how much it is appreciated.

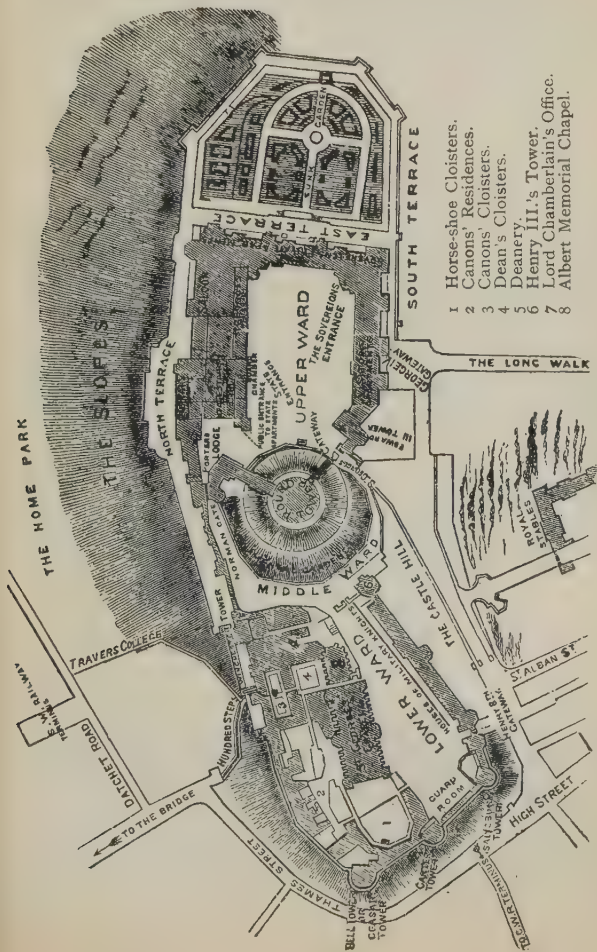
The extreme steepness of Highgate Hill requires discretion in driving, and bicycling is not allowed down it. Highgate used to be resorted to in old times for the curious ceremony of "swearing on the horns," a custom alluded to by Byron in "Childe Harold," canto 1. Those pedestrians who wish now to terminate their walk can either return to town by rail from *Highgate Station* (close by, on the Great Northern Railway), or they can take a tram from the foot of Highgate Hill, whence tram-lines and omnibuses run in all directions. In the latter case, they will be able—especially if it happen to be a Saturday afternoon in summer—to study the sea of human faces that come toiling up the long road to Highgate, lining it thickly on either side, and dropping orange-peel happily as they go; "fathers, mothers, and troops of children," pouring out from the brimming districts of Kentish, Camden, Somers and other "Towns."

About two miles from Highgate, on the high ground east of Muswell Hill, and north of Hornsey, is the *Alexandra Palace*, a holiday resort, in lovely gardens, much resembling the Crystal Palace, but on a smaller scale. It was from the Alexandra Palace, that Baldwin, the parachutist, used to make his perilous aerial descents.

Other holiday resorts near London are :

*Wembley Park*, to the north-west (reached by frequent trains from Baker Street station), with gardens, an artificial lake and boating, music, fireworks, etc. (admission, 6d.)

The *Welsh Harp*, or Brent Reservoir, some six miles from town, and reached from Baker Street, or by Midland Railway from St. Pancras. The artificial lake of the Welsh Harp lies not far from Wembley, and near *Hendon*; it was originally formed as a reservoir to the *Regent's Canal*, and is much frequented by skaters in winter and anglers in summer.



Plan of Windsor Castle.



## CHAPTER XXXI.

## Some Longer Excursions.

INNUMERABLE excursions can be made by rail, or even by bicycle, in a day, from London, but, being at some distance, they cannot be held properly to be within the limits of a guide-book to the metropolis. The following however, may be mentioned as the most important :—

## 1. Windsor and Eton.

This is one of the most charming of expeditions, though to see all that is to be seen at Windsor Castle and Eton College (ten minutes off) in a single day is impossible. There are good hotels. Windsor, 21 miles from London, is reached by the Great Western Railway, from *Paddington* Station, in 35 to 65 minutes (fares, 3s. 6d., 2s. 3d., 1s. 9d.), or by the South-Western Railway, from *Waterloo*, in 1½ hour (same fares).

The splendid pile of Windsor Castle, which dominates the whole of the surrounding country, and is one of the finest royal residences in the world, deserves a visit not only for its beauty and its many historical associations, but also because it is the English home of our King. There are few more beautiful views in the world than that of the Thames, here very broad, flowing beneath the hill on which the Castle stands, or that "from the hill at the end of the Long Avenue, where 'the proud Keep of Windsor' as it is described by Burke, is seen rising above a forest of oaks and beeches" (Murray). Not less beautiful is the "distant prospect of Eton College," immortalized by Gray :—

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers  
 "That crown the wat'ry glade,  
 "Where grateful science still adores  
 "Her Henry's holy shade;  
 "And ye, that from the stately brow  
 "Of Windsor's heights the expanse below  
 "Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
 "Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,  
 "Wanders the hoary Thames along  
 "His silver-winding way."

Windsor—originally Windlesore, from the winding river described by the poet—stands on an isolated hill. The idea of building a castle on it originated with William the Conqueror, who bought the land for this purpose from the monks of Westminster. The castle he erected was enlarged by many succeeding sovereigns, rebuilt by William of Wykeham under Edward III., and finally restored and modernised under George IV. and Queen

Victoria. The present castle, perhaps the finest royal residence in the world, preserves as much as possible, especially at its western extremity, the general aspect of the ancient fortress.

There is a vast amount to see at Windsor. The Wards of the Castle and the *North Terrace*, with its magnificent view, are always open, but the *East Terrace* and the *State Apartments* are only visible when the Court is absent (notice of this is generally given in the daily papers). Tickets of admission to the *State Apartments*, etc., are obtained at the



From a sketch by

Windsor Castle.

Herbert Railton.

Castle, from the Lord Chamberlain's office, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. *St. George's Chapel* is closed on Fridays. The *Private Apartments* are not shown to the public. Local enquiries are desirable as to the hours of admission to various parts of the Castle, etc., as regulations vary. For detailed information, the "Governor's Guide," by the Duke of Argyll, sold at the entrance (1s.) should be procured.

Entering the Lower Ward by the Castle Hill, we first visit *St. George's Chapel*, a very fine example of Perpendicular architecture. This is the chapel of the

Knights of the Order of the Garter. Above their stalls in the choir are their coats-of-arms and banners. The **Albert Chapel**, originally the Wolsey Chapel, and magnificently restored by Queen Victoria in memory of the Prince Consort, adjoins. This chapel is one of the most sumptuous in the world, containing marbles, mosaics, precious stones and gilding in the greatest profusion. Sarcophagi of the Prince Consort, the Duke of Albany and the Duke of Clarence, stand in it. Underneath is the Royal Vault, where are the tombs of those monarchs not buried at Westminster. The coffins are covered with crimson. A special permit from the Lord Chamberlain is necessary to see this vault. Behind the Albert Chapel are the **Dean's Cloisters**, and behind them the Canon's Cloister. Past the Albert Chapel is the Deanery.

Leaving these, we come to the **Round Tower**, or Keep, formerly used as a prison, which rises on a little eminence to the east of the Lower Ward, and commands a magnificent view.

On the north side of the Tower is a vaulted Norman gateway, leading to the Upper Ward. Opposite, by the Porter's Lodge, is the entrance to the **State Apartments**, which occupy the north side of the Ward. There are many fine pictures in these rooms. The Rubens Room and the Van Dyck Room are hung entirely with works by these masters respectively. In St. George's Hall—with portraits of the English kings—State banquets take place. The **Private Apartments** of the Sovereign, on the east side of the Ward, are most beautifully fitted up, and contain many artistic treasures. The **Visitors' Apartments** are on the south side of the Ward. Perhaps the sight-seer will be interested in some account of what a visit to Windsor is (or, was) like. We quote Greville's *Journal* for the year 1838 :—

"Each person is at liberty to employ himself or herself as best pleases  
 "them, though very little is done in common, and in this respect Windsor  
 "is totally unlike any other place. There is none of the sociability which  
 "makes the agreeableness of an English country-house. . . . There  
 "are two breakfast-rooms, one for the ladies and the guests and the other  
 "for the equerries, but when the meal is over everybody disperses, and  
 "nothing but another meal unites the company, so that, in fact, there is  
 "no society whatever, little trouble, little etiquette, but very little  
 "resource or amusement."

The **North Terrace** and **East Terrace** are both well worth visiting—the former for its magnificent view, the latter for the view of flower gardens. The Guards' Band plays here on Sundays.

To the north and east of the Castle lies the **Home Park**,

through which a carriage-road leads to the village of Datchet. **Frogmore House** is not far distant. The grounds contain the famous mausoleum erected by Queen Victoria to the Prince Consort, and the tomb of her mother, the Duchess of Kent. The **Great Park**, 1800 $\frac{1}{2}$  acres in extent, lies to the south of Windsor, with its famous



From a sketch by The Cloisters, Windsor Castle. Herbert Railton.

Long Walk. Not far off is Virginia Water, an artificial lake where royal water parties are given. **Windsor Forest** is now almost entirely enclosed. The whole neighbourhood abounds in charming drives, and an excursion on the river should on no account be omitted.

The picturesque **Town of Windsor** lies beneath the Castle. Crossing the bridge over the river, we are in **Eton**,

the **College** lying to the right. This, the most famous of public schools, is full of beauty and interest. The Eton boys ("Oppidans") will at once be recognised by their "Eton jackets," "Eton collars," and tall hats. The collegers wear gowns. The school buildings enclose two large quadrangles. The west side of the outer quadrangle is occupied with the Upper School, the hall of which contains busts of Chatham, Fox, Canning, Peel, Wellington, and other distinguished Etonians. Visitors are shown over the school buildings and the fine chapel, on application at the school office. The beautiful Playing Fields should on no account be missed.

## 2. **Burnham Beeches and Stoke Poges.**

The station of Burnham Beeches is reached from Paddington by occasional trains; or the Beeches may be reached from Slough (fast trains), 4 miles, passing Stoke Poges on the way.

The churchyard of Stoke Poges is the scene of Gray's "Elegy," and contains the poet's grave. In *Stoke Park*, near by, a monument has been erected to his memory. *Burnham Beeches*, still reckoned the finest in England, but the worse now for time and storm, have now been secured from destruction, and obtained as a public resort by the Corporation of London. *Beaconsfield*, the residence and burial-place of *Waller* and *Burke*, and the place that gave Disraeli his title, is three miles from Burnham Beeches.

## 3. **Harrow-on-the-Hill.**

Harrow, some 12 miles distant from London, is reached by Metropolitan, London and North-Western and Great Central Railways. Half an-hour, or less, from Baker Street or Marylebone.

Harrow is an ancient town, chiefly famous for its great public school, founded in 1571 by John Lyon. Many men of note have been educated here—among others, Lord Byron, Sir R. Peel, Sheridan and Palmerston. The older portion of the school is in Tudor style, but the rest is quite modern. Harrow Church has a tall spire, which, like that of Highgate, is seen for miles round shining at the top of its hill. A very fine view may be had from the churchyard, where a flat tombstone is pointed out as the place where Byron used to lie as a boy.

## 4. **Rickmansworth, Chenies and Chesham**

These three places are all on the same line; Chesham, 25 miles from town, being the most distant. They are reached by Metropolitan Railway from Baker Street, or the Great Central from Marylebone. Station, in 1 to 1½ hour (fares to Chesham, 4s. and 2s.). The roads are very good and firm for bicycling.

This is a delightful excursion for a fine summer or



autumn day. Rickmansworth is itself a centre for excursions, and many delightful walks may be taken in this vicinity. Perhaps the best plan for the average pedestrian is to leave the train at Rickmansworth and walk to (9½ miles) *Chesham*, through the "*Valley of the Chess*," *Rickmansworth Park*, and *Chorley Wood*. If necessary, the walk can be shortened by taking the train again at the station of *Chorley Wood* or of *Chalfont Road*, (each of these distant about 1½ miles from *Chenies*). All about here is the estate of the *Duke of Bedford*, and the names of the places recall those of the *Bloomsbury* streets and squares



From a sketch by

Eton College.

Herbert Railton.

(see p. 409). At the pretty model village of *Chenies* (comfortable inns for tea) is a fine old *Manor-House*; adjoining it is the church, attached to which is a *mortuary chapel*, containing the family tombs of the *Russells* (admission given only from the *Bedford Estate Office*, *Montague Street*, *Russell Square*, *W.C.*). *Matthew Arnold* frequently stayed at *Chenies* for the sake of the fine angling in the lovely stream, sparkling down the green valley near it, and *Froude* devotes one of his "*Short Studies*" to the place.

### 5. St. Albans.

*St. Albans*, 20 miles from *London*, can be reached from *St. Pancras*, *Euston* or *King's Cross* by fast trains, half-an-hour (fares, 2s. 8d., 1s. 8d.)



In summer a four-horse coach runs daily to St. Albans, starting at 11 a.m., from the Hotel Victoria, and for the return journey, from the *Peahen*, St. Albans, at 4 p.m.; time, 2½ hours (fares, 10s.; return, 15s.).

The picturesque town of St. Albans—the ancient *Verulam*—with the fine old Abbey crowning its hill, is full of interest for the artist, the photographer, the antiquarian, and the lover of beauty. In the Roman period, this was the most important town in the south of England. After the Roman town had fallen into ruins, the Abbey was founded and dedicated to St. Alban in 795, by Offa II., King of Mercia. Of its ancient magnificence only the fine church and a large square gateway now remain, but it is one of the finest and largest churches in England. It was restored by Lord Grimthorpe. (Admission to the East part of the Abbey, 6d.; tickets procured either at the booksellers' in the town or from the vergers.) The tomb of *Francis Bacon*, Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans (d. 1626), is in the old church of **St. Michael**, about three-quarters of a mile to the west of the Abbey. The crooked streets of St. Albans, all up and down steep hills, are very picturesque. Tea may be had comfortably at either of the two unpretentious inns, the "George" or the "Peahen."

#### 6. Epping Forest and Waltham Abbey.

A good way to see Epping Forest is to go by rail from Liverpool Street or Fenchurch Street (or from stations on the Great Northern Railway) to *Loughton*, 12 miles distant, and thence on foot through the Forest to (five miles) *Waltham Abbey*, returning to town *via Waltham Cross* station, three-quarters of a mile to the west of the Abbey. (Fares to Loughton, 2s. 1d., 1s. 5d., 1s. Fares from Waltham back to Liverpool Street or St. Pancras, 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s. 1d.) Or another plan is to go from Liverpool Street, *via* Wood Street to (10½ miles) *Chingford*, which is a good starting-point for the prettiest parts of the Forest. Many conveyances run from the *Chingford Royal Forest Hotel* (6d. each) to *High Beech*, *Waltham Abbey*, *Chigwell*, *Epping*, etc., and a four-horse coach also starts from the hotel.

*Epping Forest*, as can be seen from the comparative cheapness of the ways of getting there, is the great holiday-ground *par excellence* of the enormous population of Hackney, and of North and East London generally. It and the adjoining *Hainault Forest* were once a royal chase, extending nearly to the gates of London. In the last century its proportions have, however, been much reduced, and in 1882 the whole of the unenclosed part that remained (5600 acres) was bought by the Corporation of London as a recreation-ground for the people. A raised tract covered with beech trees, called *High Beech*, is one of the finest parts of the Forest; here Tennyson lived when he wrote the "Talking Oak" and "Locksley

Hall." An inn here, the "King's Oak," is much frequented by picnic parties. *Copped Hall*, a splendid mansion in a large park, is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from here, on the northern edge of the Forest. About the district are remains of ancient British camps, and tradition says that it was near Loughton that Queen Boadicea was routed by the Roman general Suetonius. *Waltham Abbey*, on the river Lea, is six miles north of Copped Hall; it was founded by the Saxon king Harold, who was buried here after the Battle of Hastings. Though the nave of the old Abbey has been restored, it remains a typical example of Norman architecture. A quarter of a mile beyond Waltham Station is *Waltham Cross*, one of the crosses which Edward I. raised on the spots where his queen's body rested on her way to burial at Westminster (see p. 54). Near here, at *Theobald's Park*, stands the re-erected *Temple Bar* (see p. 290).

#### 7. Rye House.

*Rye House*, 15 miles distant from London, is reached from Liverpool Street. Many trains daily. (Fares, 3s. 8d., 2s. 10d., 1s. 8d.).

Rye House is a favourite place for school treats and "bean-feasts" (as workmen's picnics are called), and working-men's clubs and societies. It was built in Henry VI.'s reign, and belonged, with its manor, to Henry VIII., but afterwards passed into private hands, and is now a tavern. The embattled *Gate-house* of the ancient building yet remains. Rye House stands in large and beautiful grounds, which offer abundant open-air recreations. (Guide-books, 3d.) Rye House gave its name, in 1683, to the famous *Rye House Plot*, a conspiracy (which failed) to assassinate Charles II. and his brother as they travelled that way.

#### 8. Gravesend and the Lower Thames.

Gravesend, on the estuary of the Thames, 24 miles from London, is reached from Charing Cross, Cannon Street and London Bridge, in about an hour or more (fares, 3s. 6d., 2s. 8d., 2s.) During the summer, Gravesend can also be reached by a Thames steamer from London Bridge, in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours (fares, 1s. 6d. and 1s.)

Though the scenery of the Lower Thames does not bear any comparison with that of the Thames above London, yet a trip down to Gravesend may be recommended as giving the stranger a survey of the vast commercial traffic of the metropolis. Down to Woolwich we have already (see p. 442) made the excursion. The banks of the river, after Woolwich, when the mass of shipping and docks have been passed, become flat and marshy, like a Dutch landscape. We pass *Barking Creek* and *Crossness Point*

(the latter is the pumping station for the gigantic main drainage system of the metropolis), then the villages of *Erith*, *Greenhithe*, *Grays*, *Northfleet* and *Rosherville*—this last, noted for its gardens, now closed but long asserted to be “the place to spend a happy day.” After *Rosherville*, appear on the left—the *Essex-bank*, opposite *Gravesend*—the low bastions of *Tilbury Fort*, originally constructed by Henry VIII. to defend the mouth of the Thames, and since strengthened and enlarged. Here Queen Elizabeth reviewed her troops in preparation for the expected attack of the Armada (1588). The large docks at *Tilbury* were opened in 1886. *Gravesend*, on the opposite bank of the river, is a favourite holiday resort of Cockneys; it is a fair-sized town, with three good piers, but its great attraction is the river and the shipping, also the delightful trips to be made in the neighbourhood. *Windmill Hill*, at the back of the town (now nearly built over), commands a fine and extensive view. From *Gravesend*, if time permit, the railway trip can be extended to *Rochester* and *Chatham*, both on the *Medway*.

### 9. Brighton.

Brighton, though 51 miles from London, is so well served by trains as to bring it within a very easy excursion from the metropolis. Trains from *London Bridge*, *Victoria* and *Kensington*. (Fares, 8s. 6d., 5s., 4s. 2½d.; week-end returns, 12s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 6s. 4d.) Time, by express trains, a little over an hour).

Brighton has been called “London-by-the-Seaside,” and, indeed, the big Sussex watering-place is always full of life, hurry, bustle and amusement. The large hotels on the sea front are models of comfort and attention, and for those who can afford it, nothing is more recuperative than an occasional Saturday to Monday, but for these outings a *Fortunatus’* purse is rather a desideratum. The splendour of the Brighton shops is proverbial; the pier is always crowded with the smart world, and the wonderful air of the place makes even invalids feel new people in less than five minutes.

Many other places, near and far from London, might be visited, but in that case the list might well be extended *ad infinitum*, so we will only further mention briefly as places for possible excursions, *Southend*, *Clacton-on-Sea*, *Birchington-on-Sea*, *Margate* and *Ramsgate*, *Penshurst Place*, *Sevenoaks* and *Knole Park*, *Shere* and *Chislehurst*. There are many more, but there are, as we said, also limits to the capacity of a volume like the present, which only pretends, after all, to be a London guide-book.

NOTES.

NOTES.

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Foxley Rd., C'brw'l. N. Rd., ix.	M 12	George St., Vauxhall, ix.	L 11
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Frances St., Battersea, ix.	F 13	Georges Stairs, Brmndsy., viii.	P 9
Francis St., Chelsea, ix.	G 11	Georgiana St., Camden Tn., vii.	I 4
Francis St., Newington, ix.	M 11	German Hospital, Dalston, vii.	P 3
Francis St., Pimlico, ix.	I 10	Gerrard St., Islington, vii.	M 5
Francis St., Tot. Court Rd., viii.	I 6	Gerrard St., Soho, viii.	K 8
Franklin Row, Chelsea, ix.	G 11	Gertrude St., Chelsea, ix.	E 12
Frean St., Bermondsey, ix.	P 10	Gervase St., Old Kent Rd., ix.	Q 12
Frederick Pl., Mile End, vii.	S 6	Gibraltar Walk, Beth. Gr., vii.	P 6
Frederick Pl., Newington, ix.	M 11	Gibson Sq., Islington, vii.	M 4
Frederick St., Caledon. Rd., vii.	L 3	Gifford St., Caledonian Rd., vii.	L 4
Frederick St., Camberwell, ix.	M 13	Gifford St., Hoxton, vii.	O 5
Frederick St., Gray's Inn Rd., vii.	L 6	Gilbert Rd., Kenngtn. Rd., ix.	M 11
Frederick St., St. John's W., vii.	G 5	Gilbert St., Oxford St., viii.	H 8
Free Hosp., Gray's Inn Rd., vii.	L 6	Gill St., Limehouse, viii.	T 8
Freeling St., Caledon. Rd., vii.	L 4	Gillingham St., Pimlico, ix.	I 10
Freemasons' Hl., Gt. Qun. St., viii.	L 7	Gilston Road, Chelsea, ix.	E 11
Friars St., Blackfriars Rd., viii.	M 9	Giltspur St., Smithfield, viii.	M 7
Frith St., Soho, viii.	K 7	Gladstone St., Batrse. Pk., ix.	H 13
Frognall Ln. & Rise, H'pstd., vii.	E 2	Gladstone St., London Rd., ix.	M 10
Fulham, ix.	C 13	Gladstone Ter., Queen's Rd., ix.	H 13
Fulham Rd., ix.	C 13	Glasgow Ter., Grosvenor Rd., ix.	I 11
Fulham Pl., Harrow Rd., viii.	E 6	Glaskin St., Hackney, vii.	Q 4
Fulham Rd., Chelsea, ix.	F 11	Glasshouse Fields, Ratchliffe, viii.	R 8
Fuller St., Bethnal Gr., vii., viii.	P 6	Glasshouse St., Regent St., viii.	I 8
Furnival's Inn, Holborn, viii.	L 7	Glasshouse St., Ryl. Mint St., viii.	P 8
		Glasshouse St., Vauxhall, ix.	K 11

Glebe Pl., King's Rd., ix. . .	F 11	Gower St., Bedford Sq., viii. . .	I 7
Gledhow Gar., Brompton, ix. . .	E 11	Gower St. Station, vii. . .	I 8
Gledstanes Rd., North End, ix. . .	C 11	Gower's Walk, Whitechapel, viii. . .	P 4
Glengall Rd., Kilburn, vii. . .	D 4	Gracechurch St., viii. . .	O 8
Glengall Rd., Old Kent Rd., ix. . .	P 11	Grace Street, Islington, vii. . .	L 4
Gliddon Rd., Hammersmith, ix. . .	C 11	Grafton St., Bond St., viii. . .	I 8
Globe Bridge, Peckham, ix. . .	P 13	Grafton St., Mile End, viii. . .	R 6
Globe Rd., Bethnal Gr., vii., viii. . .	R 6	Grafton St., Tot. Court Rd., viii. . .	I 6
Globe Road Station, vii., viii. . .	R 6	Grafton Ter., Kentish Tn., vii. . .	H 2
Globe St., Bethnal Green, vii. . .	Q 5	Graham Rd., Dalston, vii. . .	P 3
Gloster St., S. Lambeth, ix. . .	K 12	Graham St., City Rd., vii. . .	M 5
Gloucester Cr., Bishop's Rd., viii. . .	E 7	Graham St., Pimlico, ix. . .	H 11
Gloucester Cr., Rgnt.'s Pk., vii. . .	H 4	Granby St., Hampstead Rd., vii. . .	I 7
Gloucester Gr., Brompton, ix. . .	E 10	Grand Aven., Leadenmrkt., viii. . .	O 8
Gloucester Gte., Rgnt.'s Pk., vii. . .	H 5	Grand Jun. Rd., E'ware Rd., viii. . .	F 7
Gloucester Hou., Piccadilly, viii. . .	H 9	Grand Surrey Docks, viii. . .	S 10
Gloucester Pl., Prtmn. Sq., viii. . .	G 7	Grange, Bermondsey, ix. . .	O 10
Gloucester Pl., Westbn. Ter., viii. . .	F 8	Grange Rd., Bermondsey, ix. . .	O 10
Gloucester Rd., ix. . .	O 12	Grange Rd., Islington, vii. . .	N 3
Gloucester Rd. Station, ix. . .	E 10	Grange St., Hoxton, vii. . .	O 5
Gloucester Rd., Kensington, ix. . .	E 10	Grange Walk, Bermondsey, ix. . .	O 10
Gloucester Rd., Lambeth, viii. . .	L 9	Granville Sq., King's Cross, vii. . .	L 6
Gloucester Rd., Rgnt.'s Pk., vii. . .	H 4	Gravel Lane, Southwark, viii. . .	M 9
Gloucester Sq., Hyde Pk., viii. . .	F 7	Gray St., Southwark, viii. . .	M 9
Gloucester St., Camden Tn., vii. . .	I 4	Gray's Inn, viii. . .	L 7
Gloucester St., Clerkenwell, vii. . .	M 6	Gray's Inn Rd., vii., viii. . .	L 6
Gloucester St., Comrcl. St., viii. . .	P 7	Gt. Bland St., Borough, ix. . .	N 10
Gloucester St., Hoxton, vii. . .	O 5	Gt. Cambridge St., Hcky Rd., vii. . .	P 5
Gloucester St., Pimlico, ix. . .	I 11	Gt. Castle St., Oxford St., viii. . .	I 7
Gloucester St., Portman Sq., viii. . .	G 7	Gt. Chapel St., Victoria St., ix. . .	I 10
Gloucester St., Queen's Sq., viii. . .	K 7	Gt. Charlotte St., Bfrs. Rd., viii. . .	M 9
Gloucester Ter., Hyde Pk., viii. . .	E 7	Gt. Chart St., Hoxton, vii. . .	N 6
Gloucester Wlk., Kensgtn., viii. . .	D 9	Gt. College St., Camden Tn., vii. . .	I 4
Godfrey St., Chelsea, ix. . .	G 11	Gt. College St., Westm'r, ix. . .	K 10
Goding St., Vauxhall, ix. . .	K 11	Gt. Coram St., viii. . .	K 6
Golden Lane, Old St., viii. . .	N 6	Gt. Cumberland Place, viii. . .	C 7
Golden Sq., Regent St., viii. . .	I 8	Gt. Dover St., Southwark, ix. . .	N 10
Goldie St., Old Kent Rd., ix. . .	O 12	Gt. Eastern Sq., Whitechpl., viii. . .	Q 7
Goldhurst Ter., Kilburn, vii. . .	E 4	Gt. Eastern St., viii. . .	O 6
Goldington Street & Cres., St. Pancras, vii. . .	K 5	Gt. Garden St., Whitechapel, viii. . .	P 7
Goldney Rd., St. Peter's Pk., viii. . .	D 6	Gt. George's St., Westminster, viii. . .	K 9
Goldsmith Rd., Peckham, ix. . .	P 13	Gt. Guildford St., Southwark, viii. . .	N 9
Goldsmith's Hl., Grshn. St., viii. . .	N 7	Gt. Hermitage St., Wapping, viii. . .	P 9
Goldsmith's Ro., Hcky. Rd., vii. . .	P 5	Gt. James St., Lisson Gr., viii. . .	G 6
Gold St., Stepney, viii. . .	R 7	Gt. James St., Theobald Rd., viii. . .	L 6
Gomm Rd., Deptford, ix. . .	Q 10	Gt. Marlborough St., viii. . .	I 7
Goode St., Totnhm. Ct. Rd., viii. . .	I 7	Gt. Marylebone St., viii. . .	E 7
Gooding Rd., York Rd., vii. . .	K 3	Gt. Maze Pond, viii. . .	N 9
Goodman's Fields, viii. . .	P 8	Gt. Mitchell St., St. Luke's, vii. . .	N 6
Goodson Rd., Deptford Rd., ix. . .	R 11	Gt. Ormond St., Queen's Sq., viii. . .	L 6
Gopsall St., Hoxton, vii. . .	O 5	Gt. Percy St., Pentonville, vii. . .	L 5
Gordon Pl., Kensington, viii. . .	D 9	Gt. Peter St., Westminster, ix. . .	K 10
Gordon Sq., viii. . .	K 6	Gt. Portland St., viii. . .	I 6
Gordon St., Gordon Sq., vii. . .	K 6	Gt. Prescott St., Gdmns. Fd., viii. . .	P 8
Gore Rd., Victoria Park, vii. . .	R 4	Gt. Pulteney St., Golden Sq., viii. . .	I 8
Gore St., Kensington, ix. . .	E 10	Gt. Quebec St., Mrylbne. Rd., viii. . .	G 7
Goring St., London Fields, vii. . .	Q 4	Gt. Queen St., Lincoln's Inn, viii. . .	L 7
Gossett St., Bethnal Green, vii. . .	P 6	Gt. Russell St., Bl'msbury, viii. . .	K 7
Gosterwood St., Deptford, ix. . .	S 12	Gt. Scotland Yard, viii. . .	K 9
Goswell Rd., vii. . .	M 5	Gt. Smith St., Westminster, vii. . .	K 10
Gough Sq., Fleet St., viii. . .	M 7	Gt. Suffolk St., Southwark, viii. . .	M 9
Govt. Offices, Whitehall, viii. . .	K 9	Gt. Sutton St., Goswell Rd., viii. . .	M 6
Gower Place, Euston Sq., vii. . .	I 6	Gt. Titchfield St., viii. . .	I 7
		Gt. Tower Hill, viii. . .	O 8



Gt. Tower St., viii. . . . .	O 8	Grove, The, Homerton, vii. . . . .	R 3
Gt. Western Hotel, Pdgtm., viii.	F 7	Grummant Rd., Peck. Rd., ix. . . .	O 13
Gt. Western Rd., Westbourne		Guildford Rd., S. Lambeth, ix. . .	K 13
Green, viii. . . . .	D 7	Guildford St., Russell Sq., viii.	K 6
Gt. Wild St., Drury Lane, viii.	L 7	Guildhall, King St., viii. . . . .	N 7
Gt. Winchester St., City, viii.	O 7	Gun Lane, Limehouse, viii. . . . .	T 8
Greek Church, London Wall, viii.	O 7	Gunter Grove, Chelsea, ix. . . . .	E 12
Green Bank, Wapping, viii. . . .	Q 9	Gunterstone Rd., North End, ix. . .	C 10
Greencroft Gar., Kilburn, vii. . .	E 3	Gurney St., Newington, ix. . . . .	N 10
Greenfield Pl., Deptford, ix. . . .	S 11	Guy St., Bermondsey, viii. . . . .	N 9
Greenfield St., Coml. Rd., viii.	P 7	Guy's Hosp., Southwark, viii. . . .	N 9
Green Hundred Rd., ix. . . . .	P 12	Gwenwr Rd., North End, ix. . . . .	C 11
Greenland Dock, ix. . . . .	S 10	Gye St., Kennington, ix. . . . .	K 11
Green Lane, Battersea, ix. . . . .	F 13	Gymnasium, Pancras Rd., vii. . . .	K 5
Green Park, Piccadilly, viii. . . .	H 9	Gymnasium, Primrose Hill, vii. . .	G 4
Green St., Bethnal Green, vii. . .	R 5		
Green St., Blackfriars, viii. . . .	M 9	Haberdasher St., Hoxton, vii. . . .	O 5
Green St., Chelsea, ix. . . . .	G 10	Hackford Rd., Brixton, ix. . . . .	L 13
Green St., Leicester Sq., viii. . . .	K 8	Hackney, vii. . . . .	Q 3
Green St., Park Lane, vii. . . . .	G 8	Hackney Church, vii. . . . .	Q 3
Green St., Soho, viii. . . . .	K 7	Hackney Common, vii. . . . .	R 4
Greenwood Rd., Dalston, vii. . . .	P 3	Hackney Downs Station, vii. . . . .	Q 3
Grenard Rd., Peckham, ix. . . . .	O 12	Hackney Road, vii. . . . .	Q 5
Grenville Pl., Cromwell Rd., ix. . .	E 10	Hackney Station, vii. . . . .	Q 3
Gresham St., Lothbury, viii. . . .	N 7	Hackney Town Hall, vii. . . . .	Q 3
Gresham St., Old Broad St., viii.	O 7	Hackney Union, Homerton, vii. . .	S 3
Gresse St., Tot. Ct. Rd., viii. . . .	I 7	Hackney Wick, vii. . . . .	S 3
Greville Pl., Kilburn, vii. . . . .	E 4	Hadley St., Kentish Tn., vii. . . .	H 3
Grey Coat Hosp., Pimlico, ix. . . .	I 10	Haggerstone Rd., Kgsld. Rd., vii.	P 4
Grey Coat St., Pimlico, ix. . . . .	I 10	Haggerston Station, vii. . . . .	O 4
Grey Eagle St., Bishopsgate, viii.	P 6	Hague St., Bethnal Green, viii.	Q 6
Griffin St., Lambeth, viii. . . . .	L 9	Haines St., Battersea Pk., ix. . . .	I 12
Grimscott St., Bermondsey, ix. . . .	O 10	Haldane Rd., Walham Gr., ix. . . .	C 12
Grindley St., Harrow Rd., viii.	D 6	Hales St., Southwark, ix. . . . .	M 10
Groombridge Rd., Hackney, vii. . .	R 4	Half Moon Cres., Islington, vii. . .	L 5
Grosvenor Cres., Belgravia, viii.	H 9	Half Moon St., Piccadilly, viii.	H 9
Grosvenor Gall., N. Bond St., viii.	H 8	Halkin St., Grosvenor Pl., viii.	H 9
Grosvenor Gar., Pimlico, ix. . . . .	H 10	Halkin St. W., Belgrave Sq., viii.	G 10
Grosvenor Gate, Hyde Pk., viii.	F 8	Halley St., Stepney, viii. . . . .	S 7
Grosvenor Pk., Camberwell, ix. . . .	M 12	Hall Road, vii. . . . .	E 5
Grosvenor Pl., Belgravia, viii.	H 9	Hall St., City Rd., vii. . . . .	M 5
Grosvenor Pl., Wells St., ix. . . . .	O 12	Halsey Ter. & St., Chelsea, ix. . . .	G 10
Grosvenor Rd., Chelsea, ix. . . . .	H 11	Halton Rd., Islington, vii. . . . .	M 4
Grosvenor Rd., Kingsland, vii. . . .	N 3	Hamburg St., London Flds., vii.	Q 4
Grosvenor Rd., Stockwell, ix. . . .	L 11	Hamilton Pl., Piccadilly, viii.	H 9
Grosvenor Rd. Station, ix. . . . .	H 11	Hamilton Rd., Grove Rd., vii. . . .	S 5
Grosvenor Sq. & St., Mayfr., viii.	H 8	Hamilton St., Camden Tn., vii. . . .	I 4
Grosvenor St., Stepney, viii. . . . .	R 7	Hamilton St., Deptford, ix. . . . .	T 12
Grosvenor St., Walworth, ix. . . . .	N 12	Hamilton Ter., vii. . . . .	E 5
Grosvenor Ter., Camberwell, ix. . . .	M 12	Hammond St., Kentish Tn., vii. . . .	I 3
Grove Av., Walham Green, ix. . . .	C 12	Hampden St., Somers Tn., vii. . . .	K 5
Grove-end Rd., St. John's Wd., vii.	F 5	Hampden St., West'ne Gr., viii.	D 7
Grove Gar., St. John's Wd., vii. . .	F 6	Hampstead Road, vii. . . . .	I 5
Grove Lane, Hackney, vii. . . . .	Q 3	Hampton St., Newington, ix. . . . .	M 11
Grove Rd., Bethnal Green, vii. . . .	R 5	Hanbury St., Spitalfields, viii.	P 7
Grove Rd., Brixton Rd., ix. . . . .	L 13	Handel St., Judd St., vii. . . . .	K 6
Grove Rd., Fulham, ix. . . . .	C 12	Handforth Rd., Brixton Rd., ix. . .	L 12
Grove Rd., St. John's Wd., vii. . . .	F 6	Handley Rd., Victoria Pk., vii. . . .	R 4
Grove, Southwark, viii. . . . .	M 9	Hanibal Rd., Stepney Gr., viii.	R 7
Grove St., Commercial Rd., viii.	Q 8	Hanover Gar., Kennington, ix. . . .	L 12
Grove St., Deptford, ix. . . . .	S 11	Hanover Gate, Regent's Pk., vii.	G 5
Grove St. Rd., Victoria Pk., vii. . .	S 4	Hanover Sq. & St., Rgnt. St., viii.	I 8
Grove, The, Chelsea, ix. . . . .	E 11	Hanover St., Islington, vii. . . . .	M 5
Grove, The, Clapham Rd., ix. . . .	L 13	Hanover St., Peckham, ix. . . . .	P 12

Hanover St., Pimlico, ix. . .	I 11	Heathcote St., Gray's Inn Rd., vii.	L 6
Hanover Ter., Notting Hill, viii.	C 8	Heath St., Stepney, viii.	R 7
Hanover Ter., Regent's Pk., vii.	G 6	Hedgers Gro. Hackney Wick, vii.	S 3
Hans Pl., Sloane St., ix. . .	G 10	Heiron St., Walworth, ix. . .	M 12
Hans Rd., Brompton, ix. . .	G 10	Heman's St., Lambeth, ix. . .	K 12
Harcourt St., Mrylbone Rd., viii.	G 7	Hemmingford Rd., Islington, vii.	L 4
Hardinge St., Shadwell, viii.	R 8	Hemstal Rd., W. Hampstead, vii.	D 3
Hare St., Bethnal Green, viii.	P 6	Hemus Ter., Chelsea, ix. . .	G 11
Hareford Rd., Bayswater, viii.	D 7	Heneage St., Spitalfields, viii.	P 7
Harewood Sq., Dorset Sq., viii.	G 6	Henley St., Battersea Pk., ix.	G 13
Harford St., Stepney, viii.	S 7	Henning St., Battersea, ix. . .	F 13
Harley Rd., Primrose Hill, vii.	F 4	Henrietta St., Cynidish Sq., viii.	H 7
Harley St., Cavendish Sq., viii.	H 7	Henrietta St., Covent Gar., viii.	K 8
Harleyford Pl., Ken. Pk., ix. . .	L 12	Henry St., Deptford, ix. . .	S 12
Harleyford Rd., Vauxhall, ix.	L 11	Henry St., Hampstead Rd., vii.	I 6
Harleyford St., Kennington, ix.	L 12	Henry St., Kennington, ix. . .	L 11
Harling St., Albany Rd., ix. . .	N 12	Henry St., Limehouse, viii.	S 7
Harmood St., Chk. Fm. Rd., vii.	H 3	Henry St., Pentonville, vii. . .	L 5
Harper St., Newn. Butts, ix. . .	N 10	Henry St., St. John's Wood, vii.	F 5
Harpur St., Red Lion Sq., viii.	L 7	Henry St., Tooley St., viii.	O 9
Harriet St., Chelsea, ix. . .	E 12	Henshaw St., Newington, ix. . .	N 10
Harrington Gar., Brompton, ix.	E 10	Henstridge Pl., St. Jn's. Wd., vii.	F 4
Harrison St., Gray's Inn Rd., vii.	K 6	Hensworth St., Hoxton, vii. . .	O 5
Harris St., Camberwell, ix. . .	N 12	Herald's Office, Qn. Vic. St., viii.	M 8
Harrowgate Rd., Vict. Park, vii.	S 4	Herbert St., Hackney Rd., vii.	P 5
Harrow Rd., . . . . .	E 7	Herbert St., New No. Rd., vii.	N 5
Hartington Rd., S. Ken'ton, ix.	E 10	Hercules Bldgs., Lambeth, ix.	L 10
Hartland Rd., Chk. Fm. Rd., vii.	H 3	Hereford Sq., Brompton, ix. . .	E 10
Hartley St., Bethnal Green, vii.	R 5	Hereford St., Bethnal Green, vii.	P 6
Harts Lane, Bethnal Grove, vii.	P 6	Hereford St., Mrylebone Rd., viii.	G 6
Hart St., Bloomsbury, viii.	K 7	Hermitage Basin, viii. . . . .	P 9
Hart St., Garrick St., viii.	K 8	Herring St., Albany Rd., ix. . .	O 12
Harwar St., Hackney Rd., vii.	O 5	Hersee Pl., Bethnal Green, vii.	R 5
Harwood Rd., Waltham ix. . .	D 12	Hertford Ho., Mchester Sq., viii.	H 7
Hasker St., Chelsea, ix. . . .	G 10	Hertford Rd., Kingsland, vii.	O 4
Hassard St., Hackney Rd., vii.	P 5	Hertford St., Park Lane, viii.	H 9
Hassett Rd., Hackney Wick, vii.	S 3	Hewlett Rd., Oldford, vii. . .	S 5
Hastings St., Burton Cres., vii.	K 6	Heygate St., Newington, ix. . .	N 11
Hatcham, ix. . . . .	R 13	Highbury, vii. . . . .	M 2
Hatcham New Town, ix. . . .	Q 12	Highbury Cres., Islington, vii.	M 3
Hatcham Park Rd., ix. . . .	R 13	Highbury Cres. W., Is'ton, vii.	M 3
Hatcham Rd., ix. . . . .	Q 12	Highbury Fields, Highbury, vii.	M 3
Hatfield St., New Cross Rd., ix.	R 12	Highbury New Pk., Is'ton, vii.	N 2
Hatfield St., Old St., viii.	N 5	Highbury Pl., Islington, vii. . .	M 3
Hatfield St., Stamford St., viii.	M 8	Highbury Station, vii. . . . .	M 3
Hatton Gar., Holborn, viii.	M 7	Highbury Sta. Rd., Hghbry, vii.	M 3
Hatton Wall, Clerkenwell, viii.	M 6	High Holborn, viii. . . . .	L 7
Havelock Rd., Hackney, vii. . .	R 4	High St., Battersea, ix. . . .	F 13
Havelock St., York Rd., vii. . .	L 4	High St., Borough, viii.	N 9
Haverstock Hill & Grove, vii.	G 3	High St., Camden Town, vii. . .	I 4
Haverstock Ter., S. Hmstd., vii.	G 3	High St., Homerton, vii. . . .	R 3
Havil St., Camberwell, ix. . .	O 13	High St., Islington, vii. . . .	M 5
Hawkins St., Whitechapel, viii.	Q 7	High St., Kensington, viii.	E 9
Hawkstone Rd., Dptfd. Rd., ix.	R 11	High St., Kingsland, vii. . . .	O 3
Hawley Cr., Camden Town, vii.	I 4	High St., Lambeth, ix. . . . .	L 10
Hawley Rd., Kentish Town, viii.	I 8	High St., Marylebone, viii.	H 6
Haydon Sq., Minories, viii.	P 8	High St., Notting Hill, viii.	D 8
Haydon St., Minories, viii.	P 8	High St., Peckham, ix. . . . .	P 13
Hayling Rd., Kingsland, vii. . .	O 2	High St., Shadwell, viii.	Q 8
Haymarket, viii. . . . .	K 8	High St., Shoreditch, viii.	O 6
Haymerle Rd., Peckham, ix. . .	P 12	High St., Southwark, viii.	N 9
Hays St., Berkeley Sq., viii.	H 8	High St., Stepney, viii.	R 7
Hazelmere Rd., Kilburn, vii. . .	D 4	High St., St. Giles, viii.	K 7
Hazelwood Cr., Wesbn. Pk., viii.	C 6	High St., St. John's Wood, vii.	F 5

High St., Vauxhall, ix...	..	K 11	Horsefall Basin, Regt's Cnl., vii.	L 5
High St., Wapping, viii.	..	Q 9	Horseferry Branch Rd., viii.	.. S 8
Hiley Rd., Kensal Green, vii.	H 5		Horseferry Rd., Westminster, ix.	K 10
Hilgrove Rd., St. John's Wd., vii.	F 4		Horse Guards, Whitehall, viii.	K 9
Hill Rd., St. John's Wood, vii.	E 5		Horsell Rd., Highbury, vii.	.. M 2
Hill St., Bermondsey, ix.	..	P 11	Horsleydown Lane, viii.	.. O 9
Hill St., Blackfriars Rd., viii.	M 9		Horticultural Gar., S. Ken., ix.	F 10
Hill St., Finsbury, viii.	..	O 6	Horton Rd., Hackney, vii.	.. Q 3
Hill St., Hackney Rd., vii.	..	Q 5	Hotspur St., Kennington, ix...	L 11
Hill St., Mayfair, viii.	..	H 8	Houndsditch, Aldgate, viii.	.. O 7
Hill St., Walworth, ix...	..	M 12	Houses of Parliament, viii.	.. K 10
Hilmer St., North End, ix.	..	C 11	Howey St., Battersea, ix.	.. F 12
Hindon St., Pimlico, ix.	..	I 10	Howland St., Tot'm. Ct. Rd., viii.	I 6
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq., ix.	H 10		Howley Pl., Paddington, viii.	E 6
Hogarth Rd., Kensington, ix.	D 10		Howley Pl., Waterloo Rd., viii.	L 9
Holbeck Rd., Brixton Rd., ix.	L 12		Hows St., Kingsland Rd., vii.	O 5
Holborn, viii.	..	L 7	Hoxton, vii.	.. O 5
Holborn Circus, viii.	..	M 7	Hoxton Church, vii.	.. O 5
Holborn Union, Grys. In. Rd., viii.	L 6		Hoxton Market, vii.	.. O 6
Holborn Viaduct, viii.	..	M 7	Hoxton Sq., vii.	.. O 6
Holborn Viaduct Station, viii.	M 7		Hoxton St., vii.	.. O 5
Holcroft Rd., Hackney, vii.	..	R 4	Hugh St., Pimlico, ix.	.. H 10
Holford Sq., Pentonville, vii.	L 5		Hugh St., W., Pimlico, ix.	.. H 11
Holland Gr., N. Brixton, ix.	..	M 12	Humboldt Rd., Fulham, ix.	.. C 12
Holland Ho., Kensington, viii.	C 9		Hungerford Pier, viii.	.. L 8
Holland Lane, Kensington, viii.	D 9		Hungerford Rd., Holloway, vii.	K 3
Holland Pk., Kensington, viii.	C 9		Hungerford St., Comrl. Rd., viii.	Q 8
Holland Pk. Rd., Ken'ston, ix.	C 10		Hunsden Rd., New Cross, ix...	K 12
Holland Rd., Kensington, viii.	C 9		Huntingdon St., Caled. Rd., vii.	L 4
Holland St., Clapham Rd., ix.	L 13		Huntingdon St., Kingsld. Rd., vii.	O 5
Holland St., Kensington, viii.	D 9		Huntley St., Tot. Ct. Rd., viii.	I 6
Holland St., Southwark, viii.	..	M 8	Hurlbutt Pl., Newington, ix...	M 11
Holland Villas, Kensington, viii.	C 9		Hurley Rd., Kenningt'n La., ix.	M 11
Holles St., Cavendish Sq., viii.	H 7		Hutton La., London Fields, vii.	Q 4
Hollington St., Camberwell, ix.	N 12		Huxley St., Kensal Gr., vii.	.. C 5
Hollingworth St., Holloway, vii.	L 3		Hyde Lane, Battersea, ix.	.. F 13
Holloway Lower, vii.	..	L 2	Hyde Park, viii.	.. G 8
Hollybush Gar., Bethnal Gr., vii.	Q 5		Hyde Pk. Bar., Knightsbr., viii.	G 9
Hollyoak Rd., Newington, ix.	M 10		Hyde Park Corner, viii.	.. H 9
Holly St., Dalston, vii.	..	P 4	Hyde Pk. Gar., Hyde Pk., viii.	F 8
Holly St., N., Dalston Lane, vii.	P 3		Hyde Pk. Gt., Kensington, viii.	E 9
Hollywood Rd., Chelsea, ix.	E 11		Hyde Park Sq., viii.	.. F 7
Holmbrook St., Homerton, vii.	R 3		Hyde Park St., Hyde Pk., viii.	F 8
Holms St., Gt. Cambge. St., vii.	P 5		Hyde Rd., Hoxton, vii.	.. O 4
Holywell Lane, Shoreditch, viii.	O 6		Hyde St., Deptford, ix.	.. T 12
Holywell St., Strand, viii.	..	L 8	Hyson Rd., Roth. New Rd., ix.	Q 11
Homœopathic Hospital, Gt. Ormond St., viii.	..	L 6	Ifield Rd., Chelsea, ix...	.. E 11
Homer Rd., Hackney Wick, vii.	S 3		Ilbert St., Kensal Green, vii.	.. C 5
Homer St., Marylebone Rd., viii.	G 7		Ilberton Rd., S. B'rmondsey, ix.	Q 11
Homerton, vii.	..	R 2	Imperial Institute, viii.	.. F 10
Homerton Cell., Homerton, vii.	R 3		Imperial Inst. Rd., Brompt'n, ix.	F 10
Homerton Row, Homerton, vii.	R 3		Imperial Rd., Chelsea, ix.	.. E 13
Homerton Station, vii.	..	R 3	Imperial Sq., Chelsea, ix.	.. E 13
Hope St., Hackney Rd., vii.	..	Q 5	India Museum, Kensington, viii.	F 9
Hopwick St., Deptford, ix.	..	S 11	India Office, Westminster, vii.	K 9
Horace St., Lambeth, ix.	..	K 12	Inkerman Rd., Kentish Tne, vii.	I 3
Horatio St., Hackney Rd., vii.	P 5		Inkerman Ter., Kensington, ix.	D 10
Horbury Cr., Notting Hill, viii.	D 8		Inland Rev. Office, Tow. Hl., viii.	O 8
Horder Rd., Fulham, ix.	..	C 13	Inner Circle, Regent's Pk., vii.	H 5
Horney Lane, Bermondsey, ix.	O 10		Inns of Court Hotel, Hlbrn., viii.	L 7
Hornshay St., Hatcham, ix.	..	Q 12	Inverness Gar., Kensington, viii.	D 9
Horns, The, Kennington, ix.	..	L 11	Inverness Terrace & Rd., Bays-	
Hornton St., Kensington, viii.	D 9		water, viii.	.. E 7

Inville Rd., Walworth, ix. ..	N 11	John St., Wandsworth Rd., ix. ..	I 13
Ion Sq., Hackney Rd., vii. ..	P 5	John St., Waterloo Rd., viii. ..	L 9
Irene Rd., Parsons Green, ix. ..	D 13	John St., W., Edgeware Rd., viii. ..	G 7
Iron Gate, Edgeware Rd., viii. ..	F 7	Jonathan St., Lambeth, ix. ..	L 11
Irongate, Tower, viii. ..	O 9	Joseph St., Burdett St., viii. ..	S 7
Isabella St., Waterloo Rd., viii. ..	M 9	Jubilee St., Chelsea, ix. ..	G 11
Island Road, Limehouse, viii. ..	S 8	Jubilee St., Mile End, viii. ..	Q 7
Islington, vii. ..	M 4	Judd St., vii. ..	K 8
Islington Green, Islington, vii. ..	M 4	Juer St., Battersea, ix. ..	G 12
Islington Station, vii. ..	M 3	Junction Rd., Deptford, ix. ..	S 11
Islip St., Kentish Town, vii. ..	I 3	Juniper St., Shadwell, viii. ..	Q 8
Iverson Rd., vii. ..	D 3		
Ivimey St., Bethnal Green, vii. ..	P 6	Kay St., Hackney Rd., vii. ..	P 5
Ivy Lane, Hoxton, vii. ..	O 5	Keeton's Rd., Bermondsey, ix. ..	Q 10
		Kelso Pl., Kensington, ix. ..	E 10
Jacobs St., Bermondsey, viii. ..	P 9	Kemble St., Drury Lane, viii. ..	L 7
Jamaica Level, Bermondsey, ix. ..	Q 10	Kempford Gar., W. Brompton, ix. ..	D 11
Jamaica Rd., Bermondsey, ix. ..	P 10	Kempford Rd., Kensington, ix. ..	M 11
Jamaica St., Stepney, viii. ..	R 7	Kender St., New Cross Rd., ix. ..	R 13
James Grove, Peckham, ix. ..	O 12	Kenilworth Rd., Kilburn, vii. ..	D 4
James St., Bethnal Green, vii. ..	R 6	Kenilworth Rd., Victoria Pk., vii. ..	S 5
James St., Bucknham, Gte., viii. ..	I 10	Kenmore Rd., Hackney, vii. ..	Q 3
James St., Camden Town, vii. ..	H 4	Kennett Rd., Harrow Rd., vii. ..	C 6
James St., Commercial Rd., viii. ..	Q 8	Kennington, ix. ..	L 12
James St., Covent Garden, viii. ..	K 8	Kennington Church, ix. ..	L 12
James St., Deptford, ix. ..	S 12	Kennington Cross, ix. ..	L 11
James Street, Hoxton, vii. ..	O 5	Kennington Green, ix. ..	L 11
James St., Manchester Sq., viii. ..	H 7	Kennington Grove, ix. ..	L 11
James St., Paddington, viii. ..	E 7	Kennington Oval, ix. ..	L 12
James St., Shadwell, viii. ..	R 8	Kennington Park, ix. ..	M 12
James St., Waterloo Rd., viii. ..	L 9	Kennington Park Road, ix. ..	M 11
Jane St., Commercial Rd., viii. ..	Q 8	Kennington Road, ix. ..	L 10
Jardine St., Albany Rd., ix. ..	O 12	Kennington Station, ix. ..	M 11
Jeffrey St., Camden Town, vii. ..	I 3	Kensal New Town, vii. ..	C 6
Jermyn St., viii. ..	I 8	Kensal Road, vii. ..	C 6
Jervis Rd., Walham Green, ix. ..	C 12	Kensington, viii. ..	E 8
Jewin Cr., Aldersgate, viii. ..	N 7	Kensington (Addison Rd.) Sta., ix. ..	C 10
Jewin St., Aldersgate St., viii. ..	N 7	Kensington Court, viii. ..	E 9
Jewry St., Aldgate, viii. ..	O 8	Kensington Crescent, ix. ..	C 10
Jews' Bur. Gd., Beth. Gn., viii. ..	Q 6	Kensington Garden, viii. ..	E 8
Jews' Bur. Gd., Mile End, viii. ..	S 6	Kensington Gar. Sq., Byswr., viii. ..	E 7
Jews' Synagogue, City, viii. ..	O 7	Kensington Gate, Hyde Pk., viii. ..	E 9
Jockey Fields, Gray's Inn, viii. ..	L 7	Kensington (High St.) Sta., viii. ..	D 9
Jodrell Rd., Old Ford, vii. ..	T 4	Kensington Mansions, viii. ..	E 9
John Campbell Rd., K'gsld., vii. ..	O 3	Kensington Palace, viii. ..	E 9
Johnson St., Shadwell, viii. ..	R 8	Kensington Palace Garden, viii. ..	E 9
Johnson St., Somers Town, vii. ..	I 5	Kensington Park, viii. ..	C 7
John St., Adelphi, Strand, viii. ..	K 8	Kensington Park Gar., Notting	
John St., Bedford Row, viii. ..	L 6	Hill, viii. ..	C 8
John St., Borough, viii. ..	N 9	Kensington Pk. Rd., Kensington	
John St., Camberwell, ix. ..	N 12	Park, viii. ..	C 7
John St., Hampstead, viii. ..	F 7	Kensington Place, viii. ..	D 8
John St., Islington, vii. ..	M 4	Kensington Road, ix. ..	C 10
John St., Lambeth, ix. ..	L 11	Kensington Sq. and Gate, viii. ..	E 9
John St., Limehouse, viii. ..	S 7	Kensington Union, ix. ..	D 10
John St., Mayfair, viii. ..	H 8	Kentish Town Station, vii. ..	I 2
John St., Mile End, viii. ..	S 6	Kentish Town, vii. ..	I 2
John St., Minorities, viii. ..	O 8	Kentish Town Road, vii. ..	I 3
John St., Old Kent Rd., ix. ..	O 10	Kenton Rd., Hackney, vii. ..	R 3
John St., Pentonville, vii. ..	L 5	Kenton St., Brunswick Sq., viii. ..	K 6
John St., Regent's Pk., vii. ..	G 5	Kent St., Hackney Rd., vii. ..	P 5
John St., Shadwell, viii. ..	Q 8	Kent Ter., Regent's Park, vii. ..	G 6
John St., Spitalfields, viii. ..	P 7	Keppel St., Chelsea, ix. ..	G 10
John St., Stepney, viii. ..	S 7	Keppel St., Russell Sq., viii. ..	K 7

Kerry St., Deptford, ix.	..	S 12	Kinnoul Rd., Fulham, ix.	..	C 11
Kersley St., Battersea, ix.	..	G 13	Kirby St., Hatton Garden, viii.	M 7	
Kilburn, vii.	..	E 4	Kitson Rd., Camberwell, ix.	..	N 12
Kilburn High Road, vii.	..	C 3	Knaresboro' Rd., K'ns'gt'n, ix.	D 10	
Kilburn Park, vii.	..	D 5	Knatchbull Rd., Cmbwrl., ix.	M 13	
Kilburn Park Road, vii.	..	D 5	Knighttrider St., St. Paul's, viii.	N 8	
Kilburn Priory, Kilburn, vii.	..	E 4	Knightsbridge, Hyde Park, viii.	G 9	
Kilburn Station, vii.	..	D 4	Knivet Rd., Waiham Gr., ix.	..	D 12
Kilburn Square, Kilburn, vii.	..	D 4	Knogle St., New Cross, ix.	..	R 12
Kildare Gar., Bayswater, viii.	D 7		Knutsford St., Wndwth. Rd., ix.	I 13	
Kildare Ter., Westbr. Park, viii.	D 7				
Kilmaine Rd., Fulham, ix.	..	C 11	Laburnham St., Kgsld. Rd., vii.	O 5	
Kilravock St., Kensal Gr., vii.	C 5		Lack's Dock, Vauxhall, ix.	..	K 11
Kilton St., Battersea Park, ix.	H 13		Ladbroke Gar., Notting Hill, viii.	C 8	
King & Queen St., Walwth., ix.	N 11		Ladbroke Gr., Notting Hill, viii.	C 7	
King Arthur St., Hatcham, ix.	Q 13		Ladbroke Gr. Rd., Not. Hill, viii.	C 6	
King David La., Shadwell, viii.	Q 8		Ladbroke Grove Rd. Sta., viii.	C 7	
Kingdon Rd., West End, vii.	D 2		Ladbroke Rd., Notting Hill, viii.	C 8	
King Edward's Rd., Hcky., vii.	R 4		Ladbroke Sq., Notting Hill, viii.	C 8	
King Edward's St., La. Rd., ix.	L 10		Ladbroke Ter., Notting Hill, viii.	D 8	
King Henry's Rd., Hamp'd, vii.	G 4		Lambeth, ix.	..	L 10
King Henry's Rd., Kingsld., vii.	O 3		Lambeth Bridge, ix.	..	K 10
King Henry St., Kingsland, vii.	O 2		Lambeth Low Marsh, viii.	..	L 9
Kinglake St., Walworth, ix.	O 11		Lambeth Palace, ix.	..	L 10
Kingsbury Rd., Kingsland, vii.	O 3		Lambeth Rd., ix.	..	L 10
King's College, Strand, viii.	L 8		Lambeth Sq., Lambeth, viii.	L 9	
King's Col. Rd., Adlade. Rd., vii.	F 3		Lambeth St., Gdmn.'s Fields, viii.	P 8	
King's Cross, vii.	..	K 5	Lambeth, Vestry of, ix.	..	L 11
King's Cross Rd., vii.	..	L 5	Lambeth Walk, ix.	..	L 10
King's Cross Station (Gt. Northern Railway), vii.	..	K 5	Lambeth Workhouse, ix.	..	M 10
King's Cross Station (Met.), vii.	L 5		Lamb Lane, Hackney, vii.	..	Q 4
Kingsgate St., Holborn, viii.	L 7		Lambolle Rd., Belsize Pk., vii.	K 3	
Kingsland, vii.	..	O 3	Lamb's Conduit St., Glfd. St., viii.	L 6	
Kingsland Rd., vii.	..	O 5	Lammas Rd., Hackney, vii.	..	R 4
Kingsland Station, vii.	..	O 3	Lamont Rd., Chelsea, ix.	..	E 12
Kingsley Rd., Kilburn, vii.	D 4		Lamprell St., Old Ford, vii.	..	T 4
King Square, Goswell Rd., vii.	M 6		Lanark Villas, Maida Vale, vii.	E 6	
King's Rd., Camden Town, vii.	I 4		Lancaster Gate, Hyde Pk., viii.	E 8	
King's Rd., Chelsea, ix.	..	F 11	Lancaster Rd., Belsize Pk., vii.	F 3	
King's Rd., Kingsland, vii.	..	O 3	Lancaster Rd., K'singtn. Pk., viii.	C 7	
King's Rd., Peckham, ix.	..	Q 13	Lancaster St., Borough Rd., viii.	M 9	
Kingstown St., Regent's Pk., vii.	H 4		Lancing St., Euston Sq., vii.	..	K 5
King St., Baker Street, viii.	..	G 7	Langford Pl., St. John's Wd., vii.	F 5	
King St., Bermondsey, ix.	..	O 10	Langford Rd., Fulham, ix.	..	E 13
King St., Bethnal Green, viii.	Q 6		Langham Hotel, Lnglm. St., viii.	I 7	
King St., Camden Town, vii.	..	I 4	Langham Pl., Regent St., viii.	I 7	
King St., Cheapside, viii.	..	N 7	Langham St., Marylebone, viii.	I 7	
King St., Chelsea, ix.	..	F 11	Langton Rd., Camberwell, ix.	..	M 13
King St., Clerkenwell, viii.	..	M 6	Lanhill Rd., St. Peter's Pk., vii.	D 6	
King St., Kensington, vii.	..	D 9	Lansdowne Cres., Not. Hill, viii.	C 8	
King St., Long Acre, viii.	..	K 7	Lansdowne Gar., S. Lambeth, ix.	K 13	
King St., Old Kent Rd., ix.	..	O 11	Lansdowne Ho., Brkly. Sq., viii.	H 8	
King St., Regent St., viii.	..	I 8	Lansdowne Rd., C'pham Rd., ix.	K 13	
King St., St. James Sq., viii.	..	I 9	Lansdowne Rd., Lndn. Flds., vii.	Q 4	
King St., Shadwell, viii.	..	Q 9	Lansdowne Rd., Nott. Hill, viii.	C 8	
King St., Smithfield, viii.	..	M 7	Lansdowne Rd., N. Dalston, vii.	P 3	
King St., Soho, viii.	..	K 8	Lant St., Borough, viii.	..	N 9
King St., Waterloo Rd., viii.	..	M 9	Larnaca St., Bermondsey, ix.	..	O 10
King St., Westminster, viii.	..	K 9	Latona Rd., Peckham, ix.	..	P 12
King Wm. St., Lond. Br., viii.	N 8		Lauderdale Rd., Maida Vale, vii.	E 6	
King Wm. St. Station (South Lond. Rly.), Lond. Br., viii.	O 8		Laurel St., Dalston, vii.	..	P 3
King William St., Strand, viii.	K 8		Laurie Rd., New Cross, ix.	..	S 13
			Lauriston Rd., Hky. Com., vii.	R 4	
			Lavender Grove, Dalston, vii.	..	P 4



Lavington St., Blackfriars, viii.	M 9	Litcham St., Kentish Town, vii.	H 3
Lawford St., Kentish Town, vii.	I 3	Litchfield Road, vii.	G 4
Lawn Lane, Vauxhall, ix.	K 12	Litchfield St., Soho, viii.	K 8
Lawson St., Gt. Dover St., ix.	N 10	Little Bell Alley, City, viii.	N 7
Layard Rd., Southwark Pk., ix.	Q 10	Little Britain, Aldersgate, viii.	M 7
Laystall St., Gray's Inn Rd., viii.	L 6	Little Chapel St., Pimlico, ix.	I 10
Leadenhall Market, viii.	O 8	Little Chelsea, ix.	E 11
Leadenhall St., viii.	O 8	Little George St., Bermondsey, ix.	O 10
Leader St., Chelsea, ix.	F 11	Little Moorfields, Finsbury, viii.	N 7
Leamington Rd., Wsbn. Pk., viii.	D 7	Little Pulteney St., Soho, viii.	I 8
Leatherdale St., Globe Rd., viii.	R 6	Little Queen St., L'en's. Inn, viii.	L 7
Leather Lane, Holborn, viii.	M 7	Little Sutton St., Goswell Rd., viii.	M 6
Leadbury Rd., Notting Hill, viii.	D 7	Little Tower Hill, viii.	P 8
Lee St., Kingsland Rd., vii.	O 4	Livermere Rd., Queen's Rd., vii.	P 4
Leicester Sq., viii.	K 8	Liverpool Rd., Islington, vii.	M 4
Leigh St., Burton Cres., vii.	K 6	Liverpool St., Finsbury, viii.	O 7
Leighton Rd., Kentish Tn., vii.	I 2	Liverpool St., King's Cross, vii.	K 5
Leinster Rd., Kilburn, vii.	D 5	Liverpool Street Station, viii.	C 7
Leinster Sq., Bayswater, viii.	D 7	Liverpool St., Walworth, ix.	N 11
Leinster St., Bayswater, viii.	E 7	Lloyd's Pl., Brompton Rd., ix.	G 10
Leinster Ter., Bayswater, viii.	E 7	Lloyd's Row, St. John St. Rd., viii.	M 6
Leipsic Rd., Camberwell, ix.	N 13	Lloyd Sq., Pentonville, vii.	L 5
Leman St. Station, viii.	P 8	Lower North St., Sloane St., viii.	G 10
Leman St., Whitechapel, viii.	P 8	Loando St., Haggerstone, vii.	P 4
Lennox Gar., Brompton, ix.	G 10	Locks Sq., ix.	N 11
Lenthall Rd., Kingsland Rd., vii.	P 4	Lockwood Rd., Southwark, ix.	Q 10
Leonard St., Curtain Rd., viii.	O 6	Loddige Rd., Hackney, vii.	Q 4
Leopard St., Burdett Rd., viii.	T 7	Lodge Pl. (and Road, F 5), St.	
Leopold St., Vauxhall, ix.	I 11	John's Wood, vii.	F 6
Leo St., Old Kent Rd., ix.	Q 12	Lombard St., viii.	N 8
Lesly St., Lower Holloway, vii.	L 3	Lond. Athletic Gdns., Chelsea, ix.	D 12
Lessada St., Roman Rd., vii.	S 5	London Bridge, viii.	N 8
Leverett St., Chelsea, ix.	G 10	London Bridge Station, viii.	O 9
Lever St., Goswell Rd., vii.	N 6	London Docks, viii.	Q 8
Lewis St., Kentish Town, vii.	H 3	London Fields Station, vii.	Q 4
Lexham Gar., Earl's Court, ix.	D 10	London Fields, Hackney, vii.	Q 4
Lexington St., Regent St., viii.	I 8	London Hosp., Whitepl. Rd., viii.	Q 7
Libra Road, Oldford, vii.	S 5	London Institute, Finsbury, viii.	N 7
Lillie Bridge Cricket Ground, ix.	D 11	London Lane, Hackney, vii.	Q 4
Lillie Road, Chelsea, ix.	D 11	London Mis. Soc., Blmfid. St., viii.	O 7
Lillington St., Pimlico, ix.	I 11	London Rd., Deptford, ix.	S 10
Lillyville Rd., Parsons Gr., ix.	C 12	London Rd., Southwark, ix.	M 10
Limehouse, viii.	S 8	London St., Bermondsey, viii.	P 9
Limehouse Causeway, viii.	T 8	London St., Bethnal Green, viii.	Q 6
Limehouse Dock, viii.	S 8	London St., Islington, vii.	L 4
Limehouse Reach, viii.	S 9	London St., London Rd., ix.	M 10
Limehouse Station, viii.	S 8	London St., Paddington, viii.	F 7
Limerstone St., Chelsea, ix.	E 11	London St., Ratcliffe, viii.	S 8
Lime St., Fenchurch St., viii.	O 8	London St., Tot. Ct. Rd., viii.	I 6
Lincoln's Inn, viii.	L 7	London Ter., London Fields, vii.	Q 4
Lincoln's Inn Fields, viii.	L 7	London Wall, Moorfields, viii.	N 7
Lincoln St., Mile End Rd., vii.	S 6	Long Acre, viii.	K 8
Linden Gro., Notting Hill, vii.	D 8	Longfellow Rd., Mile End, vii.	S 6
Lindley St., Whitechapel, viii.	Q 7	Longford St., Regent's Pk., vii.	I 6
Lindsey Row, Chelsea, ix.	F 12	Long Lane, Bermondsey, viii.	O 10
Linford St., Stewarts Rd., ix.	I 13	Long Lane, Smithfield, viii.	M 7
Linsey Rd., Bermondsey, ix.	P 10	Longley Rd., Blue Anchor, ix.	P 11
Lintane Gardens, Fulham, ix.	C 12	Longnor Rd., Mile End, vii.	R 6
Linton St., Islington, vii.	N 4	Longridge Rd., Kensington, ix.	D 10
Lion St., Newington, ix.	N 10	Lonsdale Rd., Knsngtn. Pk., viii.	C 7
Lisford St., Peckham, ix.	P 13	Lonsdale Sq., Islington, vii.	M 4
Lisle St., Leicester Sq., viii.	K 8	Lord's Cricket Ground, vii.	F 5
Lisson Gr., Marylebone Rd., viii.	G 6	Lorne Gar., Regent's Pk., vii.	G 6
Lisson Gr., Marylebone Rd., viii.	G 7	Lorrimer Sq., Walworth, ix.	M 12



Lorrimer St., Walworth, ix. . .	M 12	Malvern Rd., Kilburn, vii. . .	D 5
Lothbury, Bank, viii. . .	N 7	Manchester Sq., viii. . .	H 7
Lothian Rd., Camberwell, ix. . .	M 13	Manchester St., Gy's Inn Rd., vii. . .	K 5
Lothrop St., Kensal Green, vii. . .	C 5	Manchester St., M'chstr Sq., viii. . .	H 7
Lots Rd., Chelsea, ix. . .	E 12	Manley Pl., Kington Park, ix. . .	M 12
Loudoun Rd. Station, vii. . .	F 4	Mann St., Walworth, ix. . .	N 11
Loudoun Rd., St. John's Wd., vii. . .	F 5	Manning St., Bermondsey, viii. . .	O 9
Loughboro St., Kennington, ix. . .	L 11	Manor Grove, Hatcham, ix. . .	Q 12
Lovegrove St., Kent Rd., ix. . .	P 11	Manor Pl., Hackney, vii. . .	Q 3
Love Lane, Shadwell, viii. . .	R 8	Manor Pl., Paddington Gr., viii. . .	F 6
Loveridge Rd., Kilburn, vii. . .	D 3	Manor Pl., Walworth, ix. . .	M 11
Lowell St., Stepney, viii. . .	S 8	Manor Rd., Walworth, ix. . .	M 11
Lo. Berkeley St., Prtmn. Sq., viii. . .	H 7	Manor St., Chelsea, ix. . .	G 11
Lower Clapton Rd., vii. . .	Q 2	Manresa Rd., Chelsea, ix. . .	F 11
Lower E. Smithfld. Wapping, vii. . .	P 9	Mansell St., Aldgate, viii. . .	P 8
Lower Grosvenor Place, ix. . .	H 10	Mansfield Pl., Kentish Tn., vii. . .	I 3
Lower Kennington Lane, ix. . .	M 11	Mansfield St., Kingsland Rd., vii. . .	O 5
Lower Park Rd., Peckham, ix. . .	P 12	Mansfield St., Portland Pl., viii. . .	H 7
Lower Seymour St., Prt. Sq., viii. . .	H 7	Mansford St., Bethnal Gn., vii. . .	Q 6
Lower Sloane St., Chelsea, ix. . .	G 11	Mansion House, viii. . .	N 8
Lower Thames St., viii. . .	O 8	Mansion House Station, viii. . .	N 8
Lowndes Pl., Belgrave Sq., ix. . .	H 10	Mansion Ho. St., Kington, ix. . .	M 11
Lowndes Sq., Belgravia, viii. . .	G 9	Manson Pl., Brompton, ix. . .	F 10
Lowndes St., Belgrave Sq., ix. . .	G 10	Mapesbury Rd., Brondesb'y, vii. . .	C 3
Loxton St., Old Ford, vii. . .	T 4	Maplin St., Mile End, viii. . .	S 6
Luard St., Islington, vii. . .	L 4	Marban Rd., Kilburn, vii. . .	C 5
Lucas Rd., Walworth, ix. . .	M 12	Marble Arch, Hyde Pk., viii. . .	G 8
Lucas St., Shadwell, viii. . .	R 8	Marchmont St., vii. . .	K 6
Lucey Rd., Bermondsey, ix. . .	P 10	Marden Rd., Southwark Pk., ix. . .	Q 10
Ludgate Circus, viii. . .	M 7	Mare St., Bethnal Gn. Rd., vii. . .	Q 6
Ludgate Hill, viii. . .	M 7	Mare St., Hackney, vii. . .	Q 3
Ludgate Hill Station, viii. . .	M 8	Margaret St., Cavendish Sq., viii. . .	I 7
Luke St., Shoreditch, viii. . .	O 6	Margaret St., Hackney, vii. . .	R 3
Luna St., Chelsea, ix. . .	F 12	Margaret St., Wilmngtn. Sq., vii. . .	L 6
Lupus St., Pimlico, ix. . .	I 11	Margaretta Ter., Chelsea, ix. . .	F 11
Lyall Rd., Oldford, vii. . .	S 5	Maria Ter., Islington, vii. . .	L 4
Lyall St., Pimlico, ix. . .	H 10	Maria St., Kingsland Rd., vii. . .	O 5
Lydford Rd., St. Peter's Pk., vii. . .	D 6	Marian Sq., Hackney Rd., vii. . .	Q 5
Lyme St., Camden Town, vii. . .	I 4	Marigold St., Rotherhithe, viii. . .	Q 9
Lynton Rd., Bermondsey, ix. . .	P 11	Marina Rd., Peckham, ix. . .	P 13
Lyon St., Caledonian Rd., vii. . .	L 4	Marinefield Rd., Wandsworth Bridge Rd., ix. . .	E 13
Macclesfield St., City Rd., vii. . .	N 5	Marine St., Bermondsey, ix. . .	P 10
Mace St., Victoria Park, vii. . .	R 5	Market Rd., Holloway, vii. . .	K 3
Macklin St., Drury Lane, viii. . .	K 7	Mark Lane, Fenchurch St., viii. . .	O 8
Macks Rd., Bermondsey, ix. . .	P 10	Mark Lane Station, viii. . .	O 8
Maddox St., Regent St., viii. . .	I 8	Market St., Bermondsey, viii. . .	O 9
Madras Pl., Islington, vii. . .	M 3	Market St., Borough Rd., ix. . .	M 10
Magdalene St., Tooley St., viii. . .	O 9	Market St., Caledonian Rd., viii. . .	L 8
Maida Hill, vii. . .	F 6	Market St., Tyburnia, viii. . .	F 7
Maida Vale, vii. . .	E 5	Markham Sq. & St., Chelsea, ix. . .	G 11
Maida Vale Station (Kilburn), vii. . .	D 4	Marlboro St., Harrow Rd., viii. . .	D 7
Maiden Lane, Covent Gar., viii. . .	K 8	Marlborough Hl., St. Jns. Wd., vii. . .	F 4
Maidstone St., Hackney, vii. . .	P 5	Marlborough House, viii. . .	I 9
Maismore Sq., Peckham, ix. . .	P 12	Marlborough Pl., St. Jn's Wd., vii. . .	E 5
Major Road, Bermondsey, ix. . .	P 10	Marlborough Rd., Chelsea, ix. . .	G 10
Maldon Cres., Kentish Tn., vii. . .	H 3	Marlborough Rd., Dalston, vii. . .	P 4
Malina Pl., St. John's Wd., vii. . .	F 5	Marlborough Rd., Old Kt. Rd., ix. . .	P 11
Mallard St., Hackney Wick, vii. . .	T 3	Marlborough Rd. Station, vii. . .	F 4
Mall, Notting Hill, viii. . .	D 8	Marlborough Rd., St. Jn's Wd., vii. . .	F 4
Mall, The, St. James' Park, viii. . .	I 9	Marlborough Sq., Chelsea, ix. . .	F 11
Malmesbury Rd., vii. . .	T 5	Marloes Rd., Kensington, ix. . .	D 10
Maltby St., Bermondsey, ix. . .	O 10	Marmont Rd., Peckham, ix. . .	P 13
Malvern Rd., Dalston, vii. . .	P 4	Marne St., Kensal Green, vii. . .	C 5

Maroon St., Stepney, viii. ..	S 7	Metropolitan Gas Works, ix. ..	Q 12
Marquis Rd., Camden Town, vii. K 3		Meynell Rd., Hackney, vii. ..	R 4
Marquis Rd., Islington, vii. ..	N 3	Michael's Green, Brompton, ix. F 10	
Marsden St., Malden Rd., vii. ..	H 3	Middle Row, Kensal Green, vii. C 6	
Marshall St., Regent St., viii. ..	I 8	Middlesex St., Somers Town, vii. K 5	
Marshall St., St. Grge's Rd., ix. M 10		Middlesex St., Whitechapel, viii. O 7	
Marshalsea St., Borough, viii. ..	N 9	Middle St., Peckham, ix. ..	P 12
Marsham St., Westminster, ix. K 10		Middleton Rd., Kgsln. Rd., vii. P 4	
Marsh Bridge, Hackney Cnl., vii. S 2		Midland Hotel, St. Pancras, vii. K 5	
Marsh Hill, Hackney Marsh, vii. S 3		Midland Rd., Euston Rd., vii. K 5	
Marsh Lane, Hack'y Marsh, vii. S 2		Mildmay Park, Kingsland, vii. O 3	
Martha St., Dalston, vii. ..	P 4	Mildmay Rd., Kingsland, vii. ..	O 2
Martin St., Bermondsey, ix. ..	P 10	Mildmay St., Kingsland, vii. ..	O 3
Maryland Road, vii. ..	E 6	Mile End Bridge, viii. ..	S 6
Marylands Rd., Harrow Rd., viii. D 6		Mile End Rd., viii. ..	R 6
Marylebone Church, viii. ..	H 6	Mile End Workhouse, viii. ..	R 6
Marylebone Ln., Marylebone, viii. H 7		Miles St., Wandsworth Rd., ix. K 12	
Marylebone Road, viii. ..	G 6	Millford Lane, Strand, viii. L 8	
Marylebone Rd., Nunhead, ix. R 12		Milk St., Cheapside, viii. ..	N 7
Mary St., Bow, vii. ..	T 6	Milk Yard, Shadwell, viii. ..	Q 8
Mary St., Hoxton, vii. ..	O 5	Millbank Prison, site of, ix. ..	K 10
Mary St., Limehouse, viii. ..	S 7	Millbank St., Westminster, ix. K 10	
Mason St., Old Kent Rd., ix. ..	O 10	Miller's Lane, Kennington, ix. L 11	
Mason St., Wstmstr. Br. Rd., viii. L 9		Mill Lane, Lon. Bridge St., viii. O 9	
Matilda St., Islington, vii. ..	L 4	Millman St., Bedford Row, viii. L 6	
Maud Grove, Chelsea, ix. ..	E 12	Millman St., Chelsea, ix. ..	F 12
Mawbey Rd., Old Kent Rd., ix. P 11		Mill Street, Bermondsey, viii. P 9	
Mawbey St., S. Lambeth, ix. ..	K 12	Millwall, ix. ..	T 10
Maxwell Rd., Walham, ix. ..	D 12	Millwall Dock, ix. ..	T 12
Mayfair, viii. ..	H 8	Milner Sq., Islington, vii. ..	M 4
Mayfield Rd., Dalston, vii. ..	P 4	Milner St., Chelsea, ix. ..	G 10
Mayfield St., Dalston Lane, vii. P 3		Milton Court Rd., Deptford, ix. S 12	
Maygrove Rd., vii. ..	D 3	Milton Rd., Oldford, vii. ..	S 5
Maynard Rd., Rotherhithe, ix. ..	R 10	Milton St., Chiswell St., viii. ..	N 7
May St., North End, ix. ..	C 11	Milton St., Wandsworth Rd., ix. I 13	
Mayville St., Kingsland, vii. ..	O 2	Mimosa Rd., Parsons Green, ix. C 13	
Maze Pond, Southwark, viii. ..	N 9	Mina Rd., Old Kent Rd., ix. ..	O 11
Meadow Rd., S. Lambeth, ix. ..	L 12	Mincing Lane, Fench. St., viii. O 8	
Meadow Row, N. Kent Rd., ix. N 10		Minehead St., New Cross, ix. ..	S 12
Mead Pl., Hackney, vii. ..	R 3	Minerva St., Bethnal Green, vii. Q 5	
Mead St., Lambeth, ix. ..	L 10	Minories, viii. ..	O 8
Meat Market, Smithfield, viii. M 7		Mintern St., Hoxton, vii. ..	O 5
Meckl'n'b'g Sq., Gy's Inn Rd., vii. L 6		Minto St., Southwark, viii. ..	N 10
Medland St., Limehouse, viii. S 8		Mint St., viii. ..	N 9
Medway Rd., Oldford, vii. ..	S 5	Mint, The, viii. ..	P 8
Medway St., Westminster, ix. K 10		Mitchell St., Old St., vii. ..	N 6
Meeting House Ln., Pkm., ix. Q 13		Moat St., Battersea Pk. Rd., ix. I 12	
Mehitabel Rd., Hackney, vii. ..	R 3	Molyneux St., Brynstn. Sq., vii. G 7	
Melbourne Sq., Brixton, ix. ..	L 13	Monck St., Westminster, ix. ..	K 10
Melgund Rd., Highbury, vii. ..	M 2	Monico, Piccadilly Circus, viii. I 8	
Melior St., Bermondsey, viii. ..	O 9	Monkwell St., City, viii. ..	N 7
Melton St., Euston Sq., vii. ..	I 6	Monmouth Rd., Bayswater, viii. D 7	
Menotti St., Bethnal Green, viii. Q 6		Monnow Rd., Bl. Anch. Rd., ix. P 11	
Mercers St., Shadwell, viii. ..	Q 8	Monsey St., Mile End, viii. ..	S 7
Meredith St., Clerkenwell, vii. M 6		Monson Rd., New Cross, ix. ..	R 12
Mermaid Court, Borough, viii. N 9		Montague Hou., Whitehall, viii. K 9	
Merrick Sq., Southwark, ix. ..	N 10	Montague Rd., Dalston, vii. ..	P 3
Merrrow St., Walworth, ix. ..	N 11	Montague St. & Pl., Rusl. Sq., viii. K 7	
Merton Rd., Adelaide Rd., vii. G 3		Montagu Pl., Montagu Sq., viii. G 7	
Merton Rd., Kensington, ix. ..	E 10	Montagu Square, viii. ..	G 7
Messard Rd., Fulham, ix. ..	C 11	Montagu St., Portman Sq., viii. G 7	
Messina Avenue, Kilburn, vii. D 3		Montford Pl., Kengtn. Green, ix. L 11	
Methley St., Kennington, ix. ..	L 11	Montpelier Rd., Peckham, ix. Q 13	
Metropolitan Cattle Mkt., vii. K 3		Montpelier St., Bromptn. Rd., viii. G 9	

Montpelier St., Walworth, ix.	N 12	Neckinger St., Bermondsey, ix.	P 10
Monument Station, viii.	O 5	Nelson's Dock, Rotherhithe, viii.	S 9
Monument, The, Lon. Bri., viii.	O 8	Nelson's Mon't, Charing Cr., viii.	K 8
Moodkee St., Rotherhithe, ix.	Q 10	Nelson Sq., Blackfriars Rd., viii.	M 9
Moorfields, Finsbury, viii.	N 7	Nelson St., Bermondsey, viii.	N 9
Moorgate Street, viii.	N 7	Nelson St., City Rd., vii.	N 6
Moorgate St. Station, viii.	N 7	Nelson Sq., Peckham, ix.	P 13
Moor Lane, Fore St., viii.	N 7	Nelson St., St. Peter's St., vii.	Q 5
Moor Pk. Rd., Chelsea, ix.	D 12	Nelson St., Whitechapel, viii.	Q 7
Moor St., Chelsea, ix.	G 10	Neptune St., Rotherhithe, viii.	Q 9
Moor St., Soho, viii.	K 8	Nesbit St., Homerton, vii.	K 3
Moreland St., Goswell Rd., vii.	M 5	Netherhall Gar., Roslyn Pk., vii.	F 8
Moreton Pl., Ter. & St., Pim., ix.	I 11	Netherwood St., Kilburn, vii.	D 3
Morgans Lane, Tooley St., viii.	O 9	Netley St., Hampstead Rd., vii.	I 6
Morgan St., Mile End, vii.	S 6	Nettleton Rd., New Cross, ix.	R 13
Morning Lane, Hackney, vii.	Q 3	Nevers Rd., Earl's Court, ix.	D 10
Mornington Cr. & St., Ca. Tn., vii.	I 5	Nevers Sq., Earl's Court, ix.	D 10
Mornington Pl., Huptd. Rd., vii.	I 5	Nevill Rd., Kilburn, vii.	D 5
Mornington Rd., Deptford, ix.	S 13	Nevill St., Fulham Rd., ix.	F 11
Mornington Rd., Regent's Pk., vii.	I 5	New Bridge St., viii.	M 8
Morpeth Rd., Victoria Pk., vii.	R 4	New Broad St., Lond. Wall, viii.	O 7
Morpeth St., Bethnal Green, vii.	R 6	New Brompton, ix.	E 11
Morpeth Ter., Pimlico, ix.	I 10	New Burlington St., viii.	I 8
Mortimer Rd., Kingsland, vii.	O 4	Newburn St., Kennington, ix.	L 11
Mortimer St., Cavendish Sq., viii.	I 7	Newcastle St., Strand, vii.	L 8
Morton Rd., Islington, vii.	N 4	New Cavendish St., viii.	H 7
Moscow Rd., Bayswater, viii.	E 8	New Charles St., City Rd., vii.	M 5
Moss St., Green St., vii.	R 5	New Church Rd., Camberw'l, ix.	N 12
Mountford Rd., Dalston, vii.	P 2	New Church Rd., Hackney, vii.	R 4
Mt. Pleasant, Clerkenwell, viii.	L 6	New College, Belsize Pk., vii.	F 3
Mount St., Bethnal Green, vii.	P 6	Newcomen St., Southwark, viii.	N 9
Mount St., Mayfair, viii.	H 8	New Compton St., Soho, viii.	K 7
Mowbray Rd., Brondesb'y., vii.	C 3	New Cross, ix.	R 13
Mowlem St., Hackney Rd., vii.	Q 5	New Cross Rd., ix.	S 13
Mozart St., Kensal Green, vii.	C 6	New Cross Station, ix.	S 13
Mund St., North End, ix.	C 11	New Cut, Lambeth, viii.	M 9
Munster Lane, Fulham, ix.	C 12	Newgate Prison, viii.	M 7
Munster Rd., Fulham, ix.	C 13	Newgate St., viii.	M 7
Munster Sq., Regent's Pk., vii.	I 6	New Gravel Lane, Shadwell, viii.	Q 8
Munton Rd., New Kent Rd., ix.	N 10	Newington, ix.	M 10
Muriel St., Caledonian Rd., vii.	L 4	Newington Butts, ix.	M 10
Murray St., Camden Town, vii.	I 3	Newington Causeway, ix.	M 10
Murray St., New North Rd., vii.	N 5	Newington Green, Kingsland, vii.	O 2
Museum St., Bloomsbury, viii.	K 7	Newington Grove, ix.	M 11
Musgrave Cres., Chelsea, ix.	D 12	Newington Grove Rd., vii.	N 3
Mutrix Rd., Kilburn, vii.	D 4	Newington Workhouse, ix.	O 11
Myddelton Sq., Pentonville, vii.	M 5	New Inn, Strand, viii.	L 8
Myddelton St., Clerkenwell, vii.	M 6	New Inn Yard, Shoreditch, viii.	O 6
Myddleton Music Hall, vii.	M 5	New Kent Rd., ix.	N 10
Myddleton St., Bethnal Gr., vii.	Q 5	New King St., Deptford, ix.	T 12
Myatt Rd., Camberwell, ix.	M 13	Newland St., Pimlico, ix.	H 10
Myrdle St., Commercial Rd., viii.	Q 7	Newman St., Oxford St., viii.	I 7
Myrtle St., Dalston, vii.	P 4	Newnham St., Edgware Rd., viii.	G 7
		New Nichol's St., Shrdtch., viii.	O 6
Nailour St., Caledonian Rd., vii.	L 3	New North St., Islington, vii.	N 4
Napier St., Deptford, ix.	S 12	New North Rd., vii.	N 4
Napier St., Hoxton, vii.	N 5	New North St., Finsbury, viii.	O 6
Narrow St., Limehouse, viii.	S 8	New Oxford St., viii.	K 7
National Galy., Trafalgar Sq., viii.	K 8	New Palace Yard, Westminster, viii.	K 9
Navarino Rd., Dalston, vii.	Q 3	Newport St., St. Mrtn's Ln., viii.	K 8
Naylor Rd., Peckham, ix.	Q 13	New River Head, Pntn'v'le, vii.	M 5
Neal St., Long Acre, viii.	K 7	New Rd., Peckham, ix.	P 13
Neate St., Old Kent Rd., ix.	Q 12	New Rd., Wandsworth Rd., ix.	I 13
Neckinger Rd., Bermondsey, ix.	P 10	New Rd., Whitechapel, viii.	Q 7

New Scotland Yard, viii. ..	K 9	North St., Walworth, ix. ..	N 11
New Sq., Lincoln's Inn, viii. ..	L 7	North Westbourne Ter., viii. ..	E 6
New St., Bishopsgate, viii. ..	O 7	North Wharf Rd., Paddingtn., viii. F 7	
New St., Brompton, viii. ..	G 9	Northumberland Av., Ch. Cr., viii. K 8	
New St., Charing Cross, viii. ..	K 9	Northumberl'd Pl., Byswtr., viii. D 7	
New St., Covent Garden, viii. ..	K 8	Norton Folgate, Shoreditch, viii. O 7	
New St., Dorset Sq., viii. ..	G 6	Nottingham Pl., Mrlbn. Rd., viii. H 6	
New St., Gt. and Little, Fetter Lane, viii. ..	M 7	Notting Hill, viii. ..	D 8
New St., Kngton. Pk. Rd., ix. M 11		Notting Hill Gate Station, viii. D 8	
New St., Lambeth, ix. ..	L 10	Notting Hill Grove, viii. ..	D 8
New St., Whitechapel, viii. ..	Q 7	Notting Hill Station, viii. ..	C 7
Newton Rd., W'bourne Pk, viii. D 7		Novelty Theatre, Gt. Qn. St., viii. L 7	
Newton St., Hoxton, vii. ..	O 5	Nutbourne St., Kensal Green, vii. C 5	
New York St., Comel. Rd., viii. Q 7		Nutford Pl., Edgware Rd., viii. G 7	
Nicholas Lane, City, viii. ..	N 8	Nutley Ter., Roslyn Park, vii. F 3	
Nicholas St., Hoxton, vii. ..	O 5	Nuttal St., Hoxton, vii. ..	O 5
Nicholas St., Mile End, viii. ..	R 6	Nutt St., Peckham, ix. ...	P 12
Nicholls St., Shoreditch, viii. P 6		Oakington Rd., vii. ..	D 6
Nichols Sq., Hackney Rd., vii. P 5		Oakley Pl., Old Kent Rd., ix. ..	O 11
Nile St., Hoxton, vii. ..	N 5	Oakley Rd., Kingsland, vii. ..	N 3
Nile Ter., Old Kent Rd., ix. ..	O 11	Oakley Square, Camden Town, vii. I 5	
Nine Elms, Kennington, ix. ..	K 12	Oakley St. & Cres., Chelsea, ix. F 11	
Nine Elms Pier, ix. ..	I 12	Oakley St., Lambeth, viii. ..	L 9
Noble St., City, viii. ..	N 7	Oarsboro Rd., Deptford, ix. ..	S 12
Noel St., Islington, vii. ..	M 5	Oat Lane, City, viii. ..	N 7
Norfolk Cr., Edgware Rd., viii. G 7		Ocean St., Stepney, viii. ..	R 7
Norfolk Rd., Essex Rd., vii. N 3		Ockendon Rd., Kingsland, vii. N 3	
Norfolk Rd., St. John's Wd., vii. F 4		Octavia St., Battersea, ix. ..	F 13
Norfolk Sq., Paddington, viii. F 7		Odell St., Albany Road, ix. ..	O 11
Norfolk St., Mile End, viii. ..	R 6	Offord Rd., Barnsbury, vii. ..	L 3
Norfolk St., Strand, viii. ..	L 8	Old Bailey, viii. ..	M 7
Norfolk Ter., Notting Hill, viii. D 7		Old Bethnal Green Rd., vii. ..	Q 5
Norland Sq., Notting Hill, viii. C 8		Old Broad Street, viii. ..	O 7
Normandy Pl., N. Brixton, ix. L 13		Old Brompton, ix. ..	E 11
Norman Rd., Fulham, ix. ..	C 11	Old Compton St., Soho, viii. ..	K 8
Norman St., Chelsea, ix. ..	G 11	Oldfield Rd., S. Bermondsey, ix. R 11	
Northampton Pk., Kngsld., vii. N 3		Oldford Lane, vii. ..	S 5
Northampton Rd., Clrknwl., viii. M 6		Oldford Rd., Victoria Park, vii. R 11	
Northampton Sq., Goswl. Rd., vii. M 6		Old Gravel Land, Lon. Dks., viii. Q 9	
Northampton St., Clrknwl., viii. M 6		Old Greyhound Rd., H'smith, ix. C 11	
Northampton St., Essex Rd., vii. N 4		Old Jewry, Cheapside, viii. ..	N 7
North Bank, St. John's Wd., vii. F 6		Old Kent Road, ix. ....	O 10
North Brixton, ix. ..	L 13	Old Kent Road Station, ix. ..	Q 12
North End, ix. ..	C 11	Old Montague St., W'chapl., viii. P 7	
North End Rd., ix. ..	C 11	Old Nichols St., Sh'red'tch, viii. O 6	
Northey St., Limehouse, viii. S 8		Old Palace Yard, Westm'r., viii. K 10	
North Gro., E. & W. Kgsld., vii. O 3		Old Pye St., Westminster, ix. K 10	
Northop St., Mayfair, viii. ..	H 8	Old Quebec St., Oxford St., viii. G 7	
Northport St., Hoxton, vii. ..	O 5	Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, viii. L 7	
North Quay, London Docks, viii. Q 8		Old St., Shoreditch, viii. ..	N 8
North Rd., Holloway, vii. ..	K 3	Old Swan Pier, viii. ..	N 8
North Rd., New Cross, ix. ..	R 12	Olga St., Roman Road, vii. ..	S 5
North Row, Park Lane, viii. ..	G 8	Olmar St., Old Kent Road, ix. P 12	
North Side, Bethnal Green, vii. Q 5		Olney St., Walworth, ix. ..	N 12
North Star, Finchley Rd., vii. F 3		Olympia, Kensington, ix. ..	C 10
North St., Edgware Rd., viii. F 6		Omega Pl., St. John's Wd., vii. G 6	
North St., Hackney, vii. ..	Q 5	Onslow Cres., S. Knsngtn., ix. F 10	
North St., Lambeth, ix. ..	L 10	Onslow Gardens, Chelsea, ix. F 11	
North St., Marylebone, viii. ..	H 7	Onslow Place, Brompton, ix. ..	F 10
North St., Pentonville Rd., vii. L 5		Onslow Square, Chelsea, ix. ..	F 10
North St., Sydney St., viii. ..	Q 7	Opal St., Kennington, ix. ..	M 11
North St., Sloane St., viii. ..	G 9	Oppidans Rd., Primrose Hill, vii. G 4	
North St., Stepney, viii. ..	S 7	Orange St., Borough, viii. ..	M 9

Orange St., Leicester Sq., viii.	K 8	Pakenham St., Clerkenwell, vii.	L 6
Orbel St., Battersea, ix.	F 13	Palace Gar., Buckgm. Pal., viii.	H 9
Orb St., Newington, ix.	N 11	Palace Gar., Lambeth Pal. ix.	L 10
Orchard Grove, Kingsland, vii.	O 3	Palace Gar. Ter., Kensgton, viii.	D 8
Orchard St., Camberwell, ix.	N 13	Palace Gate, Kensington, viii.	E 9
Orchard St., Portman Sq., viii.	H 7	Palace Rd., Hackney, vii.	R 4
Orchard St., St. Luke's, viii.	N 6	Palace Rd., Lambeth, ix.	L 10
Orchard St., Westminster, ix.	K 10	Palace St., Pimlico, ix.	I 10
Ordinance Rd., St. Jhn's Wd., vii.	F 4	Palestine Pl., Bethnal Gr., vii.	Q 5
Orford St., Chelsea, ix.	G 10	Pall Mall, viii.	I 9
Oriel Rd., Homerton, vii.	S 3	Palmer's Rd., Green St., vii.	R 5
Orkney St., Battersea, ix.	G 13	Palmerston Rd., vii.	D 3
Orme Sq., Bayswater Rd., viii.	E 8	Palmerston St., Battersea Pk., ix.	H 13
Ormond Ter., Primrose Hill, vii.	G 4	Palmer St., Blackfriars, viii.	L 9
Ormsby St., Kingsland Rd., vii.	O 5	Palmer St., Highbury, vii.	M 3
Ormside St., Hatcham, ix.	Q 12	Palm St., Grove Rd., vii.	S 5
Orphan Asyl., St. Jno.'s Wd., vii.	F 5	Pancras Rd., vii.	K 5
Orsett St., Vauxhall Rd., ix.	L 11	Pandora Rd., West End, vii.	D 2
Orsett Ter., Bishop's Rd., viii.	E 7	Panorama, York St., viii.	I 9
Osborne Rd., Hkney, Wick, vii.	T 3	Paradise St., Lambeth, ix.	L 10
Osborne Ter., Lambeth Rd., ix.	L 12	Paradise St., Marylebone, viii.	H 7
Osborn St., Whitechapel, viii.	P 7	Paradise St. & Row, Roth., viii.	Q 10
Oseney Cres., Kentish Tn., vii.	I 3	Paradise Walk, Chelsea, ix.	G 11
Osnaburgh St., Regent's Pk., vii.	I 6	Paragon, New Kent Rd., ix.	N 10
Osprey St., Deptford Rd., ix.	R 10	Paragon Rd., Hackney, vii.	Q 3
Ossington St., Notting Hill, viii.	D 8	Parish St., Bermondsey, viii.	O 9
Ossory Rd., Old Kent Rd., ix.	P 12	Paris St., Lambeth Palace, ix.	L 10
Ossulston St., Somers Town, vii.	K 5	Park Cres. & Sq., Regt's Pk., viii.	H 6
Oswin St., St. George's Rd., ix.	M 10	Parker St., Drury Lane, viii.	K 7
Otto St., Walworth, ix.	M 12	Parkfield St., Islington, vii.	M 5
Outer Circle, Regent's Pk., viii.	H 6	Parkham St., Battersea, ix.	F 13
Outram St., Islington, vii.	K 4	Parkholme St., Dalston, vii.	P 3
Oval Rd., Regent's Park, vii.	H 4	Parkhouse St., Camberwell, ix.	N 12
Oval Rd., South Lambeth, ix.	L 12	Park Lane, Hyde Park, viii.	G 8
Oval Station, ix.	L 12	Park Pl., Pall Mall, viii.	I 9
Oval, The, Hackney Rd., vii.	Q 5	Park Rd., Battersea, ix.	F 12
Ovington Sq., Brompton, ix.	G 10	Park Rd., Bow Common, viii.	S 7
Ovington St., Walton St., ix.	G 10	Park Rd., Chelsea, ix.	F 11
Owen St. & Rd., City Rd., vii.	M 5	Park Rd., Dalston, vii.	P 3
Owen St., Chelsea, ix.	E 12	Park Rd., Deptford, ix.	S 13
Oxford Gar., Notting Hill, viii.	C 7	Park Rd., Regent's Pk., vii.	G 5
Oxford Music Hall, Oxf. St., viii.	K 7	Parkside St., Battersea Pk., ix.	G 13
Oxford or Regent Circus, viii.	I 7	Park St., Camberwell, ix.	N 12
Oxford Rd., Islington, vii.	N 4	Park St., Camden Town, vii.	H 4
Oxford Rd., Kilburn, vii.	D 5	Park St., Islington, vii.	M 3
Oxford Sq., Edgware Rd., viii.	G 7	Park St., Limehouse, viii.	T 8
Oxford St., vii.	H 7	Park St., Mayfair, viii.	H 8
Oxford St., Islington, vii.	N 4	Park St., Regent's Pk., viii.	G 6
Oxford St., Whitechapel, viii.	Q 7	Park St., Southwark, viii.	N 8
Oxford Ter., Fentiman Rd., ix.	L 12	Park St., Victoria Park, vii.	S 3
Oxford Ter., Gt. Jun. Rd., viii.	F 7	Park Vill., E. & W. Reg. Pk., vii.	H 5
Oxley St., Bermondsey, viii.	P 9	Park Walk, Chelsea, ix.	E 11
		Parliament St., W'minster, viii.	K 9
Packington St., Islington, vii.	N 5	Parmiter St., Bethnal Green, vii.	Q 5
Paddington Cemetery, vii.	C 4	Parnell Rd., Oldford, vii.	T 5
Paddington Ch., H'row Rd., viii.	F 7	Parson's Green, ix.	C 13
Paddington Gr., H'row Rd., viii.	F 7	Parson's Green Lane, ix.	D 13
Paddington Recreation Gr., vii.	D 5	Parthenia Rd., Parson's Gr., ix.	D 13
Paddington Sta. (G.W.R.), viii.	F 7	Pascal St., Lambeth, ix.	K 12
Paddington St., Baker St., viii.	H 7	Pasley Rd., Walworth, ix.	M 11
Paddington Workhouse, Harrow Rd., viii.	D 6	Patent Office, Chncry. Lane, viii.	L 7
Page St., Westminster, ix.	K 10	Paternoster Row, viii.	M 7
Page's Walk, Old Kent Rd., ix.	O 10	Paternoster Sq., viii.	M 7
		Patnmore St., Battersea Pk., ix.	I 13



Patriot Sq., Cambridge Rd., vii.	Q 5	Peveril St., Battersea, ix.	F 12
Patshull Rd., Kentish Town, vii.	I 3	Philbeach Gar., Earl's Court, ix.	D 11
Paulin St., Bermondsey, ix.	O 10	Philip St., Leman St., viii.	P 3
Pauls Pas., Falmouth Rd., ix.	N 10	Phillip St., Kingsland Rd., vii.	O 4
Paul St., Finsbury, viii.	O 6	Phillip St., Pimlico, ix.	I 10
Paulton Sq., Chelsea, ix.	F 12	Philpot St., Commercial Rd., viii.	Q 7
Pavilion Rd., Chelsea, ix.	G 10	Phipps St., Finsbury, viii.	O 6
Payne St., Islington, vii.	L 5	Phoenix St., Bshpsgate Stn., viii.	P 6
Peabody Bldgs., Pimlico, ix.	H 11	Phoenix St., Somers Town, vii.	K 5
Peabody Sq., Blkfriars Rd., viii.	M 9	Piccadilly, viii.	H 9
Peacock St., Newington, ix.	M 11	Pickering Pl., Bayswater, viii.	E 7
Pearman St., Lambeth, viii.	L 10	Pickering St., Islington, vii.	N 4
Pearson St., Kingsland Rd., vii.	O 5	Picket St., Strand, viii.	L 8
Pear Tree St., Goswell Rd., viii.	N 6	Pickle Herring St., Lon. Bri., viii.	O 9
Peckham, ix.	P 13	Pieton St., Camberwell, ix.	N 12
Peckham Bridge, ix.	O 12	Pilgrim St., Kennington, ix.	L 11
Peckham Gro., Camberwell, ix.	O 12	Pimlico, ix.	H 10
Peckham Pk. Rd., Peckham, ix.	P 12	Pimlico Rd., ix.	H 11
Peckham Rd., Camberwell, ix.	O 13	Pinchin St., Cable St., viii.	P 8
Peckwater St., Kentish Tn., vii.	I 2	Pine St., Farringdon Rd., viii.	M 6
Peel Grove, Bethnal Green, vii.	Q 5	Pitt St., Bethnal Green, vii.	Q 6
Peel Rd., Kilburn, vii.	D 5	Pitt St., Kensington, viii.	D 9
Peel St., Kensington, viii.	D 8	Pitt St., Peckham, ix.	O 13
Peerless St., City Rd., vii.	N 6	Pittfield St., Hoxton, vii.	O 5
Pelham St. & Cres., Chelsea, ix.	F 10	Pixley St., Limehouse, viii.	S 7
Pelham St., Shoreditch, viii.	P 7	Platt St., Pancras Rd., vii.	K 5
Pellant Rd., Fulham, ix.	C 12	Pleasant Grove, York Rd., vii.	K 4
Pell St., St. George's St., E., viii.	P 8	Pleasant Pl., Newington, ix.	M 10
Pembridge Cres., Nott. Hill, viii.	D 8	Pleasant Row, Walworth, ix.	N 11
Pembridge Gar., Nott. Hill, viii.	D 8	Plough Rd., Rotherhithe, ix.	R 11
Pembridge Pl., Nott. Hill, viii.	D 8	Plumber St., City Rd., vii.	N 5
Pembridge Sq., Nott. Hill, viii.	D 8	Plumtree St., Com'cial Rd., viii.	P 7
Pembridge Villas, Nott. Hill, viii.	D 8	Plympton Rd., Wilsdn. Ln., vii.	C 3
Pembroke Gar., Kensington, ix.	D 10	Pocock St., Blackfriars Rd., viii.	M 9
Pembroke Rd., Kensington, ix.	D 10	Pole St., Stepney, viii.	R 7
Pembroke Rd., Kilburn, vii.	D 5	Pollard St., Oxford St., viii.	I 7
Pembroke Square, ix.	D 10	Pollard Row, Bethnal Green, vii.	P 6
Pembroke St., Caledon Rd., vii.	L 4	Polor Pl., Battersea, ix.	F 12
Pembury Rd. & Gr., Clapton, vii.	Q 2	Polygon, Clarendon Sq., vii.	K 5
Penelon Rd., Kensington, ix.	D 10	Polytechnic, Regent St., viii.	I 7
Pennington St., Lon. Docks, viii.	Q 8	Pomeroys St., Peckham, ix.	Q 13
Penn St., Hoxton, vii.	O 4	Pond Pl., Fulham Rd., ix.	F 11
Penrose St., Walworth, ix.	M 11	Ponsonby Pl., Vauxhall Br., ix.	K 11
Penhurst Rd., Hackney, vii.	R 4	Pont St., Belgrave Sq., ix.	G 10
Penton Pl., Kingtn. Pk. Rd., ix.	M 11	Ponton Rd., Nine Elms, ix.	I 12
Penton Pl., Pentonville Rd., vii.	L 5	Pocle Rd., Hackney, vii.	R 3
Penton St., Pentonville, vii.	L 5	Poole St., New North Rd., vii.	N 5
Pentonville Prison, Cal. Rd., vii.	L 3	Popham Rd., Islington, vii.	N 4
Pentonville Road, vii.	L 5	Popham St., Islington, vii.	N 4
Peny wern Rd., W. Brompton, ix.	D 11	Porchester Gar., Bayswater, viii.	E 7
People's Palace, Mile End, viii.	R 6	Porchester Rd., Harrow Rd., viii.	E 7
Peplar Rd., Old Kent Rd., ix.	O 11	Porchester Sq., Bshp's Rd., viii.	E 7
Percival St., Goswell Rd., vii.	M 6	Porchester St., Tyburnia, viii.	F 7
Percy Circus, King's Cross, vii.	L 5	Porchester Ter., Bayswater, viii.	E 7
Percy Rd., Hackney, vii.	R 4	Porteous Rd., Paddington, vii.	F 7
Percy Rd., Kilburn Park, vii.	D 5	Portland Ho., Cvnndsh. Sq., viii.	H 7
Percy St., Tottnhm. Ct. Rd., viii.	I 7	Portland Place, viii.	H 6
Pereira St., Mile End, viii.	Q 6	Portland Pl. N., Clpm. Rd., ix.	L 13
Perham Rd., North End, ix.	C 11	Portland Rd., Notting Hill, viii.	C 8
Perry Rd., Fulham, ix.	C 12	Portland Road Station, viii.	I 6
Peterborough Ho., Fulham, ix.	D 13	Portland St., Clapham Rd., ix.	K 13
Petersburg Pl., Nott. Hill, viii.	D 8	Portland St., Stepney, viii.	R 7
Petersham Ter., Gl'ster Rd., ix.	E 10	Portland St., Walworth, ix.	N 11
Petworth St., Battersea, ix.	G 13	Portman Mkt., Edgwr. Rd., viii.	F 6



Portman Pl., Bethnal Green, vii.	R 6	Priory Rd., Wandsworth Rd., ix.	K 13
Portman Square, viii.	G 7	Priory Ter., Kilburn, vii.	D 4
Portman St., Portman Sq., viii.	G 7	Pritchard's Rd., Hkny. Rd., vii.	Q 5
Portnall Rd., Harrow Rd., vii.	C 6	Prospect Pl., Bethnal Gr., vii.	Q 5
Portobello Rd., Notting Hill, viii.	C 7	Prospect Pl., Rotherhithe, ix.	Q 10
Pottpool Ln., Gray's Inn Rd., viii.	L 7	Providence Pl., Walham, ix.	C 12
Portsdown Road, vii.	E 5	Provost Rd., Hverstek. Hill, vii.	G 3
Portugal St., Lincoln's Inn, viii.	L 7	Provost St., Hoxton, vii.	N 5
Post Office, St. Mtn's-le-Gr., viii.	N 7	Prusom St., Wapping, viii.	Q 9
Pott St., Bethnal Green Rd., vii.	Q 6	Pulford St., Pimlico, ix.	I 11
Potters Fields, Hrsleydwn., viii.	O 9	Pulteney St., Islington, vii.	L 4
Poultry, Cheapside, viii.	N 8	Purser's Cross, Fulham, ix.	C 12
Powis Gar., Wstbine. Pk., viii.	C 7	Pyrland Rd., Highbury, vii.	N 2
Powis Sq., Westbourne Pk., viii.	D 7		
Pownall Rd., Dalston, vii.	P 4	Quadrant, Regent St., viii.	I 8
Pownal Rd., Walham Gro., ix.	C 12	Quadrant Rd., Islington, vii.	N 3
Praed St., Paddington, viii.	F 7	Quebec St., Portman Sq., viii.	G 7
Praed St. Sta. (Pddngtn.), viii.	F 7	Queen Anne Rd., Hackney, vii.	R 2
Prairie St., Queen's Road, ix.	H 13	Queen Anne St., Cvdsh. Sq., viii.	H 7
Pratt St., Camden Town, vii.	I 4	Queen Anne's Gar., Wstmr., viii.	I 9
Pratt St., Lambeth, ix.	I 10	Queen Elizabeth St., Hrllydn., viii.	O 9
Prebend St., Camden Town, vii.	I 4	Queen Margaret's Rd., Kgsld., vii.	O 3
Prebend St., Hoxton, vii.	N 4	Queenhithe Dock & Stairs, viii.	N 8
Prima Rd., Kennington, ix.	L 12	Queensberry Pl., Brompton, ix.	F 10
Primrose Hill and Park, vii.	G 4	Queensborough Ter., Bywr., viii.	E 8
Primrose Hill Road, vii.	G 3	Queensbury St., Canonbury, vii.	N 4
Prince of Wales Cres., Kentish		Queen's Cr., Havrstk. Hill, vii.	H 2
Town, vii.	H 3	Queen's Elm, Fulham Rd., ix.	F 11
Prince of Wales Gate, Hyde		Queen's Gar., Bayswater, viii.	E 7
Park, viii.	F 9	Queen's Gate, Hyde Park, viii.	E 9
Prince of Wales Rd., Battersea		Queen's Gate Garden (Ter., viii.)	
Park, ix.	G 13	and Pl., Kensington, ix.	E 10
Prince of Wales Road, Kentish		Queen's Head St., Essex Rd., vii.	M 4
Town, vii.	H 3	Queen's Hd. Walk, Hoxton, vii.	O 5
Prince's Cricket Ground, ix.	G 10	Queen's Pk., Kilburn, vii.	C 4
Princes Gar., S. Kensington, viii.	F 9	Queen's Park Station, vii.	C 5
Princes Gate, Hyde Park, viii.	F 9	Queen's Privt. Sta. (Nine Elms), ix.	K 12
Princes Place, Notting Hill, viii.	C 8	Queen's Rd., Bayswater, viii.	E 7
Princes Road, Bermondsey, ix.	P 10	Queen's Rd., Chelsea, ix.	G 11
Princes Rd., Kennington, ix.	L 11	Queen's Rd., Hatcham, ix.	Q 13
Princes Rd., Notting Hill, viii.	C 8	Queen's Rd., Kilburn, vii.	D 4
Princes Row, Buck. Pa. Rd., ix.	I 10	Queen's Rd., St. John's Wd., vii.	F 4
Princes Square, Bayswater, viii.	D 3	Queen's Rd. Sta., Bayswater, viii.	E 8
Princes Sq., Kennington, ix.	M 11	Queen's Rd. Sta., Peckham, ix.	Q 13
Princes Sq., St. Georges E., viii.	Q 8	Queen's Row, Walworth, ix.	N 12
Princes Street, Bank, viii.	N 7	Queen Sq., Bloomsbury, viii.	K 6
Princes St., Blackfriars, viii.	L 9	Queen St., Blackfriars Rd., viii.	M 9
Princes St., Cavendish Sq., viii.	I 7	Queen St., Cheapside, viii.	N 8
Princes St., Drury Lane, viii.	L 7	Queen St., Edgware Rd., viii.	G 7
Princes St., Edgware Rd., viii.	F 6	Queen St., Haverstock Hill, vii.	H 3
Princes St., Kingsland Rd., vii.	P 4	Queen St., Kennington Gr., ix.	L 11
Princes St., Lambeth, ix.	K 11	Queen St., Kingsland Rd., vii.	O 4
Princes St., Leicester Sq., viii.	K 8	Queen St., Mayfair, viii.	H 8
Princes St., Regent St., viii.	L 8	Queen St., Seven Dials, viii.	K 7
Princes St., Rotherhithe, viii.	Q 9	Queen St. Pl., Sthwrk. Br., viii.	N 8
Princes St., Walworth, ix.	N 12	Queen's Wharf, Rotherhithe, viii.	S 9
Princes St., Wapping, viii.	Q 9	Queen Victoria St., viii.	M 8
Princes St., Westminster, viii.	K 9	Quex Rd., Kilburn, vii.	D 4
Princes Ter., Regent's Park, vii.	H 4	Quilter St., Columbia Rd., vii.	P 5
Prince St., Deptford, ix.	S 12		
Priory Grove, Lit. Chelsea, ix.	E 11	Radipole Rd., Parson's Gr., ix.	C 12
Priory Grove, S. Lambeth, ix.	K 13	Radnor Pl., Gloucester Sq., viii.	F 7
Priory Park Rd., Kilburn, vii.	D 4	Radnor St., Bath St., City Rd., vii.	N 6
Priory Rd., Kilburn, vii.	E 4	Radnor St., King's Rd., ix.	G 11

Radnor St., Peckham, ix. . .	P 12	Richard St., Liverpool Rd., viii.	M 8
Raglan St., Kentish Town, vii.	I 3	Richmond Cres., Islington, vii.	L 4
Rahere St., Goswell Rd., vii. .	M 5	Richmond Rd., Chelsea, ix. . .	D 11
Railway Green, New Crescent, ix.	S 13	Richmond Rd., Dalston, vii. . .	P 3
Rainbow St., Camberwell, ix. .	O 12	Richmond Rd., E. Hackney, vii.	Q 3
Ralph St., Union Rd., ix. . .	N 10	Richmond Rd., Islington, vii.	L 4
Randall St., Battersea, ix. . .	F 13	Richmond Rd., Wtbn. Gr., viii.	D 7
Randells Rd., York Rd., vii. .	K 4	Richmond St., Edgwr. Rd., viii.	F 6
Randolf Rd., . . . . .	E 6	Richmond St., Walworth, ix. . .	N 11
Randolph Cr., Paddington, vii.	E 6	Richmond Ter., Lbth. Rd., ix. .	L 12
Randolph Gar., Maida Va., vii.	E 5	Richmond Ter., Whitehall, viii.	K 9
Ranelagh Grove, Chelsea, ix. .	H 11	Ridgmount St., Gower St., viii.	K 6
Ranelagh Rd., Harrow Rd., viii.	E 6	Ridley Rd., Kingsland, vii. . .	P 3
Ranelagh Rd., Pimlico, ix. . .	I 11	Riley St., Bermondsey, ix. . .	O 10
Raphael St., Hyde Pk., viii. .	G 9	Riley St., Chelsea, ix. . . . .	F 12
Ratchiff, Shadwell, viii. . .	R 8	Ring Road, Hyde Park, viii. .	G 9
Ratcliff Cross, Shadwell, viii.	R 8	Ripley St., Newington, ix. . .	N 10
Rathbone Pl., Oxford St., viii.	I 7	Risinghill St., Pentonville, vii.	L 5
Raven Row & St., Whtchpl., viii.	Q 7	Ritson Rd., Dalston, vii. . .	P 3
Ravenscroft St., Hkny. Rd., vii.	P 5	Riverhall St., Lambeth, ix. . .	K 12
Rawlings St., Chelsea, ix. . .	G 10	River St., Pentonville, vii. . .	M 5
Rawstorne St., Goswell Rd., vii.	M 5	River St., York Road, vii. . .	L 4
Raymouth Rd., Rotherhithe, ix.	Q 11	Rivington St., Shoreditch, vii.	O 6
Ray St., Clerkenwell, viii. . .	M 6	Robert St., Hampstead Rd., vii.	I 5
Rectory Rd., Fulham, ix. . . .	C 13	Robert St., Hoxton, vii. . . .	O 5
Rectory Sq., Stepney, viii. . .	R 7	Robinson Rd., Bethnal Gr., vii.	Q 5
Reculver Rd., Deptford, ix. . .	R 11	Roby St., City Road, vii. . . .	N 6
Redburn St., Chelsea, ix. . . .	G 11	Rochester Pl., Camden Tn., vii.	I 3
Redcliffe Gardens, Chelsea, ix.	E 11	Rochester Rd., Camden Tn., vii.	I 3
Redcliffe Rd., Fulham Rd., ix.	E 11	Rochester Row, Pimlico, ix. . .	I 10
Redcliffe Sq., Chelsea, ix. . .	E 11	Rochester Sq., Camden Tn., vii.	I 3
Red Cross Hall, Borough, viii.	N 9	Rochester Ter., Camden Tn., vii.	I 3
Red Cross St., Barbican, viii. .	N 7	Rockingham St., Nwgtu., ix. . .	N 10
Red Cross St., Southwark, viii.	N 9	Rodney Rd., New Kent Rd., ix.	N 11
Redesdale St., Chelsea, ix. . .	G 11	Rodney St., Pentonville Rd., vii.	L 5
Redfield Lane, Earl's Court, ix.	D 10	Roland Gar., Fulham Rd., ix. .	E 11
Redhill St., Cmbrlnd. Mkt., vii.	I 5	Rolls and Records Offices, viii.	L 7
Red Lion Sq., viii. . . . .	L 7	Rolls Rd., Bermondsey, ix. . .	P 11
Red Lion St., Clerkenwell, viii.	M 6	Roman Rd., Barnsbury, vii. . .	L 3
Red Lion St., Holborn, viii. . .	L 7	Roman Rd., Oldford, vii. . . .	S 5
Redmans Rd., Stepney, viii. . .	R 7	Romford St., Whitechapel, viii.	Q 7
Redmead Lane, Wapping, viii.	P 9	Romney St., Lambeth Br., ix. . .	K 10
Reedworth St., Kngtn. Rd., ix.	L 11	Ronald's Rd., Highbury, vii. .	M 2
Regency Sq., Kngtn. Road, ix.	M 11	Ronald St., Shadwell, viii. . .	R 8
Regency St., Westminster, ix.	K 10	Rood Lane, Eastcheap, viii. . .	O 8
Regent Circus, viii. . . . .	I 8	Ropemakers' Fds., Lnhse., viii.	S 8
Regent's Canal, vii. . . . .	I 4	Ropemakers' St., Finsbury, viii.	N 7
Regent's Park, vii. . . . .	H 5	Ropery St., Bow Common, viii.	S 6
Regent's Park Barracks, vii. . .	H 5	Rosary Gar., Brompton, ix. . .	E 10
Regent's Park Road, vii. . . .	H 4	Roscoe St., Bunhill Row, viii.	N 6
Regent's Sq., Gray's Inn Rd., vii.	K 6	Rosebank Rd., Oldford, vii. . .	S 5
Regent's Row, Queen's Rd., vii.	P 4	Rosebery Av., Clerkenwell, viii.	L 6
Regent Street, viii. . . . .	I 8	Rosebery St., Bermondsey, ix.	Q 11
Regent St., Lambeth Wk., ix. .	L 11	Rosebery St., Dalston Ln., vii.	P 3
Regent St., Westminster, ix. . .	K 10	Rosenau Rd., Battersea, ix. . .	G 13
Reid's Brwry., 'Theobds'. Rd., viii.	L 9	Rosemary Rd., Peckham, ix. . .	O 12
Renfrew Rd., L. Kngt. Ln., ix.	M 11	Rosoman St., Clerkenwell, vii.	M 6
Repton St., Stepney, viii. . .	S 7	Rostrevor Rd., Fulham, ix. . .	C 13
Retreat Place, Hackney, vii. .	R 3	Rotherfield St., Islington, vii.	N 4
Reverdy St., Bl. Anch. Rd., ix.	P 11	Rotherhithe, ix. . . . .	Q 10
Rheidol Ter., Islington, vii. . .	N 5	Rotherhithe Pier, ix. . . . .	S 10
Rhodes Well Rd., Stepney, viii.	S 7	Rotherhithe New Road, ix. . .	Q 11
Rhyl St., Kentish Town, vii. .	E 8	Rotherhithe Station, viii. . .	Q 9
Richard St., Commrcl. Rd., vii.	Q 5	Rotherhithe St., viii. . . . .	Q 9

Rothsay St., Bermondsey, ix.	O 10	St. Ann's Rd., Stepney, viii.	S 7
Rotten Row, Hyde Park, viii.	G 9	St. Ann's Ter., St. J'hn's W., vii.	F 5
Roupell St., Lambeth, viii.	M 9	St. Augustine Rd., Cam. Tn., vii.	K 3
Roupe! Road, ix.	P 10	St. Barnabas Ch., Kens'ton, viii.	C 9
Royal Academy, Piccadilly, viii.	I 8	St. Barnabas Ch., S. L'beth, ix.	K 13
Royal Albert Hall, Ksgtn., viii.	F 9	St. Bartholomew's Hosp., viii.	M 7
Royal Aquarium, Westminster, viii.	K 9	St. Benet's Ch., Mile End, viii.	S 6
Royal Av., Chelsea, ix.	G 11	St. Botolph's Ch., Aldgate, viii.	O 7
Royal Botanic Gar., Regent's Park, vii.	H 6	St. Bride's Ch., Fleet St., viii.	M 7
Royal Chapel, Whitehall, viii.	K 9	St. Bride's St., Ldgte. Cir., viii.	M 7
Royal College of Music, viii.	F 9	St. Catherine's Lo., Reg. Pk., vii.	H 5
Royal Courts of Justice, viii.	L 7	St. Clement's Ch., Strand, viii.	L 8
Royal English Opera, viii.	K 8	St. Clement's Inn, Strand, viii.	L 7
Royal Exchange, viii.	O 8	St. Dunstan's Lo., Reg. Pk., vii.	G 5
Royal Military Asyl'm, Ch'elsea, ix.	G 11	St. Dunstan's, City, viii.	O 8
Royal Mint St., Minorities, viii.	P 8	St. Dunstan's Rd., Stepney, viii.	S 7
Royal Music Hall, Holborn, viii.	L 7	St. Edmund's Ter., Primrose Hill, vii.	G 4
Royal Oak Station, viii.	E 7	St. Ervan's Rd., Nott. Hill, viii.	C 6
Royal Rd., Walworth, ix.	M 12	St. George Rd., Kilburn, vii.	E 4
Royal St., Lambeth, ix.	L 10	St. George's Ch., Borough, viii.	N 9
Royal Ter., Walworth, ix.	M 12	St. George's Ch., Hnver. Sq., viii.	I 8
Royalty Theatre, Dean St., viii.	I 7	St. George's Cir., Bfrs. Rd., viii.	M 10
Royal Victualling Yard, Deptford, ix.	S 11	St. George's Hosp., Hyde Pk., viii.	H 9
Royston St., Bethnal Gr., vii.	R 5	St. George's in the East, viii.	Q 8
Ruby St., Hatcham, ix.	Q 12	St. George's Market, London Road, ix.	M 10
Rudolf Rd., Kilburn Pk., vii.	D 5	St. George's Rd., Battersea, ix.	I 13
Rudolf Rd., Maida Vale, vii.	E 6	St. George's Rd., Camb'l, ix.	O 12
Rumford St., Bethnal Green, vii.	R 6	St. George's Rd., Pimlico, ix.	H 11
Rundell Rd., St. Peter's Pk., vii.	D 6	St. George's Rd., Rgnt's. Pk., vii.	H 4
Rupert Rd., Kilburn, vii.	D 5	St. George's Rd., Southwark, ix.	M 10
Rupert St., Leicester Sq., viii.	I 8	St. George's Row, Pimlico, ix.	H 11
Rupert St., Leman St., viii.	P 8	St. George's R.C., St. George's Road, ix.	M 10
Rushmead St., Hackney Rd., vii.	Q 5	St. George's Sq., Pimlico, ix.	I 11
Rushton St., Hoxton, vii.	O 5	St. George's Sq., Rgnt's. Pk., vii.	G 4
Russel Gr., Camberwell, ix.	M 13	St. George's St., Btsea Pk., ix.	H 11
Russell Rd., Kensington, viii.	C 10	St. George's St., Peckham, ix.	O 13
Russell Sq., Bloomsbury, viii.	K 6	St. George's St., Shadwell, viii.	Q 8
Russell St., Battersea Pk., ix.	H 13	St. George's Wharf, ix.	S 10
Russell St., Bermondsey, viii.	O 9	St. Giles Church, viii.	K 7
Russell St., Brixton Rd., ix.	L 13	St. Helena Gars., Roth'he, ix.	R 11
Russell St., Covent Gar., viii.	K 8	St. Helena Rd., S. Bmdsy., ix.	R 11
Russell St., Rotherhithe, ix.	S 10	St. Helens Place, City, viii.	O 7
Russell St., Whitechapel, viii.	Q 7	St. James Hall, Piccadilly, viii.	I 8
Russia Lane, Bethnal Green, vii.	Q 5	St. James Palace, viii.	I 9
Rust Sq., Camberwell, ix.	N 12	St. James Park, viii.	I 9
Rutland Gate, Hyde Pk., viii.	F 9	St. James Park Station, viii.	I 10
Rutland Rd., Victoria Pk., vii.	R 4	St. James Place, Pall Mall, viii.	I 9
Rutland St., Commerel. Rd., viii.	Q 7	St. James Rd., Bermondsey, ix.	P 10
Rutland St., Hampstead Rd., vii.	I 5	St. James Rd., Holloway, vii.	L 2
Rutland St., Pimlico, ix.	I 11	St. James Rd., New Cross, ix.	S 13
Rutland St., S. Lambeth, ix.	K 12	St. James Rd., Old Kent Rd., ix.	P 11
Rutland St., Whitechapel, viii.	Q 7	St. James Rd., Victoria Pk., vii.	R 5
Ryland Rd., Kentish Town, vii.	H 3	St. James Square, viii.	I 8
Rylston Rd., Walham Green, ix.	C 12	St. James St., Islington, vii.	M 4
Sackville St., Piccadilly, viii.	I 8	St. James St., Pall Mall, viii.	I 9
Sadlers Wells Theatre, vii.	M 5	St. James Walk, Clerkenw'l, viii.	M 6
Safe Dep., Chancery Lane, viii.	L 7	St. John's Ch., St. Jhn's. Wd., vii.	F 5
St. Alban's Rd., Kensington, viii.	E 9	St. John's Ch., Walham. Gr., ix.	D 12
St. Alban's St., Kngton Rd., ix.	L 10	St. John's Park Rd., Haverstock Hill, vii.	G 2
St. Andrew St., Holborn, viii.	M 7	St. John's Rd., Hoxton, vii.	O 5
St. Andrew St., Long Acre, viii.	K 7		
St. Ann's Rd., Brixton, ix.	L 13		

St. John's Rd., Notting Hill, viii.	C 8	St. Philip's Ch., Kensington, ix.	D 10
St. John's Sq. & Ln., Clknwl., viii.	M 6	St. Philip's Rd., Dalston, vii.	P 3
St. John's St., Islington, vii.	M 4	St. Saviour's Ch., viii.	N 9
St. John's St., W. Smithfield, vii.	M 6	St. Saviour's Dock, Bmdsy., viii.	P 9
St. John's St. Rd., Clrknwl., vii.	M 6	St. Stephen's Rd., Oldford, vii.	S 5
St. John's Ter., Hackney Rd., vii.	O 5	St. Stephen's Rd., Westbourne	
St. John's Wood, vii.	E 4	Pk., viii.	D 7
St. John's Wood Park, vii.	F 4	St. Stephen's Sq., Southw'rk, viii.	N 10
St. John's Wood Road, vii.	F 6	St. Stephen's Sq., W'brn. Pk., viii.	D 7
St. John's Wood Terrace, vii.	F 5	St. Stephen's Ter., Lambeth, ix.	K 12
St. John's Wood Station, vii.	F 5	St. Thomas Hosp., Lambth, viii.	L 9
St. Jude's Ch., Bethnal Gr., vii.	Q 5	St. Thomas Rd., Bow, viii.	S 7
St. Jude's St., Bethnal Gr., vii.	Q 5	St. Thomas Rd., Hackney, vii.	R 4
St. Jude St., Kingsland, vii.	O 3	St. Thomas Sq., Hackney, vii.	Q 4
St. Julian's Rd., Kilburn, vii.	D 4	St. Thomas St., London Bridge	
St. Katherine Docks, viii.	P 8	Station, viii.	N 9
St. Katherine Dk. Warehs., viii.	O 7	St. Thomas St., Islington, viii.	M 4
St. Lawrence Rd., Nott. Hill, vii.	C 7	Salamanca St., Lambeth, ix.	L 11
St. Leonard's Ter., Chelsea, ix.	G 11	Sale St., Bethnal Green, vii.	P 6
St. Luke's Ch., viii.	N 6	Sale St., Edgware Rd., viii.	F 7
St. Luke's Hosp., Old St., vii.	N 6	Salisbury Cres., Newington, ix.	N 11
St. Luke's Rd., Kngtn. Pk., viii.	C 7	Salisbury Rd., vii.	C 5
St. Margaret's Ch., Wstmnr., viii.	K 9	Salisbury Row, Rodney Rd., ix.	N 11
St. Margaret's Hsp., Pimlico, ix.	I 10	Salisbury St., Bermondsey, viii.	Q 10
St. Margaret's Rd., KnsL. Gr., vii.	H 5	Salisbury St., Hoxton, vii.	N 5
St. Mark's Ch., Dalston, vii.	P 3	Salisbury St., Lissn Grove, viii.	F 6
St. Mark's Col., Chelsea, ix.	E 12	Salmon Lane, Stepney, viii.	S 7
St. Mark's Cr., Rgt.'s Pk. Rd., vii.	H 4	Saltram Cres., Kilburn, vii.	D 5
St. Mark's Rd., Cbwl. N. Rd., ix.	M 12	Salvation Army Hall, Totten-	
St. Mark's Rd., Chelsea, ix.	E 12	ham St., viii.	I 7
St. Mark's St., Gdmn.'s Fds., viii.	P 8	Samuel St., Commercial Rd., viii.	Q 8
St. Martin's Lane, viii.	K 8	Samuel St., Stepney, viii.	S 7
St. Martin's-le-Grand, viii.	N 7	Sancroft St., Kennington, ix.	L 11
St. Mary-at-Hill, Eastchp., viii.	O 8	Sandford Row, Walworth, ix.	N 11
St. Mary Axe, Leadenhall St., viii.	O 7	Sandilands Rd., Wandsworth	
St. Mary's Hosp., Pdngtn., viii.	F 7	Bridge Rd., ix.	D 13
St. Mary's Rd., Islington, vii.	N 3	Sandover Rd., Albany Rd., ix.	O 11
St. Mary's Sq., Kngtn. Rd., ix.	M 10	Sandringham Rd., Dalston, vii.	P 3
St. Mary's Ter., Padngtn., viii.	F 6	Sands End, Fulham, ix.	E 13
St. Mary St., Whitechapel, viii.	P 7	Sandwich St., Burton Cres., vii.	K 6
St. Olave's Ch., Whitechapel, viii.	P 7	Sandy's Row, Bishopsgate, viii.	O 7
St. Olave's Union, Brmdsy., viii.	O 9	Sanger's Amphith., Lbth, viii.	L 9
St. Oswald Rd., W. Brmptn., ix.	D 11	Sansom St., Camberwell, ix.	N 13
St. Pancras Ch., Euston Rd., vii.	K 6	Sardinia St., Lincoln's Inn, viii.	L 7
St. Pancras Sta. (Mid. Ry.), vii.	K 5	Satchwell Rd., Bethnal Gr., vii.	P 6
St. Pancras Workhouse, vii.	K 4	Saville Pl., Lambeth, ix.	L 10
St. Paul's Cathedral, viii.	M 7	Saville Row, Burlington Gar., viii.	I 8
St. Paul's Ch., Kensington, viii.	D 9	Saville St., Marylebone, viii.	I 7
St. Paul's Ch., Kingsland, vii.	N 3	Savona St., Battersea Pk., ix.	I 12
St. Paul's Churchyard, viii.	M 8	Savoy Chapel, Strand, viii.	L 8
St. Paul's Cres., Camden Tn., vii.	K 3	Savoy St., Strand, viii.	L 8
St. Paul's Pier, viii.	M 8	Saxon Rd., Oldford, vii.	S 5
St. Paul's Pl., Kingsland, vii.	N 3	Sayer St., Newington, ix.	N 10
St. Paul's Rd., Bow Common, viii.	T 7	Scarsdale Rd., Albany Rd., ix.	O 12
St. Paul's Rd., Camden Tn., vii.	K 3	Scarsdale Vs., Kensington, ix.	D 10
St. Paul's Rd., Islington, vii.	N 3	Scawfell St., Hackney Rd., vii.	P 5
St. Paul's Rd., Walworth, ix.	M 11	Sceptre St., Bethnal Gr., viii.	R 6
St. Paul's Station, viii.	M 8	Schoolhouse Lane, Shadwell, viii.	R 8
St. Paul's St., New Nth. Rd., vii.	N 4	Sc Slater St., Shoreditch, viii.	P 6
St. Peter's Ch., Walworth, ix.	N 11	Scotland Yard, Whitehall, viii.	K 9
St. Peter's Park, vii.	D 6	Scott St., Bethnal Green, viii.	Q 6
St. Peter's St., Hackney Rd., vii.	P 5	Scovell Rd., Borough, viii.	M 9
St. Peter's St., Islington, vii.	M 5	Scrutton St., Finsbury, viii.	O 6
St. Peter's St. & Rd., M. End, viii.	R 6	Seabright St., Bth. Gr. Rd., vii.	Q 6

Seagrove Rd., W. Brompton, ix.	D 11	Silver St., Notting Hill, viii.	D 8
Seaton St., Chelsea, ix.	E 12	Silver St., Rotherhithe, viii.	S 9
Sebbon St., Islington, vii.	M 4	Silwood St., S. Bermondsey, ix.	Q 11
Second Avenue, Kensal Gr., vii.	C 6	Singleton St., Hoxton, vii.	O 5
Sedgmoor Pl., Camberwell, ix.	O 13	Skidmore St., Mile End, viii.	R 7
Sekford St., Clerkenwell, viii.	M 6	Skinner St., Bishopsgate, viii.	O 7
Selby St., Bethnal Green, viii.	P 6	Skinner St., Clerkenwell, vii.	M 6
Selwood Pl., Fulham Rd., ix.	F 11	Sleaford St. S. Lambeth, ix.	I 12
Senegal Rd., Bermondsey, ix.	R 11	Sloane Gar., Chelsea, ix.	G 11
Senior St., Harrow Rd., viii.	E 6	Sloane Sq., Chelsea, viii.	G 10
Serle St., Lincoln Inn, viii.	L 7	Sloane Sq. Station, viii.	G 10
Serpentine River, Hyde Pk., viii.	F 8	Sloane St., Chelsea, vii.	G 10
Settle St., Whitechapel, viii.	P 7	Sloane Ter., Sloane St., viii.	G 10
Seven Dials, viii.	K 7	Smithfield, viii.	M 7
Sewardstone Rd., Vict. Pk., vii.	R 5	Smith Sq., Westminster, ix.	K 10
Seward St., Goswell Rd., vii.	N 6	Smiths St., Kennington Pk., ix.	M 12
Seymour Pl., Bryanston Sq., viii.	G 7	Smith St., Chelsea, ix.	G 11
Seymour Pl., Fulham Rd., ix.	E 11	Smith St., Northampton Sq., vii.	M 6
Seymour St., Euston Sq., vii.	I 5	Smith St., Stepney, viii.	R 7
Seymour St., Portman Sq., viii.	G 7	Smith Ter., Chelsea, ix.	G 11
Shad Thames, Hrslydwn., ix.	P 11	Smyrk's Rd., Old Kent Rd., ix.	O 11
Shadwell, viii.	Q 8	Snow Fields, Bermondsey, viii.	O 9
Shadwell Basin, viii.	Q 8	Snow Hill, Holborn, viii.	M 7
Shadwell Station, viii.	Q 8	Snow Hill Station, viii.	M 7
Shaftesbury Avenue, viii.	K 8	Soane Museum, Lncln.'s Inn, viii.	L 7
Shaftesbury St., Hoxton, vii.	N 5	Soho Square, viii.	K 7
Shaftesbury St., Walworth, ix.	N 11	Somerford St., Bethnal Gr., viii.	Q 6
Shaftesbury Theatre, viii.	K 8	Somerset House, Strand, viii.	L 8
Shandy St., Mile End, viii.	R 7	Somerset St., Portman Sq., viii.	H 7
Shap St., Kingsland Rd., vii.	P 5	Somers Town, vii.	K 5
Shards Rd., Peckham, ix.	Q 13	Southampton Row, Holborn, viii.	K 7
Shard Sq., Old Kent Rd., ix.	P 12	Southampton St., Cambrwl., ix.	O 12
Sharray St., Old Kent Rd., ix.	Q 11	Southampton St., Holborn, viii.	K 7
Sharsted St., Kengt. Park, ix.	M 11	Southampton St., Pntv. Rd., vii.	L 5
Shawfield St., King's Rd., ix.	G 11	Southampton St., Strand, viii.	K 8
Sheep Lane, Hackney, vii.	Q 5	Southam St., viii.	C 6
Sheffield Gar., Cmpdn. Hill, viii.	D 9	South Bermondsey Sta., ix.	Q 11
Shenton St., Old Kent Rd., ix.	Q 12	Southborough Rd., Hacky., vii.	K 4
Shepherdess Walk, City Rd., vii.	N 5	South Eaton Pl., Pimlico, ix.	H 10
Shepherd's Lane, Homerton, vii.	R 3	Southgate Green, Hoxton, vii.	O 4
Shepherd's Mkt., Mayfair, viii.	H 8	Southgate Rd., Kingsland, vii.	O 4
Shepperton Road, New North Road, vii.	N 4	South Grove, Mile End Rd., viii.	S 6
Sherborne St., Islington, vii.	N 4	South Gr., E. & W., Kingsld., vii.	O 3
Shere Rd., Deptford, ix.	S 12	South Island Pl., Clap. Rd., ix.	L 12
Sheridan St., Shadwell, viii.	Q 8	South Kensington Museum, ix.	F 10
Sheriff Rd., W. Hampstead, vii.	D 3	South Kensington Station, ix.	F 10
Shipton St., Hackney Rd., vii.	P 5	South Lambeth, ix.	K 12
Shirland Rd. & Mews, vii.	D 6	South Lambeth Rd., ix.	K 12
Shoe Lane, Fleet St., viii.	M 7	South Molton St., Oxford St., viii.	H 8
Shoreditch, vii.	O 6	South Parade, Chelsea, ix.	F 11
Shoreditch Sta. (E. Lon.), viii.	P 6	South Pl., Kenington. Pk., ix.	M 11
Shoreditch Sta. (N. Lon.), vii.	O 6	South St., Audley St., viii.	H 8
Shore Rd., Hackney, vii.	Q 4	South St., Brompton, ix.	F 10
Shorrold Rd., Walham Gr., ix.	C 12	South St., Camberwell, ix.	O 13
Shouldham St., Brystn. Sq., viii.	G 7	South St. & Pl., Finsbury, viii.	N 7
Shrubland Grove, Dalston, vii.	P 4	South St., Islington, vii.	N 4
Shrubland Rd., Dalston, vii.	P 4	South St., Manchester Sq., viii.	H 7
Sidmouth St., Gray's Inn Rd., vii.	L 6	South St., Walworth, ix.	N 11
Sidney Sq. & St., Whitechl., viii.	Q 7	South Ville, Wndswth. Rd., ix.	K 13
Sidney St., City Rd., vii.	M 5	Southwark Bridge, viii.	N 8
Sidney St., York Rd., vii.	L 4	Southwark Bridge Rd., viii.	N 9
Sigdon Rd., Dalston, vii.	Q 3	Southwark Military Prison, viii.	N 9
Silverlock Rd., Rotherhithe, ix.	R 11	Southwark Park, ix.	Q 10
		Southwark Park Road, ix.	Q 10



Southwark Street, viii. . . .	M 9	Stean St., Haggerston, vii. . .	O 4
South Wharf Rd., Padugtn., viii.	F 7	Steedman St., Newington, ix. .	M 11
Southwell Gar., Kensgtn., ix.	E 10	Steele's Rd., Havrstk. Hill, vii.	G 3
Southwick Cres., Oxford Sq., viii.	F 7	Stephen St., Lisson Grove, viii.	G 6
Spa Fields, vii. . . . .	L 6	Stepney, viii. . . . .	R 7
Spafields Cha., Exmth. St., vii.	M 6	Stepney Causeway, viii. . .	R 8
Spa Fields, Farringdon Rd., viii.	M 6	Stepney Church, viii. . . .	R 7
Spa Rd., Bermondsey, ix. . . .	P 10	Stepney Green, viii. . . .	R 7
Spa Road Station, ix. . . . .	P 10	Stepney Station, viii. . . .	S 8
Speldhurst Rd., Hackney, vii.	R 4	Stewart's Lane, Batrsea. Flds., ix.	I 13
Spencer St., Goswell Rd., vii.	M 6	Stewart's Rd., Wndswrth. Rd., ix.	I 13
Spencer St., Islington, vii. . .	M 4	Stibbington St., Somers Tn., vii.	I 5
Spitalfields, viii. . . . .	P 7	Stockdale Rd., Wnswth. Rd., ix.	I 13
Spitalfields Market, viii. . . .	O 7	Stockholm Rd., Rotherhithe, ix.	R 12
Spital Sq., Norton Folgate, viii.	O 7	Stockington St., Batrsea. Pk., ix.	H 13
Spital St., Spitalfields, viii. .	P 6	Stockmar Rd., Hackney, vii. .	Q 3
Spring Gardens, Char. Cross, viii.	K 9	Stockwell Station, ix. . . .	K 13
Spring Gardens, Stepney, viii.	R 7	Stonefield St., Islington, vii. .	M 4
Spring Grove, Lambeth, ix. . .	K 12	Stoney Lane, Tooley St., viii. .	O 9
Spring Pl., Wndswth. Rd., ix.	K 12	Stoney St., Borough, viii. . .	N 9
Spring St., Paddington, viii. . .	F 7	Store St., Bedford Sq., viii. .	K 7
Spurgeon's Tabernacle, ix. . . .	M 10	Stork Rd., Bermondsey, ix. . .	P 10
Spurston Rd., Hackney, vii. . .	Q 3	Strahan St., Grove Rd., vii. . .	S 5
Squerries St., Bethnal Gr., vii.	P 6	Strand, The, viii. . . . .	L 8
Stafford House, Pall Mall, viii.	I 9	Stranraer Pl., viii. . . . .	E 6
Stafford Pl., Bkhn. Pal. Rd., viii.	I 9	Stratford Pl., Camden Tn., vii.	I 3
Stafford Rd., Kilburn, vii. . . .	D 5	Stratford Rd., Kensington, ix.	D 10
Stafford Rd., Oldford, vii. . . .	S 5	Strathnairn St., St. James Rd., ix.	P 11
Stafford St., Marylebone Rd., viii.	G 6	Strathay Gar., Belsize Pk., vii.	F 3
Stafford Ter., Kensington, viii.	D 9	Stratley Rd., Kilburn Rd., vii.	C 3
Stamford Rd., Fulham Rd., ix.	E 12	Stratton St., Piccadilly, viii. .	I 8
Stamford Rd., Kingsland, vii. . .	O 3	Strutton Grove, Pimlico, ix. . .	I 10
Stamford St., Bl'kfriars Rd., viii.	M 8	Studholme St., Peckham, ix. . .	Q 13
Standard St., Southwark, ix. . .	N 10	Sturndale Rd., W'worth Rd., ix.	I 13
Stanford Rd., Keusington, viii.	E 10	Subway, Tower Hill, viii. . .	O 8
Stanford Rd., King's Rd., ix. . .	E 12	Sudley St., City Rd., vii. . . .	M 5
Stangate St., Lambeth, viii. . .	L 9	Suffolk Rd., Hackney, vii. . .	P 4
Stanhope Gar., S. Knsngtn, ix.	E 10	Suffolk St., Deptford Rd., ix. . .	R 10
Stanhope Pl., Tyburnia, viii. . .	G 8	Suffolk St., Pall Mall, viii. . .	K 8
Stanhope St., Clare Market, viii.	L 7	Sultan St., Camberwell, ix. . .	N 12
Stanhope St., Euston Rd., vii.	I 6	Sumner Pl., Chelsea, ix. . . .	F 10
Stanhope St., Hampstd. Rd., vii.	I 5	Sumner Rd., Peckham, ix. . . .	P 12
Stanhope St., Gt., Park Ln., viii.	H 8	Sumner St., Southwark, viii. . .	N 9
Stanhope St., Tyburnia, viii. . .	F 8	Sun St., Finsbury, viii. . . .	O 7
Stanley Cres., Notting Hill, viii.	C 8	Sun Tavern Gap, Shadwell, viii.	R 8
Stanley Gar., Belsize Pk., vii. . .	G 3	Surrey County Jail, ix. . . . .	N 10
Stanley Gar., Notting Hill, viii.	C 8	Surrey Gro., Old Kent Rd., ix.	O 11
Stanley Rd., Chelsea, ix. . . .	E 12	Surrey Lane, Battersea, ix. . .	F 13
Stanley Rd., Hackney, vii. . . .	Q 3	Surrey Sq., Old Kent Rd., ix.	O 11
Stanley Rd., Kingsland, vii. . .	O 3	Surrey Ter., Peckham, ix. . . .	P 13
Stanley St., Chelsea, ix. . . . .	G 10	Surrey Theatre, viii. . . . .	M 10
Stanley St., Hoxton, vii. . . .	N 5	Sussex Gardens., Hyde Pk., viii.	F 7
Stanley St., New Cross, ix. . . .	S 13	Sussex Pl., Regent's Pk., vii. . .	G 6
Stanley St., Pimlico, ix. . . . .	H 11	Sussex Sq., Hyde Park, viii. . .	F 8
Stanmore St., Caled. Rd., vii.	L 4	Sussex St., Battersea Fields, ix.	I 12
Staples Inn, Holborn, viii. . . .	L 7	Sussex St., Pimlico, ix. . . .	H 11
Staple St., Southwark, viii. . .	N 10	Sussex St., Sussex Sq., viii. . .	F 7
Star Corner, Bermondsey, ix. . .	O 10	Sussex Villas, Kensington, ix.	E 10
Star Lane, North End, ix. . . .	C 11	Sutherland Avenue, vii. . . .	E 6
Star Rd., North End, ix. . . .	C 11	Sutherland Pl., Bayswater, viii.	D 7
Star St., Edgware Rd., viii. . .	F 7	Sutherland Rd., Oldford, vii. . .	S 5
Stationery Office, West'r, viii.	K 9	Sutherland Sq., Walworth, ix.	N 11
Station Rd., Camberwell, ix. . .	N 13	Sutherland St., Pimlico, ix. . .	H 11
Stayton St., Chelsea, ix. . . . .	G 10	Sutherland St., Walworth, ix.	N 11



Sutton Pl., Hackney, vii. ..	R 3	Thayer St., Manchester Sq., viii. H	7
Sutton St., Soho, viii. ..	K 7	Theberton St., Islington, vii. ..	M 4
Sutton St., York Rd., viii. ..	L 9	Theobalds Road, viii. ..	L 7
Sutton St. East, Shadwell, viii. Q	8	Theobald St., New Kent Rd., ix. N	10
Swan Lane, Rotherhithe, viii. R	9	Theydon Rd., Grove Rd., vii. ..	S 5
Swan Pl., Old Kent Rd., ix. ..	O 11	Third Avenue, Kensal Gr., vii. C	5
Swan St., Minories, viii. ..	P 8	Thistle Grove Lane, Chelsea, ix. E	11
Swan St., Southwark, vii. ..	N 10	Thomas St., Bermondsey, ix. ..	O 10
Swan Walk, Chelsea, ix. ..	G 11	Thomas St., Bethnal Gr., viii. P	6
Swinbrook Rd., Notting Hill, viii. C	6	Thomas St., Hackney Rd., vii. O	5
Swing Bdge. Rd., Comrel. Dks., ix. S	10	Thomas St., Horsleydown, viii. P	9
Swinton St., Gray's Inn Rd., vii. L	5	Thomas St., Kensington Park, ix. M	12
Swiss Cottage Station, vii. ..	F 3	Thomas St., Shadwell, viii. ..	R 8
Sydney Pl., S. Kensington, ix. F	10	Thomas St., Stamford St., viii. M	9
Sydney Pl., S. Lambeth, ix. ..	K 13	Thomas St., Whitechapel, viii. Q	7
Sydney Rd., Homerton, vii. ..	S 3	Thorburn Sq., Blue An. Rd., ix. P	11
Sydney St., Chelsea, ix. ..	F 11	Thorne Rd., S. Lambeth, ix. ..	K 13
Sylvan Gr., Old Kent Rd., ix. ..	Q 12	Thorne St., Lambeth, ix. ..	K 12
Symon St., Chelsea, ix. ..	G 11	Thorngate Rd., St. Peter's Pk., vii. D	6
Tabard St., Borough, viii. ..	N 9	Thornhill Cres., Islington, vii. L	4
Tabernacle, Spurgeon's, ix. ..	M 10	Thornhill Rd., Barnsbury, vii. L	4
Tabernacle Sq., Old St., vii. ..	O 6	Thornhill Sq., Islington, vii. ..	L 4
Tabernacle St., Finsbury, viii. O	6	Thorpmarket Rd., Wandsworth	
Tachbrook St., Pimlico, ix. ..	I 11	Road, ix. ..	K 13
Tadema Rd., Chelsea, ix. ..	E 12	Thrawl St., Spitalfields, viii. ..	P 7
Tagg St., Bethnal Green, vii. ..	R 5	Threadneedle Street, viii. ..	O 7
Tait St., Shadwell, viii. ..	Q 8	Three Colt Lane, Beth. Gr., viii. Q	6
Talbot Green, Notting Hill, viii. C	7	Three Colt St., Limehouse, viii. S	8
Talbot Rd., Westbourne Pk., viii. D	7	Throgmorton St., Bank, viii. ..	N 7
Talgarth Rd., North End, ix. ..	C 11	Throgmorton Avenue, City, viii. O	7
Tarling St., Commercl. Rd., viii. Q	8	Thurley St., Peckham, ix. ..	P 13
Tattersall's, Brompton, viii. ..	G 9	Thurlos Sq. & Pl., S. Ken., ix. F	10
Tavistock Cr., Knsgtn. Pk., viii. C	7	Thurlow St., Walworth, ix. ..	O 11
Tavistock Pl., Tavistock Sq., vii. K	6	Tibberton Sq., Islington, vii. ..	N 4
Tavistock Rd., Knsgtn. Pk., viii. C	7	Tilson Rd., Peckham, ix. ..	O 12
Tavistock Sq., vii. ..	K 6	Tilton Villas, Fulham, ix. ..	C 12
Tavistock St., Covent Gar., viii. K	8	Times Office, City, viii. ..	M 8
Taviton St., Gordon Sq., vii. ..	K 6	Tindal St., Camberwell, ix. ..	M 13
Teale St., Hackney Rd., vii. ..	P 5	Tichfield Rd., St. Jhn's. Wd., vii. G	4
Tedworth Sq., Chelsea, ix. ..	G 11	Tite St., Chelsea, ix. ..	G 11
Teesdale St., Bethnal Gr., vii. Q	5	Tobacco Dock, viii. ..	Q 8
Telegraph St., Moorg. St., viii. N	7	Tollit St., Mile End, viii. ..	R 6
Telford Rd., Notting Hill, viii. C	6	Tomlin's Ter., Stepney, viii. ..	S 7
Templar Rd., Homerton, vii. R	2	Tonbridge St., Euston Rd., vii. K	5
Temple Bar, Fleet St., viii. ..	L 8	Tooley St., Southwark, viii. ..	O 9
Temple Gardens, viii. ..	L 8	Torriano Av., Camden Tn., vii. K	3
Temple Pier, viii. ..	L 8	Torrington Sq. and Pl., Blooms-	
Temple Station, viii. ..	L 8	bury, viii. ..	K 6
Temple St., Bethnal Green, vii. Q	5	Torbay Rd., Willesden Lane, vii. C	4
Temple St., Dalston, vii. ..	P 3	Torbay St., Camden Town, vii. I	3
Temple, The, Fleet St., viii. L	8	Tothill St., Westminster, viii. K	9
Templeton Pl., Earl's Court, ix. D	10	Tottenham Court Road, viii. ..	I 6
Tench St., Wapping, viii. ..	Q 9	Tottenham Rd., Kingsland, vii. O	3
Tennison St., Waterloo Rd., viii. L	9	Tottenham St., Tot. Ct. Rd., viii. I	7
Tennyson Rd., Kilburn, vii. ..	C 4	Totty St., Roman Rd., vii. ..	S 5
Tenter St., Spitalfields, viii. O	7	Toulmin St., Southwark, viii. N	9
Tenter St., Minories, viii. ..	P 8	Toulon St., Camberwell, ix. ..	M 12
Terrace Rd., Hackney, vii. R	4	Tournay Rd., Walham Gr., ix. C	12
Terrace, The, Kngrn. Pk., ix. L	12	Tower Bridge, viii. ..	O 9
Tetcott Rd., Chelsea, ix. ..	E 12	Tower Hill, viii. ..	O 8
Thames St., Rotherhithe, ix. S	10	Tower St., London Fields, vii. Q	4
Thames Tunnel, viii. ..	Q 9	Tower St., Wstm. Br. Rd., viii. M	10
Thanet St., Burton Cres., vii. K	6	Tower, The, viii. ..	O 8
		Townsend St., Old Kent Rd., ix. O	11

Townshend Rd., St. Jhn.'s Wd., vii.	G 4	Union St., Pimlico Rd., ix.	H 11
Toxophilite Socy., Rgent's Pk. vii.	H 6	Union St., Southwark, viii.	M 9
Tracey St., Kennington, ix.	L 11	Union St., Whitechapel Rd., viii.	P 7
Trafalgar Rd., Dalston, vii.	P 4	United Ser. Instit., Whiteh., viii.	K 9
Trafalgar Rd., Old Kent Rd., ix.	P 11	University of London, viii.	I 8
Trafalgar Square, viii.	K 8	University College, Gow'r St., viii.	I 6
Trafalgar Sq., Chelsea, ix.	F 11	University St., Gower St., viii.	I 6
Trafalgar Sq., Peckham, ix.	P 13	Uperne Rd., Chelsea, ix.	E 12
Trafalgar Sq., Stepney, viii.	R 7	Upcott St., Old Kent Rd., ix.	R 12
Trafalgar St., Walworth, ix.	N 11	Up. Baker St., Mrylebn. Rd., viii.	G 6
Tranton Rd., Bermondsey, ix.	P 10	Up. Bedford Pl., Rusl. Sq., viii.	K 6
Trebovier Rd., Earl's Court, ix.	D 11	Up. Berkeley St., Port. Sq., viii.	G 7
Tredegar Square, vii.	S 6	Up. Bland St., Southwark, ix.	N 10
Tredway St., Bethnal Gr., vii.	Q 5	Upper Chapel St., Soho, viii.	I 7
Tregunter Rd., Chelsea, ix.	E 11	Up. E. Smithfield, Tower, viii.	P 8
Treherne Rd., Brixton, ix.	M 13	Up. Eccleston St., Belg. Sq., viii.	H 10
Trelawney Rd., Hackney, vii.	Q 3	Up. George St., Edgware Rd., viii.	G 7
Trident St., Deptford Rd., ix.	R 10	Up. Glou'ster St., Mrylbne., viii.	G 6
Trigon Rd., S. Lambeth, ix.	L 12	Up. Grange Rd., Brmondsy., ix.	O 11
Trin St., Deptford, ix.	S 12	Up. Ground St., Blkfrs., viii.	M 8
Trinity Ch., Euston Rd., viii.	I 6	Up. Kennington Lane, ix.	L 11
Trinity Ch., Rotherhithe, viii.	S 9	Up. Marsh, Lambeth, viii.	L 10
Trinity House, Trinity Sq., viii.	O 8	Up. Marylebone St., viii.	I 7
Trinity Sq., Southwark, ix.	N 10	Up. Montagu St., Mtngu. Sq., viii.	G 7
Trinity Sq., Tower Hill, viii.	O 8	Up. Park Pl., Regent's Pk., viii.	G 6
Trinity St., Islington, vii.	M 5	Up. Park Rd., Hvrstock. Hl., vii.	G 2
Trinity St., Southwark, viii.	N 10	Up. Park St., Islington, vii.	M 4
Trocadero, Gt. Windmill St., viii.	I 8	Up. Rosoman St., Spa Fields, vii.	M 6
Trott St., Battersea, ix.	F 13	Upper St., Islington, vii.	M 5
Truman Place, Kingsland, vii.	O 2	Up. Thames St., viii.	N 8
Trundley's Lane, Rotherhithe, ix.	R 11	Up. White Cross St., Old St., viii.	N 6
Tudor Grove, Hackney, vii.	Q 4	Up. Woburn Pl., Euston Sq., vii.	K 6
Tudor Road, Hackney, vii.	Q 4	Up. York Pl., St. Jhn.'s Wd., vii.	F 5
Tudor St., N. Bridge St., viii.	M 8	Upton Rd., Kilburn, vii.	E 4
Tufton St., Westminster, ix.	K 10	Ursula St., Battersea, ix.	F 13
Tuileries St., Hackney Rd., vii.	P 5	Urswick Rd., Hackney, vii.	R 3
Tunnel Pier, Wapping, viii.	Q 9	Usher Rd., Oldford, vii.	T 5
Turks Row, Chelsea, ix.	G 11	Usk St., Bethnal Green, vii.	R 6
Turin St., Bethnal Green, vii.	P 6	Uverdale Rd., Chelsea, ix.	E 12
Turners Rd., Limehouse, viii.	S 7	Uxbridge St., Newington, ix.	N 10
Turner St., Commercial Rd., viii.	Q 7	Uxbridge St., Notting Hill, viii.	D 8
Tussaud's Exhibition, viii.	H 6		
Tustin St., Old Kent Rd., ix.	Q 12	Valentine Rd., Hackney, vii.	R 3
Twyford St., Islington, vii.	L 4	Vale, The, King's Rd., ix.	F 11
Tyburnia, viii.	F 7	Valmar Rd., Camberwell, ix.	N 13
Tyers St., Lambeth, ix.	L 11	Vansittart St., Deptford, ix.	S 12
Tyers Ter., Kennington, ix.	L 11	Vanston Pl., Walham Gr., ix.	D 12
Tysoe St., Wilmington Sq., vii.	M 6	Varden St., Whitechapel, viii.	Q 7
		Varna Rd., Walham Gr., ix.	C 12
Ufton Grove, Kingsland, vii.	O 4	Vassal Rd., Brixton, ix.	L 13
Ufton Rd., Kingsland, vii.	O 4	Vauban St., Spa Rd., ix.	P 10
Ulric St., Camberwell, ix.	M 12	Vauxhall Bridge, ix.	K 11
Umberston St., Comel. Rd., viii.	Q 7	Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Pimlico, ix.	I 10
Underwood St., Bethnal Gr., viii.	P 6	Vauxhall Cross, ix.	K 11
Union Rd., Hackney, vii.	R 3	Vauxhall Park, ix.	K 12
Union Rd., Islington, vii.	M 3	Vauxhall Road Pier, ix.	K 11
Union Rd., Rotherhithe, ix.	Q 10	Vauxhall Station, ix.	K 11
Union Rd., Southwark, ix.	N 10	Vauxhall St., Kennington, ix.	L 11
Union Sq., Borough, ix.	N 10	Vauxhall Walk, Lambeth, ix.	L 11
Union Sq., Islington, vii.	N 4	Vere Gardens, Kensington, viii.	E 9
Union St., Brushfield St., viii.	O 7	Vereker Rd., North End, ix.	C 11
Union St., Cleveland St., viii.	I 7	Vere St., Clare Market, viii.	L 7
Union St., Hackney Rd., vii.	O 5	Vere St., Oxford St., viii.	H 7
Union St., Kennington Rd., ix.	L 10	Verney Rd., Old Kent Rd., ix.	P 11

Vernon Rd., Oldford, vii.	T 5	Walworth Rd. Station, ix.	N 12
Vernon St., King's Cross Rd., vii.	L 5	Wandsworth Bridge Rd., ix.	D 13
Vernon St., North End, ix.	C 10	Wandsworth Rd., S. Lamb., ix.	K 12
Vestry Hall, Peckham Rd., ix.	O 13	Wansey St., Newington, ix.	N 11
Veterinary Col., Camden Tn., vii.	I 4	Wapping, viii.	Q 9
Viaduct St., Bethnal Gr., vii.	Q 6	Wapping Basin, viii.	Q 9
Vicarage Rd., Camberwell, ix.	N 13	Wapping Station, viii.	Q 9
Viceroy Rd., S. Lambeth, ix.	K 13	Wapping Wall, Shadwell, viii.	Q 9
Victoria Bridge (railway), ix.	H 12	Warburton Rd., Lon. Flds., vii.	Q 4
Victoria Embankment, viii.	K 9	Warden Rd., Kentish Town, vii.	H 3
Victoria Gar., Notting Hill, viii.	D 8	Wardour St., Soho, viii.	I 7
Victoria Gate, Hyde Park, viii.	F 8	Warley St., Bethnal Green, vii.	R 6
Victoria Grove, Chelsea, ix.	E 12	Warlock Rd., St. Peter's Pk., vii.	D 6
Victoria Gr., Kensington, viii.	E 9	Warner Pl., Hackney Rd., vii.	P 5
Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea, ix.	G 11	Warner St., Clerkenwell, viii.	L 6
Victoria Park, vii.	S 4	Warner St., Lo. Holloway, vii.	L 3
Victoria Park Cemetery, vii.	R 6	Warner St., New Kent Rd., ix.	N 10
Victoria Park Road, vii.	Q 4	War Office, Pall Mall, viii.	I 9
Victoria Pk. Sq., Bethnal Gr., vii.	Q 5	Warren St., Fitzroy Sq., viii.	I 6
Victoria Park Station, vii.	S 3	Warren St., Islington, vii.	L 5
Victoria Rd., Battersea Pk., ix.	H 12	Warrior Rd., Camberwell, ix.	M 12
Victoria Rd., Kensington, viii.	E 9	Warsill St., Battersea, ix.	G 13
Victoria Rd., Kentish Tn., vii.	I 3	Warwick Cr., Harrow Rd., viii.	E 6
Victoria Rd., Kilburn, vii.	D 4	Warwick Gar., Kensington, ix.	C 10
Victoria Rd., Lr. Holloway, vii.	L 2	Warwick Lane, Newgate St., viii.	M 7
Victoria Rd., Victoria Pk., vii.	T 3	Warwick Pl., Maida Hill, viii.	E 6
Victoria Rd., Wndswrth Bridge Rd., ix.	E 13	Warwick Pl., St. John's Wd., vii.	F 5
Victoria Sq., B'ham Pal. Rd., ix.	H 10	Warwick Road, viii.	E 6
Victoria Station, ix.	I 10	Warwick Rd., Kensington, ix.	C 10
Victoria St., Shadwell, viii.	Q 8	Warwick Sq., Pimlico, ix.	I 11
Victoria St., Westminster, ix.	I 10	Warwick St., Blkfriars Rd., viii.	M 9
Victoria Villas, Kilburn, vii.	D 4	Warwick St. & Gar., Dptfd., ix.	S 12
Victory Pl., Newington, ix.	N 10	Warwick St., Golden Sq., viii.	I 8
Vigo St., Regent St., viii.	I 8	Warwick St., Pimlico, ix.	H 11
Villa St., Walworth, ix.	N 11	Waterford Rd., Walham, ix.	D 12
Villiers St., Strand, viii.	K 8	Waterhouse Lane, Shadwell, viii.	R 8
Vincent Sq. & St., Pimlico, ix.	I 10	Waterloo Bridge, viii.	L 8
Vincent Ter., City Rd., vii.	M 5	Waterloo Junction Station, viii.	M 9
Vine St., Bermondsey, viii.	O 9	Waterloo Pier, viii.	L 8
Vine St., Lambeth, viii.	L 9	Waterloo Place, viii.	I 8
Vine St., Minories, viii.	O 8	Waterloo Rd., Lambeth, viii.	L 9
Virginia Rd., Bethnal Green, vii.	P 6	Waterloo Rd., Victoria Pk., vii.	Q 5
Vivian Rd., Victoria Pk., vii.	S 5	Waterloo Sta. (L. & S. W.), viii.	L 9
Vyner St., Victoria Pk., vii.	Q 5	Waterloo Ter., Islington, vii.	M 4
Wadding St., Newington, ix.	N 11	Waterloo St., Camberwell, ix.	N 13
Wadeson St., Cambridge Rd., vii.	Q 5	Watling St., St. Paul's, viii.	N 8
Waite St., Old Kent Rd., ix.	O 12	Watney St., Commrel. Rd., viii.	Q 8
Walden St., Whitechapel, viii.	Q 7	Watson's St., Deptford, ix.	T 13
Walbrook, Mansion House, viii.	N 8	Waverley Rd., Harrow Rd., viii.	D 6
Walcot Sq., Lambeth, ix.	M 10	Webber Row, Waterloo Rd., viii.	M 9
Walham Green, ix.	D 12	Webber St., Blackfriars Rd., viii.	M 9
Walham Gro., W. End Rd., ix.	D 12	Webb St., Bermondsey, ix.	O 10
Wallace Rd., Canonbury, vii.	N 3	Webb St., Walworth, ix.	N 11
Wallbrook St., Hoxton, vii.	N 5	Webster Rd., Bermondsey, ix.	P 10
Walnut Tree Walk, Kensington Rd., ix.	L 10	Weedington Rd., Kent. Tn., vii.	H 3
Walpole Rd., New Cross Rd., ix.	S 13	Welbeck St., Cavendish Sq., viii.	H 7
Walpole St., Chelsea, ix.	G 11	Wellclose Sq., St. Geo.'s E., viii.	P 8
Walterton Rd., Harrow Rd., vii.	D 6	Wellesley Cr., Primrose Hill, viii.	F 4
Walton St., Chelsea, ix.	G 10	Wellesley Rd., Kentish Tn., vii.	H 2
Walworth Rd., ix.	N 11	Wellesley St., Stepney, viii.	R 7
		Wellington Barracks, viii.	I 9
		Wellington Pl., Blackfriars, viii.	M 9
		Wellington Pl., St. Jn's Wd., vii.	F 5
		Wellington Rd., Battersea, ix.	F 12

Wellington Rd., Holloway, vii.	L 3	Westmorland St., Pimlico, ix...	H 11
Wellington Rd., St. Jn.'s Wd., vii.	F 5	Weston St., Bermondsey, viii.	O 9
Wellington Rd., Wlhm. Gr., ix.	C 12	Weston St., Pentonville Rd., vii.	L 5
Wellington Row, Beth. Gr., vii.	P 6	West Smithfield, viii. . . .	M 7
Wellington Sq., Chelsea, ix. . .	G 11	West Sq., Southwark, ix. . .	M 10
Wellington Sta., Hyde Pk., viii.	H 9	West St., Battersea Pk., ix. . .	H 13
Wellington St., Bethnal Gr., vii.	R 5	West St., Bermondsey, ix. . .	P 10
Wellington St., Camden Tn., vii.	H 4	West St., Hackney, vii. . . .	R 3
Wellington St., Islington, vii. . .	M 4	West St., Mare St., vii. . . .	Q 4
Wellington St., Kgsld. Rd., vii.	O 5	West St., Mile End, viii. . . .	Q 6
Wellington St., L. Holwy., vii.	L 3	West St., Pimlico, ix. . . .	H 11
Wellington St., Newington, ix.	N 10	Wetherby Gar., Chelsea, ix. . .	E 11
Wellington St., Strand, viii. . .	L 8	Wetherell Rd., Victoria Pk., vii.	R 4
Wells Pl., Camberwell, ix. . . .	O 13	Weymouth St., Prtld. Pl., viii.	H 7
Wells Rd., Primrose Hill, vii.	G 4	Weymouth Ter., Hckny. Rd., vii.	P 5
Wells St., Camberwell, ix. . . .	O 12	Wharfdale Rd., King's Cr., vii.	L 5
Wells St., Gray's Inn Rd., vii.	L 6	Wharf Rd., City Rd., vii. . .	N 5
Wells St., London Docks, viii.	P 8	Wharf Rd., Pancras Rd., vii.	K 5
Wells St., Oxford St., viii. . . .	I 7	Wharton St., Pentonville, vii. .	L 6
Well St., Hackney, vii. . . . .	Q 4	Wheatstone Rd., Ntng. Hill . .	C 6
Well St., Jewin St., viii. . . .	N 7	Wheeler St., Spitalfields, viii. .	O 6
Welsford Rd., Bermondsey, ix.	P 11	Whiskin St., St. Jn.'s St. Rd., vii.	M 6
Wenlock Rd. & St., Hoxton, vii.	N 5	Whiston St., Hackney Rd., vii.	P 5
Wennington Rd., Vic. Park, vii.	R 5	Whitecomb St., Leicstr. Sq., viii.	K 8
Wentworth St., Whitechpl., viii.	P 7	Whitechapel, High St., viii. . .	P 7
Werrington St., Camden Tn., vii.	I 5	Whitechapel Rd., viii. . . . .	P 7
Westbourne Green, viii. . . . .	D 6	Whitechapel Station, viii. . . .	Q 7
Westbourne Gr., Bayswtr., viii.	D 7	White Conduit St., Islngtn., vii.	M 5
Westbourne Park, viii. . . . .	E 7	Whitecross St., Borough, viii. . .	N 9
Westbourne Park Cres., Harrow		Whitecross St., Chiswell St., viii.	N 7
Road, viii. . . . .	E 7	Whitefriars St., Fleet St., viii.	M 8
Westbourne Park Road, viii. . .	D 7	Whitehall, viii. . . . .	K 9
Westbourne Park Station, viii.	D 6	Whitehall Gar., Whitehall, viii.	K 9
Westbourne Park Villas, viii. . .	D 7	Whitehall Pl., viii. . . . .	K 9
Westbourne Pl., Pimlico, ix. . .	G 10	Whitehall Yard, Whitehall, viii.	K 9
Westbourne Rd., Barnsbury, vii.	L 3	White Hart St., Kengt., ix. . .	M 11
Westbourne St., Hyde Park, viii.	F 8	Whitehead's Gr., Chelsea, ix. . .	G 11
Westbourne St., Pimlico, ix. . .	H 11	White Horse Ln., Mile End, viii.	R 7
Westbourne Ter., Bayswtr., viii.	E 7	White Horse St., Stepney, viii.	S 7
Westbourne Ter. Rd., Harrow		White Lion St., Nrn. Folgt., viii.	O 7
Road, viii. . . . .	E 7	White Lion St., Putnville, vii.	M 5
West Brompton Station, ix. . . .	D 11	Whites Row, Spitalfields, viii.	O 7
Westcott St., Tabard St., ix. . .	N 10	White St., Bermondsey, viii. . .	N 9
Westcroft Rd., Kilburn, vii. . .	E 3	White St., Bethnal Gr. Rd., vii.	P 6
West Cromwell Rd., ix. . . . .	D 10	White St., Moorfields, viii. . .	N 7
West End, vii. . . . .	D 2	Whitfield St., Tot. Ct. Rd., viii.	I 6
West End Lane, Kilburn, vii. . .	D 3	Whitmore Rd., Hoxton, vii. . .	O 4
West End Lane Station, vii. . . .	D 3	Whittington Rd., Peckham, ix.	Q 13
West End Station, vii. . . . .	D 3	Wickham St., Kennington, ix.	L 11
Westhall Rd., Camberwell ix.	M 12	Wicklow St., King's Cross, vii.	L 5
West India Docks, viii. . . . .	T 9	Wick Rd., Hackney, vii. . . .	R 3
West Kensington Station, ix. . .	C 11	Wigmore St., Cavendish Sq., viii.	H 7
West Lane, Rotherhithe, viii.	Q 9	Wilcox Rd., So. Lambeth, ix. . .	K 12
West London Cemetery, ix. . . .	D 11	Wilderness Row, Gswl. Rd., vii.	M 6
Westmacott St., Cmbwrl., ix.	N 12	Wilkes St., Spitalfields, viii. . .	P 6
Westminster Abbey, viii. . . .	K 9	Wilkinson St., S. Lambeth, ix.	L 12
Westminster Bridge, viii. . . .	K 9	Wilkin St., Kentish Town, vii.	H 3
Westminster Br. Rd., Lam., viii.	L 9	William St., Albany St., vii. . .	I 6
Westminster Bridge Station, viii.	K 9	William St., Cable St., viii. . .	Q 8
Westminster Hall, viii. . . . .	K 9	William St., Deptford, ix. . . .	S 12
Westminster Union, ix. . . . .	D 10	William St., Islington, vii. . .	N 4
Westmorland Pl., City Rd., vii.	N 5	William St., Lambeth, ix. . . .	L 10
Westmorland Rd., Bayswtr., viii.	D 7	William St., New Bridge St., viii.	M 8
Westmorland Rd., Wlwrth., ix.	N 12	William St., North End, ix. . . .	C 10

William St., Notting Hill, viii.	C 8	Woodville Rd., Kingsland, vii.	O 2
William St., Pimlico, ix.	I 10	Wooton St., Waterloo Rd., viii.	M 9
William St., Regent's Pk., vii.	I 6	Worfield St., Battersea, ix.	G 12
William St., Wandsworth Rd., ix.	I 13	Working Men's College, Great Ormond St., viii.	L 6
Willis' Rd., Kentish Town, vii.	H 3	World's End Passage, Chelsea, ix.	F 12
Willis' Rooms, St. Jas. Sq., vii.	I 9	Wormwood St., Bishopsgate, viii.	O 7
Willow Br. Rd., Islington, vii.	N 3	Worlington Rd., Nott. Hill, viii.	C 6
Willowbrook Rd., Peckham, ix.	P 12	Woronzow Rd., St. Jhn.'s Wd., vii.	F 4
Willow St., Vauxhall Br. Rd., ix.	I 10	Worship St., Shoreditch, viii.	O 6
Willow Walk, Bermondsey, ix.	O 10	Wotton Rd., Deptford, ix.	S 12
Wilman Grove, Hackney, vii.	Q 4	Wren Rd., Camberwell, ix.	N 13
Wilmer Gardens, Hoxton, vii.	O 5	Wright's Lane, Kensington, viii.	D 9
Wilmington Sq., Spa Fields, vii.	L 6	Wright's Rd., Oldford, vii.	S 5
Wilmot Pl., Camden Town, vii.	I 3	Wrotham Rd., Camden Tn., vii.	I 4
Wilmot St., Beth. Gr. Rd., vii.	Q 6	Wych St., Strand, viii.	L 8
Wilson St., Burdett Rd., viii.	S 7	Wynatt St., Goswell Rd., vii.	M 5
Wilson St., Finsbury, viii.	O 7	Wyndham Rd., Cmbwrl., ix.	M 12
Wilson St., Stepney, viii.	S 7	Wyndham Rd., Rotherhithe, viii.	R 9
Wilson's Yard, Highbury, vii.	M 3	Wynford Rd., Islington, vii.	L 5
Wilton Cr. & Pl., Belgravia, viii.	G 9	Wyvil Rd., Wndswrth. Rd., ix.	K 12
Wilton Rd., Hackney, vii.	Q 3		
Wilton Rd., Pimlico, ix.	I 10	Yalding Rd., Blue Anch. Rd., ix.	P 10
Wilton Sq., New North Rd., vii.	N 4	Yeoman's Row, Brompton, ix.	G 10
Wilton St., Belgravia, ix.	H 10	York Gate, Regent's Pk., viii.	H 6
Wimbourne St., Hoxton, vii.	N 5	York Grove, Queen's Rd., ix.	Q 13
Winpole St., Cvnish. Sq., viii.	H 7	York Place, Baker St., viii.	G 6
Winchester Rd., S. Hamp., vii.	F 3	York Place, Barnsbury, vii.	L 3
Winchester Rd., Wlesdn. Ln., vii.	C 4	York Rd., City Rd., vii.	N 6
Winchester St., Beth. Gr., viii.	P 6	York Rd., King's Cross, vii.	K 4
Winchester St., Pento. Rd., vii.	L 5	York Rd., Lambeth, viii.	L 9
Winchester St., Pimlico, ix.	H 11	York Rd. Sta. (Battersea), ix.	H 12
Wincott St., Kngton. Rd., ix.	L 10	York Rd. Sta. (King's Cross), vii.	K 5
Windmill Lane, Deptford, ix.	S 11	York Rd., Stepney, viii.	S 8
Windmill St., Great, viii.	I 8	York Sq., Stepney, viii.	S 8
Windmill St., Tot. Ct. Rd., vii.	I 7	York St., Baker St., viii.	G 7
Windsor St., Islington, vii.	N 4	York St. East, Stepney, viii.	S 7
Windsor Ter., City Rd., vii.	N 5	York St., Hackney Rd., vii.	P 5
Woburn Pl., Russell Sq., viii.	K 6	York St., London Rd., ix.	M 10
Woburn Sq., Bloomsbury, viii.	K 6	York St., St. James' Sq., viii.	I 8
Wolsey Rd., Kingsland, vii.	O 3	York St., Westminster, viii.	I 13
Wolsey St., Whitechapel, viii.	Q 7	York St. West, Stepney, viii.	S 7
Wolverton St., Mayfair, viii.	H 8	York Ter., Chelsea, ix.	G 11
Woodbridge St., Clrknewell, viii.	M 6	York Ter., Regent's Pk., viii.	H 6
Woodchester St., Har. Rd., viii.	D 6	York Vs., Camden Hill, viii.	D 9
Woodchurch Rd., Kilburn, vii.	D 3	Young St., Kensington, viii.	E 9
Woodfield, Harrow Rd., viii.	D 6		
Woodland St., Dalston, vii.	P 3	Zampa Rd., S. Bermondsey, ix.	Q 11
Woodpecker St., Deptford, ix.	S 12	Zion College, London Wall, viii.	N 7
Wood St., Cheapside, viii.	N 7	Zoar St., Southwark St., viii.	M 9
Wood St., Spitalfields, viii.	P 7	Zoological Gar., Rgnt's Pk., vii.	H
Wood St., Westminster, ix.	K 10		

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❖ London and Environs. ❖

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NOTES.



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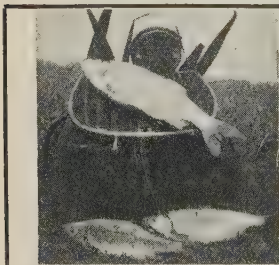
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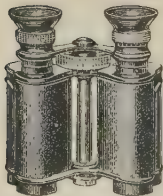
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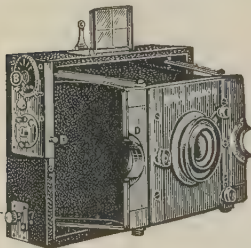


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